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THE

COMPLETE LIFE OF HOMER.

BY

F. A. WHITE, B.A.

"A beggar blind, an exile lone,
None gave the bard relief;
He sang for bread, and got a stone,
When he was dead of grief;
An outcast's womb, a beggar's tomb,
His life began and closed in gloom."

(One legend tells us he fell blind through weeping.)

Disappointed Aspirations, 1865.

LONDON:
GEORGE BELL & SONS,
4, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1889.

PREFACE.

—:o:—

THE curious reader will here see, for the first time, 2,842 years after his death,—*veluti descripta tabella vita senis*,—the complete Life of Lives, the complete Life of the first of poets, containing his place and date of birth, his parentage, his ancestry for ten generations, the various incidents of his boyhood and early manhood, his exile, his voyages, travels, and adventures by sea and land, till his arrival at Chios, his twenty years' stay there, full particulars of his last journey, sickness, and death at Ios, and the inscription on his tombstone as it was originally written, with copious dates. Also an elaborate critical discussion of his works, whether surviving, lost,

or only contemplated, a vindication of Hermogenes, the editor of the so-called pseudo-Herodotus, a full account of the Younger (so habitually confounded with the Elder) Homer, and a complete proof, not only that Homer wrote, but also of the primeval antiquity of writing. I am told that a complete Life of Homer is a species of anachronism that has no chance of success at this time of day. But surely, with such a multitude of editions in the original Greek, and such a multitude of translations into every European language, from Andronicus to Morris, there *must* be many students that would like to see all that can be certainly known or probably conjectured about the first and greatest of uninspired writers. That 2,842 years after his death not only no complete Life of the Poet should be in existence, but no Life in our language should be even worth reading, is strange indeed.

But is this indeed "the Complete Life"? Unquestionably I might easily have strengthened my case with a more imposing show of instances. Thus to the list of homonyms, pp. 392–397, I might have added from Diogenes Laertius, six Thaleses, two Pittacuses, two Perianders, six Socrateses, all literary characters; seven Xenophons, five of them writers; twenty Theodoruses, all either authors or painters; five Platos, four of them philosophers; two Speusippuses, both philosophers; six Xenocrateses, four of them writers; ten Crateses, four of them philosophers; four Arcesilauses, three of them writers; eleven Bions, all literary except two that were sculptors; two Carneadeses, both writers; eight Aristotles, all writers; eight Stratos, nearly all literary characters; four Lycons, two philosophers and two poets; twenty Demetriuses, all prose writers, besides countless other Demetriuses; fourteen

Heracleideses, all but three writers; four Antistheneses, three of them philosophers; six Diogeneses, three philosophers, and all writers; six Menippuses, two of them philosophers; eight Zenos, four of them philosophers; five Chrysippuses, two of them philosophers; ten Pythagorases, five of them contemporaries; two Epicharmuses, both writers; four Archytases, three of them writers; two Hippasuses, both writers; four Eudoxuses, three of them writers; five Heraclituses, all writers; two Xenophaneses, both poets; two Parmenideses, both writers; six Democrituses, four of them writers; three Protagorases, all philosophers; and two Timons. And if to all this I had added from Bentley the interminable embroglio upon embroglio of the Logothetas, the Nonnuses, the Pythagorases, the Clistheneses, the Phrynichuses, and others, and had further shown from a multitude of authors, from Hesiod

and Acusilaus to Boeck and Roehl, that the homonyms in Dr. Smith's inestimable "Dictionary," countless as they are, are not a twentieth part of the entire number of homonyms on record, what reader would deny the extreme probability that there were indeed two distinct Homers? And the authority of Xenophon, Demetrius, Archilochus, and Proclus; and the books that were written by the ancients to warn their readers against being misled, as pious Æneas was, by such autonomasia; and the manifold irreconcilable discrepancies in the multitudinous legends of our poet, arising from confusing him with a pseudo; and especially a comparison of Herodotus's unadulterated biography of the true Homer with Plutarch's and Suidas's, and the pseudo-Lesches's biographies, where the true and the false Homer are hopelessly confounded; all this, I say, would surely convert the extreme proba-

bility into absolute certainty. Unquestionably, here and elsewhere, my case is utterly understated and underproved. But how few readers would have tolerated a much larger volume?

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—:o:—

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THE

COMPLETE LIFE OF HOMER.

The welcome citizen of every clime,
He was not of an age, but of all time,
And therefore hath impartial time forgot,
His date, race, parentage, and native spot.*

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS EXILE FROM SMYRNA.†

WHEN Æolian Cyme was being founded by Charidemus 1033 B.C., Melanopus (corrupted from Melanippus, an heroic cognomen common to Troy and Pylos), the son of Ithagenes, the son of Krethon, the son of Ithagenes, the son of Kretheus,

* All the verse in this volume, whether translation or otherwise, is, with a very few trifling or obvious exceptions, my own.

† N.B.—*The first three chapters are based on his Life by the so-called Pseudo-Herodotus, with numerous additions from other sources.*

the son of Diocles, the son of Orsilochus, the illegitimate son of Kretheus the Æolid, a yeoman of but limited means came thither from Magnesia with the rest of the motley Hellenic crowd, and there he married Clymene, the daughter of Onyras, the son in all probability of Archilochus's Homer of Smyrna. And a female child was born to him from her bed, to whom he gave the name of Kretheis, daughter of Kretheus, in commemoration of his illustrious ancestor. Just so, Libye, the daughter of Epaphus, the son of Io, gave her children the names of Belus, from her great-uncle, the brother of Io, her goddess-grandmother; and Agenor, from a great-great-uncle, and also an ancestor, from whom she was fifth in descent, both of that name. So Deucalion, son of Minos by a second wife, an Æolid, kept up the memory of the fact that his mother was a Deucalid. So Æolion, king of Lesbos, in the time of Homer, kept up the memory of his indefinitely remote ancestor Æolus; and Dorion, the fabled ancestor of Homer the Younger, or the pseudo-Homer, of whom very much more anon, midway between him and Atlas, kept

up the memory of his remote ancestor Dorus. The old family names, in short, were kept up for centuries and centuries.

And Melanopus and his wife died, but he bequeathed his daughter to the care of an intimate friend, Kleanax the Argive. And, as time went on, it chanced that the girl formed an illicit acquaintance with, and became pregnant by, one Demagoras or Demasagoras, or Dmasagoras * (the name is spelt diversely), a Salaminian, who would seem to have shortly afterwards gone out as an adventurer into Egypt † and there died. The poet appears to have retained a loving feeling towards a father I cannot find that he ever saw; and, therefore, as we naturally wish to think as well as we can of the poet's father, I am inclined to hope that he was guilty of nothing worse than mere ordinary human frailty. The poet refers over and over again to the matter in this way; and though at one time inclined to depict him in the blackest colours, him whom the poet himself has blest, I, as the poet's

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 34, l. 20.
† Ibid., p. 28, l. 4.

biographer, have no right to curse. But be that as it may, whether death or exile prevented him from doing poor Kretheis right, or whether he was a mere heartless adventurer, here one day and gone another, matters very little to our story. His part in the "Life of Homer" is as slight as that of the hero's father in "Tom Jones." We know next to nothing about him. His very name even and country and ultimate fate are not matters of absolute certainty. Whether unprincipled or merely unfortunate, how has his sin found him out! Of what a blaze of immortal glory has it not deprived him! But to return to our author.

For a time the matter of poor Kretheis's pregnancy was kept secret; but when Kleanax came at last to know of it, he was greatly vexed, good man, and having called her before him apart from any one, he rebuked her severely, pointing out to her the discredit amongst the people of the place that would needs accrue from her misconduct. Therefore he formed the following plan in her behalf. The people of Cyme chanced at that time to be making a settlement in the bay of the river

Hermus,—"the eddying Hermus," as the poet himself calls it,—and Theseus wishing to make it of the same name as his wife, as a memorial of her, proposed Smyrna (for that was his wife's name) to those that were founding the city as a name for it. Now, Theseus was amongst the foremost of the Thessalians that founded Cyme, being descended from Eumelus, the son of Admetus, the son of Pheres, the son of Kretheus and Tyro, and a man of great substance; and his wife, as we may fairly assume from her name, was an Amazon. So Kleanax consigned Kretheis to Ismenias the Bœotian in charge of the settlers, who chanced to be one of his most intimate associates.

I think few of my readers will be disposed to deny that the conduct of Kleanax towards the poor fatherless and motherless girl about to become a mother was meanly heartless and cruel in the extreme. Homer never makes the most distant allusion to it or him, which alone in one so kindly is sufficient condemnation. He forgives the unutterably base Thestorides, and even gratifies his family by naming his homonym with honour in his immortal poem; he

seems utterly unconscious of the disgusting unmannerliness and worse than Hottentot gluttony of Creophylus, and immortalises him by bequeathing him the sacred memorial of his poems; but Kleanax, the "mean betrayer of the blood" of his intimate friend, in the dark hour of her shame, despair, and agony, he absolutely ignores.

But be that as it may, the poet's mother left her native city, "alone, alone,—all, all alone,"—in the company of absolute strangers, deserted by her lover and without a friend in the wide world, and arrived at Smyrna.

Smyrna, the ever-glorious birthplace of the first and greatest of the poets of antiquity, is charmingly situated on the banks of the little river Meles, at the base of the Gulf of Smyrna and at the entrance of the great and fertile valley of the Hermus, under the rich slopes of Mount Tmolus, originally founded and peopled by Tantalus the Bad, and called Naulochus; but when under the leadership of Androclus, son of Codrus, the Athenians took Ephesus from the Amazons (1072 B.C.) after they had occupied it just a century, viz., ever since 1168 B.C., they proceeded to

Smyrna, where I should presume there were now but small remains of the Naulochus of Tantalus, and, having founded it anew, called it after the greatest of their queens. And the memory of the intimate family connexion between the two cities was perpetuated by the circumstance that just as a part of Smyrna was called Tyche, and just as a part of London is called Marylebone, so a part of Ephesus retained the name of Smyrna,—no doubt that quarter in which a residue of the old inhabitants still resided. What else is to be said about this city will partly be seen as we proceed, and what is not will be best reserved to the time when, in company with our immortal bard, we bid a final adieu to it.

Here poor Kretheis dwelt in melancholy plight for some few months till, her time for bringing forth being now fully come, one day, when she had gone out of the city with the other women to a certain festival on the banks of the Meles, she fell into the pangs of labour and brought forth Homer. And she gave him the name of Melesigenes, because he was born on the banks of that river.

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I cannot think this a likely story. It is not likely that a woman would so flaunt her shame, or that a mother would be so cruel to her child as to compel him to carry about with him, wherever he went, a name for all his schoolfellows to jeer at, as it were a placard upon his back with the words "Riverside base-born beggar's brat" written large on it. Nor is the improbability diminished, supposing that by Melesigenes the hapless mother meant son of the Meles, but rather augmented. The name in question, if such be its true signification, were most ridiculous, nay, most impious, as applied to the child of such bitter shame and such abject poverty.

Most justly, then, does Lucian ridicule the idea of our poet's name being changed subsequently from Melesigenes to Homer for any of the reasons usually alleged. I do not doubt that he was blind, and consequently wanted a guide to go with him (Homou), or that as a child there was a pretty story of his saying, "And me too" (Homou), yet not more was he named Homer for either of these reasons than Achilles was so named because Thetis burnt his lips off in the magic fire

(a-cheilos), or the Pythian oracle from the decaying body of the serpent Apollo slew, or the Amazons from their mutilating one breast, or Mycenæ from the hilt of Perseus's sword (myketus). All these are merely specimens of the wretched punning upon names of which the ancient Greeks were never weary, but it were absurd to receive it seriously into this most veracious of biographies. As well, says Lucian, say his father's name was Tigres or Pigres because a Tigres or Pigres edited his works some six centuries after his death, as say that he took his name from an incident which happened some forty years after he was born. True, we are familiar enough with something like it in the modification of Abram's name to Abraham, but the ancient Greeks had no idea of such a thing, as Lucian's joke itself proves, which to us seems rather meaningless. Homer, then, was called Homeros from his birth, from various Homers that had gone before him, presumably from his great-great-grandfather, born 1104 B.C., *i.e.*, more than a century ago, at Cyme, the scene of his mother's childhood, but, perchance, not of her birth, if, as some authors say, she was

born at Ios. When he acquired the surname of Melesigenes we have no means of knowing; it is simply a striking description of the scene of his birth, and may have been applied to him at any time. But if Melesigenes was not the name given him at the first, still less was Melesianax, a name most ludicrous for a poor sempstress's ragged half-starved brat.

But these names, and others to the same tune, were obviously coined afterwards, when the singular incident of his birth was a stigma no longer, but an aureola.

Up to this time her helplessness, as a hapless outcast many months gone with child, had compelled Kretheis to live with the man upon whom her harsh guardian had so indelicately forced her; but now she began to look about her, and, as soon as she could, she quitted his reluctant hospitality, and henceforth maintained herself and her boy with the labour of her hands, now working for one employer and now for another.

No doubt there were plenty of ill-natured busybodies then as now, ever ready with their miserable gossip to smooth the upward path of a poor fallen woman with the

treacherous ice of their sour-eyed charity. Hence her frequent change of employer.

And with her precarious earnings the forsaken girl-mother paid as well as she could for the schooling of her bright-eyed boy. These were times of bitter hardship for the poor fatherless poet, as he tells us in lines that, when his poems came to be not less studied in the closet than recited at the festive board, were universally understood to refer to the piteously sad days of his early boyhood :—

"But the sweet faces from the cruel day,
That makes the boy an orphan, fade away;
And still he hangs his head like drooping flower,
And floods his cheeks with brine from that sad hour,
In his sore need his timid steps he bends,
His face all blushes to his father's friends,
His heart too full to tell what orphans feel,
Soft clinging to their robes in mute appeal,
But scarce his quivering lip hath toucht the cup
By shame and pity sister twins fill'd up,
When, rushing in, a rudely blooming boy,
His mother's torment and his father's joy,
Snatches it from his hand and bids him go,
With angry taunt and contumelious blow,
'Be off!' he cries, 'we want not here a brat
At our door begging with a coat like that.'
To widow'd mother, wan with toil and care,
Then does the wretched lad in tears repair."

The picture is indeed exact. First, the widowed mother without one friend left in the world; first her father, then her mother dead, her father in deadly combat against the Amazons and then her mother of lingering disease and heart-break; and last of all her husband, or he, at least, who the charity of undying love undoubtingly believes would, had fortune been kinder (oh! fond, unreasoning logic of a true woman's heart), one happy day have been so; without, I say, one friend left in the world, and toiling at the loom of a stranger for the support of herself and her little one. And next the child. Can we doubt that antiquity saw in the little Astyanax the idealised double of the poet's early childhood when it twisted, long doubtless after his death, the Melesigenes of his mother into the Melesianax of the Homerolater, so perfect a compound as it is of the Trojan princelet's two names, Scamandrius and Astyanax? But this is not all or nearly all. I turn to another of the lives and read, "The name of the king of the Lydians at that time was Mæon, and he loved the girl (Kretheis) for her beauty, and married her. And when Homer was born, Kretheis

dying in childbirth, Mæon reared the infant as his own. And after no long time had elapsed he himself also died."* Now, divesting the above passage of all the garish false ornaments of post-Aristotelian Hellenism, and bringing to bear upon it what we know of Mæon from the Latin epigram, and from the following pregnant passage in the life by Suidas, "Mæon who came with the Amazons to Smyrna,"† we extract the following highly important information.

Mæon, a successful Greek adventurer, the leader of the Amazons at that time and descended from the Mæon, being a countryman of Ismenias and one of the "father's friends," spoken of in the above lines, showed a disposition to take the child and his mother under his protection. The child had just touched the cup of dawning prosperity with his lips when it was dashed from them by the grim King of Terrors. And the circumstances of his (Mæon's) death were as follows:—The Lydians being overmastered by the Æolians, and

* Plutarch's "Life of Homer," p. 22.
† Suidas's "Life of Homer," p. 32.

having decided to leave Smyrna, and their leaders having proclaimed that he that would follow them should leave the city, Homer, being still a child, said that "he too wished to go with them." The confiding child's "and me too" excited a tender smile in all that heard it, and was never forgotten. "His mother kept all these things in her heart," as we learn on the authority of St. Luke. Homer himself, indeed, tells us more than once that his mother was in the habit of doing so,* and even to this moment (9.14 p.m., February 15, 1887), we have them in print before us. But just at that delicate crisis the last great leader of the Amazons died, and his Amazonian widow and mongrel brat treated poor little Homer, and his widowed mother, with a wild outbreak of savage insolence that the sensitive boy never forgot.

But better days were now at hand.

Now there was at Smyrna at this time, one Phemius by name, an Athenian, (according to Timolaus), the son of Pronapus or Pronopus † (according to Diodorus

* *E. g.*, Odyss., xxii. 57, and Odyss., i. 361.

† Tzetzes corrupts the name into Pornapus.

Siculus), who instructed the boys of Smyrna in literature, and in every other branch of a liberal education. For more about him see Chapter VIII. He, being a bachelor, hires Kretheis to work up for him several batches of wool, which he was in the habit of receiving from his boys as their school fees. What happy days for boys those must have been, when after they had once mastered the difficulties of the horn book and the copy-book (and not even that, according to the Wolfians), they had nothing more to do, but, if little Smyrnian boys, to sing, dance, recite poetry after their venerable master, and play music; or, if little Persian boys, to shoot the bow and tell the truth,—that is, not shoot the long bow! But not quite such happy days for the master surely, if, in return for all his instruction, he only received certain instalments of unwrought hosiery. Speaking as a pedagogue, I do not quite wish I had lived in those days. I prefer cash payment myself. And she worked daily in his house, manifesting much decorum and ever "keeping her body in temperance, soberness, and chastity," to quote the words of our dear

venerable old Church Catechism; and Phemius was greatly pleased with her, and at last he proposed to her that she should keep house for him; for he was rather of the mind of Adam than of the mysogynist African potentate whom all-powerful love,—

"His cheek pufft out with elfin laughter,"—

garred with an arrow right through his heart, wriggle and cry "Oh, no, never!" as he would, to marry the beggar girl Cophetua. He thought with the old bachelor of the Greek comic poet, a broken fragment of whom I have presumed conjecturally to fill up and translate as follows:—

"My name is Live-alone,
Alas! of all men I am most unhappy,
Oh! how I pity cynic Timon's doom,
Alone, unwedded, without wife or child,
Without a friend in the wide world, to die."*

So he urged her with many such arguments as he thought likely to prevail upon

* Ονομα δε μουστι Μονοτροπος, ει τις βροτων
Παναθλιος αιαζω δε Τιμωνος βιον
Αγαμον αζυγον οξυθυμον απροσοδον
Αγελαστον αδιαλεκτον ιδιογ νωμονα.

her, and, above all, touching her bright-eyed, glorious boy, that if he adopted him as his son (as, of course, he would, if she married him), and brought him up and educated him, he would turn out a shining character; for he perceived that the lad was intelligent, and of very good natural parts. So, ultimately, he persuaded her to do as he desired. Andromache and Astyanax over again. You will observe here the mother sacrificing her own sexual instincts to an unpalatable second marriage, for the sake of her little Homer.

"So the fair boy with thorns and acorns crown'd,
And holding in his hand a pan of bread,
'The worse I have escaped, the better found,'
Sang with his schoolmates round the marriage bed."

(The solemn nuptial bed, with images of Love, Hymen, & Co. inside, heavily curtained from all eyes prior to its being carried up to the bridal chamber.) This exceedingly curious custom, so strongly at variance with the celibatarian views of St. Paul, the reader will find in the learned pages of Suidas. The thorns and acorns,

of course, representing the wild savage days, when there was no such thing as marriage, but men lived and begat children *more ferarum;* the pan of bread, the manners and customs of civilised life. And he was, as Phemius wisely judged, of a good natural capacity, and with the advantages he now enjoyed of a careful education, speedily shot far ahead of all his schoolfellows. And at this time must have happened the other version of the poet's celebrated boyish, "And me, too," which also we derive from the account of the learned Suidas. "And he was called Homer, because, when there was war between the Smyrniotes and the Colophonians, and the Smyrniotes were deliberating, the poet, like Christ amongst the Jewish doctors, spoke with a certain divine clairvoyance, and gave his advice along with the rest, as they sat in council debating of the impending war."

> "At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
> The Jews all wond'ring stand;
> But he obey'd his mother then,
> And came at her command."

But this, of course, is much ado about

nothing. The spirited boy hated the Amazons worse than English boys used to hate the French in the time of Napoleon. And he had not forgotten the abominable insolence of that rude lout, young Mæon, how he snatched the platter of warm porridge out of his hands when he was half-starving; and the blows and the ill-usage with which he accompanied the outrage. So, amid the smiles of the half-pitying, half-admiring assembly, he cried out "Homer!" amongst the rest who gave in their names to fight for their native city. On which occasion it was that his celebrated, "And me, too," was uttered, the reader must please decide for himself. But he must not permit himself to doubt that either of the "And me's" refers to aught but what rests on a perfectly historical basis. The first "And me" refers to the time when the Amazons found themselves compelled to leave Smyrna, which, Homer being born 1015 B.C., must have been about 1007 or 1008 B.C., possibly a little earlier. The second, when the Amazonian refugees amongst them had stirred up the Ionian Colophonians to war against the

Æolid Smyrniotes. That I may not be uncharitably suspected of stating aught that I cannot most fully substantiate, I appeal here to the indisputable authority of Strabo. "And the Smyrnæan Amazons" (that is, the Amazons that occupied the Smyrnæan part of the city) "having departed from amongst the Ephesians, when the Athenian Ionids took Smyrna, 1072 B.C." (and they left the city, presumably, not long after, say about 1063 B.C., much as they were compelled by the Thessalian Æolids to leave Smyrna later on), "led an army to the place where Smyrna now lies; but then it was occupied by the Leleges" (who, I infer, had easily mastered the feeble remnant of the Tantalid colonists of Naulochus). "And having cast them out" (even as they had seized and cast out the Naulochians), "they built Old Smyrna, distant about 20 stades from the present Smyrna. But afterwards, having been driven out by the Æolians, in the manner already detailed, they fled to Colophon, and having gone forth with the people there, they took back the city they had founded—the said Smyrna—as Mimnermus also tells us in his Nanno, saying

of Smyrna that it had ever been a bone of contention, a city much desired and sought for, because of its marvellous natural advantages."

To recapitulate:—

	B.C.
Androclus took Ephesus from the Amazons	1072
The Amazons of Ephesus left that place and went to Smyrna, at that time Lelegian, but before Tantalid	1063
Andræmon took Colophon ...	1043
Cymæ founded by the Thessalian Æolids	1033
The Thessalian Æolids founded Smyrna	1015
The Amazons of Ephesus were expelled from Smyrna ...	1007
The Amazons, being settled at Colophon, took advantage of the rivalries between the Ionid and Æolid Greeks to stir up a war	1003

I do not at all infer that the war between Smyrna and Colophon in Homer's boyhood decided the long protracted struggle. The Smyrniotes certainly defeated the

Chians later on, and were at last treacherously surprised by the Amazono-Colophonians later still. I must, therefore, not speak more here of a period at which we have not yet arrived.

Our poet, "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with" the gods and his fellow-citizens, till, on his arriving at manhood, in the course of a few more years, of which we have hardly any record, he was found to be in no wise inferior to Phemius himself in all the branches of a liberal education at that period. So Phemius died, leaving the lad all his substance, and not long after Kretheis died also. And Homer took his old master's place, and "taught the young idea" of Smyrna "how to shoot," in return for such payment in kind as enabled him to board, clothe, and wash himself, and lay by something to add to the store that his good old master had left him; and he became distinguished for learning, and being now principal of the Academy of Belles-Lettres and Music at Smyrna, became more and more the object of universal admiration. And not only did the people of the place hold him in the

highest honour, but also the strangers that flocked to the place, for Smyrna was already an important *entrepot*, and much corn, conveyed to it very plentifully from the surrounding district, was exported from it. The strangers, therefore, when they had transacted their business, spent their leisure hours sitting in the school of Homer; and amongst them was one Mentes, a shipmaster, who made money by carrying goods or passengers, having sailed from Leucadia for corn, in a ship of which he was both owner and skipper, a well-educated man for those times, and well versed in history; that is to say, he knew the whole of the mythological part of Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," could recite a good many of the traditional verses of Linus, Olen, Marsyas, Pamphos, Chrysothemis, Philemon, Olympus, Hyagnis, Orpheus, and Musæus, read fluently, write boustrophedon, and strum an air or so on the fiddle.* This accomplished gentleman-skipper sought to persuade Homer to leave his school, and sail with him, all found, and pay so much a

* Hdt. i. 5; Xen., Mem. 3, 9, 11.

month, and see the world while he was still young. Even as Shakespeare says:—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

Whether our poet would have decided to exchange the sure but humble profits of his calling,—one boy supplying his butcher's meat, another his boots, another his hosiery, another the flowers for his *parterre* and the vegetables for his kitchen garden, another his pig, another his cow, and so on, —I cannot say. But now vast political events were disturbing the calm of a life, that for the eight or nine last years had flowed on in a stream as placid as the Thames at Mortlake. The great prosperity of the Æolian capital had excited the keenest Ionian earth-greed. On the one side, Chios, on the other, Colophon, the poor little port of Smyrna was exposed to constant attack; the former for ever threatening the harbour from the sea, the latter from the south, by land. The Smyrnæans triumphantly record a severe rebuff they gave to the Chians. But weakened, it would seem, by a series of petty wars, the struggle, though brilliantly triumphant at first, proved ultimately

disastrous, and Smyrna fell a victim to a treacherous attack of the combined Amazons and Colophonians, about 990 B.C. This is the event to which Mimnermus refers. I do not believe that Smyrna hereupon at once merged into the Ionian Confederation, but it probably never recovered its full liberty of action, and ultimately did so, induced mainly by its intimate relations with Ephesus, the capital thereof. After this, Æolis, bereft of its one important town, sank into utter insignificance. Smyrna thus being now virtually a member of the Ionian confederacy, and the Amazons he hated, his mother's enemy, Hyrnetho,* and young Mæon amongst them, altogether in the ascendant, he was the more easily induced to listen to the tempting proposals of his newly-made friend, Mentes. Hermesianax, the Colophonian, in his erotic attempt to make out all the great poets from Homer to Anacreon, the drivelling victims of the tender passion, inflicts upon his hapless readers some of the most unmitigated, unintelligible trash that was

* Proclus's "Life of Homer." Westermann.

ever penned; still, doubtless, he is right in his main fact: Homer did now "spread his wings to Ithaca." Or, as our author says: Having given up his school he sailed with Mentes, and where-ever he came he took note of everything that was in any way remarkable; and, by questioning the people of the place, made himself acquainted with all that was to be known about it. And can it be reasonably doubted that he committed to writing the immense stores of learning he thus acquired? And putting out to sea from Lydo-Pelasgic Etruria,—so intimately connected with the Odyssean legends of the Telegonia,—and Iberia, they arrived at Ithaca. And it chanced to Homer that he was laid up here with a very severe disorder of the eyes which he had contracted. And Mentes, finding himself obliged to leave him under medical care, while he himself completed his return voyage to Leucadia, committing the sacred trust of the venerable bard to a very dear friend of his, Mentor, the son of Alcimus of Ithaca, and earnestly entreating him to take all possible care of the better half of his soul,—his

Mæonian Virgil,—sailed away to his destination, but not before he had assured his sick friend, like the good Samaritan of St. Luke, that on his return he would take him on board again, and enrol him once more in the ship-book. And Mentor took diligent care of the invalid, for he was in easy circumstances, and bore a character for integrity and hospitality far superior to that of any of the men of Ithaca. Here Homer had an opportunity of learning all about Ulysses, and, in the fervour of his youthful enthusiasm, even fancied that he saw his ghost, and conversed familiarly with it.* And here, according to to Cramer's "Anecdota" (vol. iii. p. 199), he stayed a long time, as, indeed, seems highly probable, from the astonishing accuracy with which he has described it.

Now the people of Ithaca say that he fell blind then whilst he was still among them. But this is not so. He was cured there and fell blind afterwards at Colophon. And Mentes, on sailing back from Leucadia, anchored off Ithaca, and

* Philostratus's "Heroica."

received the poet on board again as he had promised. And for a considerable time they voyaged together. But when the poet arrived off Colophon, he was once more attacked with his old complaint, and being this time unable to rally from it, finally lost the use of his eyes.

Here, then, end our Sindbad's voyages, and with them the present chapter.

But, first, a few remarks. We have in the foregoing very imperfect *précis* of Homer's voyage from Smyrna to Iberia, and from Iberia to Ithaca, and from Ithaca to Colophon, the roughly-hinted headings of the account, of course adapted, almost past recognition, to the necessities of song, which he himself has given us in his "Odyssey." It is easy to reduce the diamond to charcoal, but wholly impossible to reproduce the living wood with its bark and its myrrh, its leaves and its blossoms, and golden apples. So it is easy to reduce the diamond of ancient mythology to the worthless residuum of modern hyperscepticism, but wholly impossible, save by the magic wand of true genius, to reproduce those

glowing days of the dewy morning of humanity of which it is the spiritualised aroma.

Still, something even now may be saved by the positive method of history, out of the priceless wreck that the sea of time has cast upon our shores. The most unlearned of my readers has only to glance at the map, to see that in going from Smyrna to Eastern Spain (Iberia), the poet was especially likely to touch at Egypt, in a greater voyage, and at Sidon in a voyage of less extended radius, or at both in the same voyage, and of both, and of Egypt especially, he speaks abundantly. All antiquity believed that he travelled in Egypt. His intimate acquaintance with its antiquities has been fully pointed out by Diodorus Siculus, and others. He is even believed to have derived the materials of his two great poems from thence. Of all which more in its proper place. But without going so far as this, it is abundantly probable that he once or oftener stayed some time off the coast of Egypt, and probably journeyed, more or less to and fro inland in the way of business, as first

mate to the Argo, or whatever the name of his friend's merchant vessel was. And as poet he would, we may be sure, take the opportunity of catching eager hold of all the information on the history, antiquities, manners, and customs of the various countries that came in his way, even as our author emphatically tells us he ever did. But I quite agree with the venerable author of "Homeric Synchronisms," in dismissing as idle the notion that he ever travelled in Egypt, in the modern sense of the word. Shall I here save time by briefly setting down my own private view of the matter? It is this, then. The voyage of Menelaus, that of Ulysses, and that of Telemachus, indicate three voyages of Homer, a longer and a shorter, and a quite short one. First, of the longer. That would be from Troy (Bounarbachi) to the Cicones (Thrace), from Thrace to Cythera (Cerigo), from Cythera by stress of wind in the course of ten days to the Lotophagi (Northern Africa), from Northern Africa to Sicily, from the western coast of Sicily to the Island of Æolia, from the Island of Æolia to the Læstrygones,

and from the Læstrygones to Œa, *i.e.*, from Stromboli (where stress of wind once more forced him back) to Lipari, and from Lipari to Vulcania. Last of all, from Vulcania along the north-west coast of Sicily by Naulochus (Milazzo), N.B. Naulochus, near which the Seirens dwelt (worthless women, that our poet made acquaintance with on landing, but scorned to be beguiled by, still he visited them for information-sake, but took the wise precaution of bringing no money with him for them to rob him of), through Scylla and Charybdis (the Strait of Messina) to Phœacia (Corfu), and last of all being driven from Leucadia by stress of wind to Ithaca. That the disease in his eyes had just laid him prostrate appears clearly from "Odyss.," xiii. 117-214 :—

"And he woke up in his dear fatherland,
And knew it, after absence long, no more,
For round him had the goddess cast a cloud,
Therefore, did all look other than it was.
'Oh, me!' cried he, 'what land of men is this?
Insolent, wild, and lawless, like the Cyclops,
Or kind to strangers, just and fearing God?
Oh! Heaven avenge me on the faithless king
Who swore that he would bring me home and did not.'"

The foregoing passage is many-sided. First, it refers to the phenomena of partial blindness. The hero saw "men as trees, walking," and at the same time awoke to the fact that this was not the land that had been described to him,—the Leucas of the ship's chart to which he was bound,—but Ithaca to which he had no thought of coming (lines 3, 4). Secondly, lines 5-7 are precisely in the key of those we have in the life farther on, when he goes to Neonteichos, and again when he finds safe shelter at last at Chios. Thirdly, lines 1, 2, refer to his sensations when he arrives at Smyrna, of which more in the next chapter, after an absence of some eight years. Fourthly, lines 8, 9 refer to the promise of Mentes to come and fetch him, and imagine *more poetico* that he has failed to do so. We are here dimly reminded of Ariadne in the desert island of Naxos, and Robinson Crusoe on *his* desert island.

So much for the voyage of Ulysses, the first and longest. Next for that which, still speaking metaphorically, I will call that of Telemachus. Homer's second voyage took probably the very same direction as that of Telemachus, just as his first had taken the same as that of Ulysses. From Leucas (Santo Mauro) to Pylos (Gastione) from Pylos to Sparta (Misistra), where he pays a most significant visit to old Diocles at Pheræ (Pheres). From Sparta, contrary to original intention of a longer voyage, back to Leucas again. The reader will observe that Homer's allegory does not run exactly on all fours. As Macaulay observes, long allegories never do. Leucas is not Ithaca, though suggestively-provokingly near it, which to my mind proves the strict veracity of our author. Had he not been telling the exact truth,—*ipsissimam veritudinem*,—to the very best of his ability, he might just as well have made Mentes of Ithaca as of Leucas; the allegory would have run the smoother for it. Perhaps, however, he does well thus to enrich the interest of the poem, regarded purely as fiction; for, after all, Troy is no more Smyrna than Leucas is Ithaca. Homer's third and last voyage was that of Menelaus. Of this he gives the following outline :—

"The wealth that I had gain'd, from land to land
Ranging, like white-nosed bee from flower to flower,

I brought on ship-board in the eighth year, home.
Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Ægypt, I
Sought in my wanderings; Æthiopia, too,
And the Sidonians, and the Troglodytes
That underground in far Arabia dwell,
And Libye, where the lambs are born with horns,
For thrice a year the sheep bring forth, and there
Nor monarch on his throne, nor humble hind
Lack cheese, or meal, or honey-flavour'd milk,
But all is plenty in that happy land."

Need I say that Homer was never in any of these wonderful places, but, no doubt, in this last voyage he certainly did get as far as Egypt, and trafficked there for some time. To go by the card, he probably voyaged from Leucas to Crete, from Crete to Egypt, thence after a somewhat protracted stay to Phœnicia, and thence to Cyprus. After this we have no clue to his course till we find him at the end of his eight years' voyages at Kolophon.

Possibly Mentes went on his former route to Smyrna, and from thence to the far West, and then back home; but finding his illustrious fellow-voyager had again contracted his old malady, he was obliged once more to pay him off and leave him at Kolophon.

And now I think I need say no more of

Homer's travels by sea. I presume every reader of this work has either Pope's, or Cowper's, or Chapman's, or Worsley's, or Butcher's translation of the "Odyssey," and with that and the map he can beguile a pleasant hour in filling up the above sketch.

I have traced the "Odyssey" here and elsewhere, as far as I safely may, for materials for a truly historical, and in no respect mythological, life of the great poet. Farther I do not think I ought to go, as, after all, the "Odyssey" is only a work of fiction, though (the reader must particularly note this) of all works of fiction the most autobiographical, even as of all epic poems the "Iliad" is the most historical. The "Iliad" is as true as Shakespeare's John, and four Henries, and Richard III.; and the "Odyssey" is as true as Scott's "Waverley," "Old Mortality," and "Fortunes of Nigel." Like the monkey with a cat's paw getting at the roasted chestnuts, we gingerly pick out of them every grain of true history that we can. Thus here, I doubt not, Homer visited the various places I have mentioned, but how far the allegory has personal reference I dare only here and there speculate.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS EXILE TO HIS LAST JOURNEY FROM CHIOS.

ONE foolish myth tells us that Homer was struck blind by the arms of Achilles; another, by the wrath of the now deified Helen; from which I infer (1) that he fell blind on his return from a visit to the ruins of Troy, at a later period. He was not, therefore, quite blind yet, but suffering cruelly from eye disease. He talks a great deal of the wealth acquired by his doubles, Ulysses and Menelaus, but I shrewdly suspect that most of it fell into the hands of his skipper, Mentes, and that the poet himself had not much of "the abundant wealth" he was so afraid of leaving in his room, lest it should become the spoil of his landlady,—"the very beautiful tripods and cauldrons of gold and embroidered apparel,

the iron, the brass, and the gold, and the abundant substance," of which he talks so often and so glibly. Mentes had it all. Mentes was the publisher with his fine place in Surrey; Homer, the poor Grub-street author, quaking when the day came round for his interview with Mrs. Raddle. Doubtless, however, our poet received a certain small lump of pay when he parted finally with his skipper at Colophon.

At Colophon he resumed his abandoned trade of school-keeping, and, even as late as the time of Lesches, the author of "The Contest between Homer and Hesiod," the people of Colophon showed the identical spot where he commenced his poetical career (though the great bard had chirped a little before in the cool caves of Smyrna) with his "Margites."* Wilkie Collins tells us he wrote his marvellous book, "The Moonstone," under precisely similar circumstances of severe mental and physical suffering. Strange, is it not, how the flame of genius rises disdainfully superior to this gross mortal disguise of clay?

And from Colophon, his sight now growing worse and worse, he bent his steps to his

* Lesches, "Agon," p. 34. Westermann.

native place, Smyrna, and there, according to our author, and not before, as Lesches informs us, at Colophon, he took the great work of his life in hand. That is to say, he began his "Kuklos." And for a time, we are told by Stephanus Byzantius, he sojourned at Cenchreæ, in the Troad, while he acquired as full information as possible about the affairs of Troy (see Stephanus Byzantius, art. Cenchreæ). He had distinguished himself as a highly-gifted being before, and at Colophon, Lesches tells us, he wrote his "Margites," a statement I will leave, for the present, unquestioned. But now, having a little store in hand, the savings of many years' toil and exposure, and privation by sea and land, he devoted himself wholly to his sacred calling.

It was at this period of his life, doubtless, and not before, that he became totally blind. Obviously, the great diversity of accounts indicates that the loss of sight was very gradual. There are no less than four of them. The Ithacans said he became blind when at Ithaca. No, said the Colophonians, he recovered from the attack at Ithaca, but fell blind at Colophon.

No, said a third legend, he was blinded by the arms of Achilles; that is, he became stone blind on his return to Smyrna, after paying a visit to the ruins of Troy during his sojourn at Cenchreæ. No, said a fourth legend, he lost his sight through the anger of the now deified Helen, the same as Stesichorus did; that is, his already impaired vision was wholly destroyed by his too ardent devotion to his poetical studies. I need hardly remind my readers that the ancient Greeks saw a judgment in every calamity that can befall our suffering race; still less need I inflict upon them three or four pages full of such names as Phaëthon, Iasius, Actæon, Stentor, Linus, Thamyris, and Stesichorus, to prove so mere a truism.

But the legend here referred to proves something more. It proves,—(1) that Homer was now far on with his "Kuklos"; (2) that, Stesichorus-like, his original portrayal of the fair curse of Asia was very severe, and very unlike his subsequent one; (3) that the story of the blindness of Thamyris has a personal reference. As Phaëthon fell a victim to his devotion to the study of astronomy, and Iasius to his

devotion to agriculture, so Thamyris and Linus before, and other sweet poets after him, from Stesichorus to Milton, fell a victim to their devotion to the Muses. As we see, by a crowd of instances, the high gods punish us alike if we refuse to worship them, and if we worship them overmuch. We must only look at them as Moses looked. But with the example before our eyes of Thamyris in the "Iliad,"* and still more that of Demodocus in the "Odyssey,"—

> "Whom the Muses loved full dearly,
> And gave him both good and ill;
> Of the sight of his eyes they bereaved him,
> But gave him sweet minstrel skill;"†

and, most of all, that of the blind old man —Homer himself—in the hymn to Apollo‡ to doubt, with Lucian and others, that our poet was blind at all, is altogether forbidden by the canons of Homeric orthodoxy. And now being entirely blind, and having spent all his savings, partly on the necessaries of life, partly on learned researches, and partly in vain appeals to the sons

* Iliad, ii. 594–600. † Odyssey, viii. 63, 64.
‡ Hymn, i. 172.

of Æsculapius, at Smyrna, to avert the impending catastrophe of absolute loss of sight,—Oh, for the "very beautiful tripods and cauldrons, and gold and embroidered apparel" of the poet's dream,—finding himself without any means of subsistence, he determined to repair to Cyme. So, travelling through the plain of Hermus, he arrived at Neonteichos (*Anglice* Newall), a colony of the Cymæans. Now this place was founded eight years after Cyme, *i.e.* 1025 B.C.

Here, it is said, he stood at the open door of a shoemaker's workshop, and sang as follows:—

> "Oh, do not, pray, deny me,
> But on my need have pity,
> Ye sons of deer-eyed Cyme,
> That dwell in this brave city.
>
> And where the lofty-tressèd wood
> Of Sarne meets the plain,
> The Jove-born honey-luscious flood
> Of rippling Hermus drain."

Sardĕne or Sardēne, or Sardŏne,—it is spelt in so many ways, I have ventured, in my translation, to clip the dubious vowel altogether,—whichsoever it be, is a moun-

tain that overhangs the river Hermus and the town of Neonteichos.

It may, perhaps, interest readers to see how carefully our poet corrected and re-corrected all but his most hasty and worthless productions. This the reader may see for himself in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," but nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the epigrams that I have translated in this work. Thus the fourth line of Epigram 1 has the following variations :—

"Ye who dwell in the lofty city
[laudable]
The deer-eyed daughter of Cyme"
[lovely-eyed]

Or,

"Of Cyme the deer-eyed maiden"
[lovely-eyed]

Or,

"Of the lovely-faced nymph of Juno:"
[deer eyed]

the last variation meaning, that when the Amazons had taken the heaven-detested city, Juno rewarded them with a century of empire over Asia Minor.

Lastly :—

"Ye who dwell in the lofty city,
The deer-eyed daughter of the firmament:"
[lovely-eyed]

meaning much the same as the preceding variation, only much more prettily expressed.

Nor did the poet find it more easy to satisfy himself in the fourth line, of which the variations are as follow :—

"Drinking the divine water of the river stream:"
[of the god-like river]
[of the divine river]

the variations in the last line are

"Of eddying Hermus," &c.
[fairly flowing]

In his "Lives of the Poets" Johnson has pronounced a similar exemplification of the laborious industry of Pope to be profoundly interesting. And the multitudinous readings of the first stanza of Ariosto are unquestionably amongst the best known curiosities of literature. Certainly it is worth mentioning in our poet's life that he altered so much, the more so that his altering his pieces so much is a sure proof that he wrote them down, else all these variations would surely not have been preserved even during his life-time, much less for 3,000 years afterwards. But I

make something more than mere honest painstaking out of all these variations. I make out that Homer recited his epigram first at Neonteichos with line 2, as in the Life of Lives (p. 4) :—

"Ye who dwell in the lofty city, the deer-eyed daughter of Cyme."

But when he got to Cyme he recited it in the form :—

"Ye who dwell in deer-eyed Cyme, the lofty city of the blue vault of heaven."

Or,

"Ye who dwell in the much-lauded city of the lovely-eyed nymph of Juno."

Now the shoemaker's name was Tychius. And when he had heard the above ditty, he determined to receive the stranger within his doors, for he pitied him, seeing that he was blind. So he bade him come into his workshop, and said he should share his havings. So he came inside. And, sitting in the shop, many persons being there, he showed them his last volume of poems, containing, "The Ride of Amphiaraus," and the hymns to the gods which he had written ; and, as seated in the shoemaker's

room, he declaimed his views concerning what was said by those present, he appeared worthy of admiration to those that heard him.

So, for a time, Homer maintained himself at Neonteichos by his poetry. And the Neonteichites were in the habit of exhibiting, even to the time of Herodotus, the place in which he used to sit and exhibit his poems. And very greatly did they reverence it. And very greatly did they reverence the poplar, too, which, they say, grew up there after Homer came amongst them.

But as time went on, and things went as ill as ever with him, he determined to try Cyme once more, to see if he could do any better there than at Neonteichos. Now, about this time died, probably miles from Cyme, one Midas, a considerable person in those parts, but no more king of Phrygia than Mæon was king of Lydia (these are both alike extravagant absurdities of the Cymæans, as recorded, I presume, in the lost works of Ephorus), and no more to be confounded with the ass-eared owner of the Pactolian gold-mines, than the Mæon that for a short

time, in Homer's boyhood, befriended the poor hapless orphan, with Mæon, the son of Hæmon, the son of Creon, twice regent of Thebes; but, doubtless, the Midas, of whose wife, Harmodice, Heraclides Ponticus tells us that she first made (I forget what) for the Cymæans. So, on Homer's arrival at Cyme, his mother's native city, the kinsfolk of the deceased gentleman (Midas) begged the poet to oblige them with a copy of verses to put upon his tombstone. The poet complied, and dashed off the following quatrain, which is to be seen there, our author tells us, "even to this very day," engraved on the monument, upon which a virgin of brass (some goddess, doubtless) is supposed to address the passers by as follows :—

"(I am a brazen virgin, and I lie on the tombstone of Midas.)
As long as streams do flow, and trees do bloom,
And sun and moon in turn illume the sky,
Remaining on this much-lamented tomb,
Midas lies here, I warn each passer by."

That the above is Homeric there can be no doubt, whatever. It is read in (1) Plato, Phaedr., p. 264 D.; (2) Dion Chrysost., Or., xxxvii. p. 465; (3) Diog. Laert., i. 89;

(4) The Epigrams of Homer, No. 3; (5) Certam., Hom. et Hes., 15; (6) Anthol. Palat., i. p. 348. Longinus also quotes the first and second line as an instance of the true sublime; Sextus Empiricus gives us the line as originally written, and Diog. Laert. gives us a third line, subsequently expunged by our poet.

The lines as originally written being :—

Εστ' αν υδωρ τε ναῃ, &c.,
Ηελιος τ', &c.,
Και ποταμοι γε ρεωσιν ἀνακλυζῃ τε Θαλασσα.

The last line was subsequently struck out, and the first line altered into

Εστ' αν ὑδωρ τε ρεῃ, &c.,

as we now have it.

And, sitting in the assembly-room of the elders, he charmed those that heard him with his melodies, and amazed them with his wisdom. Whereupon he proposed that they should maintain him at the public expense, and he, in return, would render them for ever most glorious amongst mankind. So they invited him to the next meeting of the Town Council, there to discuss the question. And when

the Council met he stood up amongst them, and repeated his proposal. And having done so, he made his bow, and sat down on a seat outside. Figure him to yourself, gentle reader, sitting on a wooden bench outside, with head bent low, that venerable mendicant, with a face clever and thoughtful beyond all words, but Socratically ugly and deformed by blindness, and with bushy iron grey beard, all unkempt and squalid.

"Oh, qualis facies et quali digna tabella."

And when he was gone they deliberated what answer they should make him. And those that had heard him in the assembly-room were in his favour, but the majority of the Council opined that, if they were to maintain all the blind people that came on the tramp to Cyme, they would soon have a pretty crowd of frowsy applicants on their door-steps. And from that time he that was before called Melesigenes (born on the banks of the Meles) was called Homer (the Blind Man), not so much because he was the victim of so common a calamity, as because his blindness was thus impiously scorned at by those Little-

souls,—his blindness, which should have excited a more profound pity even than that of the veteran that had twice saved his native land from ruin, and then, at last, in his grey hairs, and blind with extreme old age, piped in trebles of second childishness, "Date obolum Belisario,—date obolum Belisario!" Not that he could possibly have wanted the sixpence, doubtless he had rouleaux of gold at home, but the "marble-hearted fiend" that cracked poor Lear's great heart, had cracked his too; and, either he was under the delusion that Reade attributes to the felon banker in his "Hard Cash," or, it was a crazy, childish trick, inspired by the miserable impotent anger of a worn-out old man in the last piteous flickerings of departing reason.

But to return to the sapient Town Council of Cyme. Having arrived at the above decision, the clerk went out to our poet, as he sat, pauper-like, on a bench outside, and tapping him on the shoulder, informed him that his offer, he regretted to say, was, to use the phrase now in vogue, "declined with thanks." His offer being, as the reader will, doubtless, remember, an

unlimited supply of the finest poetry the world has ever seen or will see, in return for board, costing, say, sevenpence a day (viz., bread a penny, potatoes a halfpenny, tea a halfpenny, milk a halfpenny, sugar a farthing, fish or eggs a penny, meat threepence, pens, ink, paper and gum a farthing), lodging, washing, and a suit of clothes every other year. And when he heard it he was much hurt, and sang as follows :—

"Of what a fate has Father Jove
Made hapless me the prey,
Since in my gentle mother's lap
A hapless babe I lay,

Where the bold Phriconian horsemen
Built their towers along the steep,
Where thou Æolian Smyrna dwell'st,
Lash'd by the neighbouring deep."

This epithet, too, like the lines discussed in the two preceding epigrams, cost our poet much use of the *transversus calamus*, the ink-eraser and the gum-bottle. The following are the different variations :—

"Ocean smitten,
Ruler over many people,
Majestic in sovereignty,
Majestic-shored."

Let, then, what I have already said

suffice, without further wearying the reader with these petty details, as proofs that no idea can be more erroneous than that our poet extemporised everything and corrected nothing: though he wrote with ease he wrote with no little pains too.

But to return to the mournful song of the heart-transfixed wild swan of the Meles :—

"Through which, oh, sacred Meles,
Thy glorious waters flow,
From whence those glorious damsels,
Jove's daughters dear, did go,

This divine land and people
Meaning to glorify;
But they despise the poet's lay,
And message from on high!

All who from this time suffer so,
On my sad fate shall think,
And curse their folly, so their name
Till crack of doom shall stink.

But I the fate that from the womb
The gods have me assign'd,
Hope unfulfill'd and shaken faith,
Will bear with patient mind.

Nor will I any longer stay
In thy holy streets, O Cyme,
But to some other city go,
Since thus you do deny me."

The above verses contain strong internal proof both of their authenticity and of their truth to history. Surely no forger would, under such circumstances, have called the land and city of those miserable slaves of lucre "divine," and their streets "holy." But Homer did, even while every drop of blood within his veins boiled with anger, and every nerve quivered with agony. And why? Because in it his mother was born, and in it she spent a bright and joyous girlhood, till the death of both parents withered her Eden, and the subtle craft of him that tempted, and the stern austerity of him that judged her, banished her weeping and wailing from it.

And, can we doubt that this incident gave rise to the curse of Chryses in the First Book of the "Iliad"?—

> "And in silent anger the old man went
> By the shore of the roaring sea,
> And with hands entwined and head low bent,
> To Apollo thus pray'd he:—
>
> 'Oh, hear thou thy outraged prophet's moan,
> Lord of the silver bow,
> May the Greeks for my tears atone,
> Beneath thy shafts laid low.'"

N.B.—Chryses is doubly the representa-

tive of our poet, both as the priest of Apollo and, more especially, as the priest of the Temple of Apollo, built at Cilla by Homer's fellow-Æolids. The poet, therefore, hints here, in its proper place, the title-page, that the author of the poem was a Pelopideo-Thessalian Æolid, whose ancestor was at the time of the siege of Troy a resident in the Troad.

And now ensued a something that I shall use my best efforts to render interesting to my readers. His mother had called him Melesigenes at the hour of his birth, as we have seen; and he had trudged afoot to Cyme because it was his mother's native city, and in it he meant to live and die, and make it for ever glorious; but now that he had been equally neglected in his own native city and his mother's, and spurned ignominiously by both, he flung from him that epithet (name it had never been) with indignant scorn, as it were a viper that had stung him. He did more. I have already said he was baptised and signed with the sign of the cross—the visible cross it was his lifelong doom to bear—under the name of Homer. But now he did not change his name, it is true, but he modified it. We

know how the name of the Father of the Faithful was modified from Abram to Abraham; even so that of the Father of Poetry was modified from Hómeros to Homêros. Hómeros, the name as pronounced by Homer's maternal great-grandfather, signified to the Grecian ear exactly what Hostage (a name, doubtless, to be found in the Post-Office Directory) does to ours. Homêros was what the Cymæans, in their swinish ignorance, called him when they made that blasphemous jeer of theirs at the expense of the Blind Man. Homer, in his righteous indignation, caught up the moral obscenity, and called himself Blind Man from that hour. There is the unmistakable air and ring of truth in the pseudo-Herodotus's account of the matter. And while I am convinced that Homer was always called Homer, and never Melesigenes, I do believe also that he now changed the inflection of his name, and that all the dictionaries accentuate his name erroneously. After this, proceeds our author, he went from Cyme on to Phocæa, after invoking a solemn curse upon the Cymæans, that they might never have a poet born to them to glorify the God-

defying, true-poet-insulting city of the sons of Demas. And they never have had, and never will have, to the crack of doom. And having arrived at Phocæa he lived in the same manner, sitting in the Assembly-room, and exhibiting his poems there.

And at Phocæa at this time one Thestorides kept a boys' school—a right bad, egg he was, as the event proved. He, becoming aware of the surpassing excellence of Homer's poetry, proposed to maintain and take care of the poor blind Samson if he would only let him enter in his books the poems he had already written on loose sheets, and bring him such other poems as he might from time to time compose. And the poor dear simple child of genius thought this a first-rate offer, for he was in need of the necessaries of life, and being blind, he wanted some one to wait on him. So he boarded at the house of this pitiful rascal, and there he wrote his lesser "Iliad," of which the beginning is as follows:—

"I sing of Ilium," etc.

And also the poem called "Phocais,"

which the people of Phocæa say that Homer wrote whilst amongst them. And when Thestorides had copied neatly into his manuscript books "The Phocais" and all the other poems which Homer had written up to that time, he formed the design of leaving Phocæa and exhibiting the poetry as his own. Accordingly, he left Phocæa and went to Chios, so named not from Chion, snow,—that is another Greek pun,—but from Chio, a daughter of Oceanus, whose daughter, name unknown, was of course Chione; but Chios was named, as I have said, not from her, but from her mother. There were many Chioses, and possibly that part of Ios where Homer landed before he died may have been called Chios. But of this, more later on. Here Thestorides set up a school, and exhibiting Homer's poems as his own, gained no small credit and emolument. Many of my readers will call to mind that just the same misfortune befell the Mantuan Swan on his first coming to Rome.

Meanwhile Homer remained at Phocæa earning his living by reciting his poetry, and knew nothing as yet of Thestorides's

ignoble proceedings. But not long after merchants from Chios came to Phocæa, and having heard the poems of Homer there, which they had often heard before at Chios from Thestorides, informed our poet that a school-keeper at Chios, whence they came, was making a great sensation by exhibiting those very poems. And Homer knowing, of course, at once that it was Thestorides, hastened with all his heart and soul to Chios. But when he came to the harbour he found no ship bound for Chios, but a barge preparing to sail to Erythræ in quest of timber. And approaching it, he entreated of the sailors to receive him as a passenger, urging many inducements to persuade them. And they consented, and bade him come on board. And Homer, after thanking them very heartily for their obliging behaviour, did so, and sang them an impromptu stave, according to his custom, entreating almighty, earth-shaking Neptune to give to his companions a favourable gale and a safe return, and to himself pious and God-fearing folks, at the base of Mount Mimas, to entertain him, and vengeance on the sly, deceitful villain that had set at naught

hospitable Jove in his treatment of the blind guest that had shared his salt.

Here and elsewhere nothing gives, in the view of the 19th-century reader, such an air of unreality to the "Life of Homer," according to the pseudo-Herodotus (and a similar remark applies to the "Life of Shakespere" according to Rowe), than the frequent snatches of song scattered all through it. Yet why? If Thucydides puts into his history speeches which most certainly were *not* made, why should not Herodotus put into his "Life of Homer," and Rowe into his "Life of Shakespere," verses which at least quite possibly, and in my judgment most certainly, *were?*

And when, after a prosperous voyage, they arrived at Erythræ, Homer slept that night on the vessel, but next day he begged of the sailors to give him a guide to the city. And they did so. And on the way Homer, when he found Erythræ rough and hilly,—to an ordinary traveller a matter of indifference, but to him a discomfort and a weariness,—committed another stanza to his note-book, complaining that while it abounded in corn and wine to others, the unevenness of the

ground made him, that was blind by the mysterious dispensation of Providence, evermore totter and stumble like a drunken man. And when he arrived at the city he begged of the Erythræans a free passage to Chios. And one of the merchants, with whom he had made acquaintance at Phocæa, coming up and saluting him, he begged him to help him to find a vessel in order that he might cross over to Chios.

But from the harbour there was no merchant vessel setting sail just then, so his friend conducted the blind poet to the roadstead where the fishermen's boats lay at anchor. And there he fortunately encountered some that were about to sail all the way to Chios. To these his friend stepped forward, and entreated them to take our poet on board. But without deigning one word in reply, the sulky wretches put off to sea. Whereupon Homer made up another stanza as follows:—

> "Oh, sailors, o'er the sea that fly,
> Of Ate void of awe,
> Dire is their doom who thus defy
> Jove's hospitable law."

Who can doubt that the tale of the Cyclops Polyphemus is the poetical embodiment of those godless sons of Neptune,—the one-eyed (*i.e.*, all for self), many-tongued scum of Asia Minor? And it fell out that after these water-rats had put out to sea they were compelled by contrary winds to run back again to the port they had put out from. And there they found our blind poet sitting, Arion-like, with a smile on his gentle lips upon the beach, the waves splashing all about his threadbare garments, and hoary hair, and sightless eyes. And having learned that they had been compelled to put back again, he thus addressed them: "You, my hosts, have encountered a contrary wind, by the mercy of Heaven, whose laws you impiously defied, wherefore even now receive me on board, and then will ye be able to arrive at your promised haven." The dullest of my readers cannot but see that this is a somewhat fancifully-coloured version of an incident that doubtless happened. The wind doubtless was contrary, and the superstition of these simple tars may well have attributed it to their violation of the sacred laws of hospitality,—doubly sacred in the case of this child of song,—this most sacred of all the inspired messengers of Jove.

So the fishermen, regretting that they had not received him before, bade him come on board. And then putting out again, the wind became favourable, and they arrived safely at Chios. The story, reminding us as it does of Bacchus, Arion, Jonah, and others, has no doubt a mythological flavour. Still the matter in its broad outlines is probable enough. There is nothing really supernatural here,—only chance for once favoured our hapless wanderer. The fishermen now having got into safe harbour applied themselves at once to the labours of their calling; but Homer stayed all that night on the sea-shore, and when the day broke, after much blind stumbling and wandering about, arrived at the spot which is called "The Pines," and there, quite worn out with so many accumulated hardships, he rested the second night under their shade:—

> "Then at last he slept soundly—forgot all his troubles." *

* Odyss., xv. 345.

And a cool breeze springing up as it drew towards morning, the fruit being dead ripe (for it was now past midsummer), fell down upon him and awoke him. Whereupon he drew out his notebook, and jotted down the following epigram :—

"Another pine bears better fruit than thou
On many-valley'd Ida's windy brow,
Or rather shall when martial steel to gain
The bold Kebrenians undermine the plain."

The Cymæans were at this juncture busy making preparations to found Kebren in the Troad, so named from Kebren, whose two daughters, Hesperia and Œnone, were beloved by the two sons of Priam, Æsacus and Paris. That it was founded by them we find also in Harpocration. Ephorus, he tells us, confirms our poet's statement on the authority of Demetrius of Scepsis. And he should have known, Scepsis being on the borders of Kebren, and still more should our poet, having just come from Cyme, and having been sojourning at Cenchreæ in the Troad so long.

The above effusion is a poetical curse

upon the tree which had destroyed his repose, reminding us very much of Christ and the fig-tree. He wishes the miners had it. And at daybreak our blind poet got up and proceeded to a spot a little way off, where he heard the goats bleating over their morning meal. And when the dogs barked at him, he shrieked out for help. The irreverent reader must please recollect that he was blind and utterly helpless, and his ashy-blue, want-flaccid flesh showing through his rags, he afforded a piteous prey to those savage creatures. And when Glaucus (for that was the name of the herdsman, heard him shrieking) with the accursed dogs jumping and barking all round him, he ran quickly up and called back the dogs. We find this incident also in the "Odyssey" (bk. xiv. 11.29—38) :—

"But when the dogs beheld him sore afraid,
Yelling like wild things at his throat they flew;
But straight, with pattering feet, unto his aid
Eumæus ran, and as at them he threw

A shower of stones reviled the accursed train;
Then to the Prince he knew not thus began :—
'But for Heaven's mercy now hadst thou been slain,
And cover'd me with sore disgrace, old man.'"

Thus Homer escaped the fate of the shepherd-boy poet Linus, whom his own dogs, Seirius at the head of them, raving mad with the heat, tore in pieces (hence the name of the star Canicula, or Procyon, and the days it dominates),—the fate the Psalmist dreaded,—the fate of "sad Electra's poet." And because the star still appears when the power of the Sun-god is at its zenith, the Sun-god also was sometimes called Seirius. But from that day the beauty, the innocence, and the untimely fate of the victim of the malignant jealousy of the Sun-god,

> "In feast and in dance is lamented by all:
> In prologue and refrain on Linus they call."

Linus became the generic name for a poet of the piping order. Homer introduces a boy singing a linus, or song of woe. Æschylus used the expression Woe-Linus! Woe-Linus! as a mournful interjection. Pindar even speaks of a woelinous linus. And L. E. L. writes the most charming of all her poems upon "The happy shepherd boy." And even so in my own "Reign of Love," the happy lads of Raby, in commemoration of their Angel-Prince Jimmy,

speak of something altogether delightful as "A Jimmy," and "Jimmyish," and of going out on the spree as "Jimmying."

And he was utterly astonished that he (Homer), blind as he was, should come alone to so wild a spot, and could not conceive what he wanted, or what made him act so. So he came up to him, and asked who he was, and why he had come to a place with not a house in it besides his own (Glaucus's), and a locality without a high-road, or carriage-road, or foot-path even, and what on earth he wanted. Stupid fellow, could he not see that our poor poet was blind, and had stumbled thither, Heaven-directed, he knew not why, any more than his questioner? However, the poor bewildered wanderer answered him to the best of his ability, and aroused the dull, honest goat-herd to life by the tale of all his undeserved misfortunes: so taking him by the hand to his hut, and lighting a fire, Glaucus cooked the best dinner he could, and set it before his angel-guest. But as the dogs had nothing to eat themselves, and kept on barking at him and his entertainer while they sat at meat, Homer, afraid of their biting him in his

present half-naked state, begged him to give them something in another impromptu, which, though nothing to what he could do when he tried, astonished that good simple rustic's weak mind, as the saying is. And as they sat at meat they entered into conversation, and when Homer told Glaucus all about his wanderings by sea and land, and the cities he had visited, he was quite astonished to hear him, as, goggle-eyed and open-mouthed, he sat and listened till bed-time.

Even as he tells us, under his pseudonym in the "Odyssey":—

"Three days and three nights at my hearth he did sit,
For to me first he came when his ship he did quit.
And as on the minstrel his listeners gaze,
When he thrills their rapt ears with his heaven-taught lays,
And hang on his sweet lips whate'er he recites,
E'en so did he charm me those three days and nights." *

Next day our poet made as if he would resume his wanderings, and begged Glaucus to let him have a boy to guide him to town, there to beg his bread; but Glaucus said,

* Odyss., xvii. 515–52.

"No, he should stay with him if his master would allow it," and went off to his master to tell him all about Homer, Homer showering blessings upon him as he went, for thus putting an end to his weary wanderings:—

"May Jove and all the other Gods, kind stranger, give to thee
All thy life long thy heart's desire for thus receiving me." *

But when Glaucus got to Bolissus, and told his master what he had done, he laughed at him, and pronounced him a simpleton for receiving and entertaining blind people. Nevertheless, he bade Glaucus bring the stranger to see him. So having returned to Homer, Glaucus told him of the interview he had just had with his "boss," and advised him to call on him as requested. And, Homer consenting, Glaucus took him to his "boss." And the Chian conversing with Homer found him a skilled and learned man, and persuaded him to stay with him, and take charge of the education of his boys; for the Chian had sons now old enough to go to school.

* Odyss., xiv. 53, 54.

These, therefore, he placed under our poet's care to educate. And while thus employed he wrote "The Apes," and "The Battle between the Frogs and the Mice," "The Seven Shearings," and "The Fieldfares," and his other comic works, so that he became celebrated throughout the city of Bolissus for his poetry. And as soon as Thestorides heard that he was there, he sailed away from Chios. Blind, stone blind as our poet was, the villain durst not face him. Even as Southey says :—

"So insupportably dreadful,
Soon or late, it is to behold the face of the injured."

And as time went on, our blind poet entreated the Chian to give him a guide to Chios. And on his complying——. But ho! my good friend, Herodotus, ho! you are misleading your readers a little here. Turn we here to the pages of Homer himself, and let us see what he has to say. Telemachus addresses the swineherd as follows :—

TELEMACHUS.

"Now I am off, with this one last request :
Lead to the city our unhappy guest,

To beg of those whose hearts the Gods incline
To help the poor, his crust and pint* of wine.
But all that come *I* cannot entertain,
However I compassionate their pain.
I love plain-speaking, so, good-by, my friend,
Your case, howe'er you frown, you will not mend."

ULYSSES.

"Oh, sir, indeed, I would not be one day
Longer than I am wanted in your way.
To crave what nature needs, from door to door,
Better is town than country for the poor.
To bide with cattle I am now too old,
And do like them whatever I am told.
But go thou on before ; he you provide,
This honest fellow here, my steps shall guide ;
But let me have a warm first by the fire,
For, as you see, full thin is my attire,
Lest with its bite the frost of morning quell me,
For it is far from here to town, they tell me." †

We have a hundred signs that our poet had a hard time of it at Bolissus,—his muse melancholy, slow, dull, and bitter; the boys, his pupils, of whom we have not one word good or bad, unlike all his other

* A pint seems a good deal, but the unlearned reader must know that the ancients watered their wine, and the wine of the beggar-man was, doubtless, nine-tenths water.

† Odyss., xvii. 6–25.

pupils, utterly unappreciative young churls; lastly, to quote the sweet story of Edwin and Emma:—

> "The father, too, a sordid man,
> Who love nor pity knew,
> Dull and unfeeling as the clod
> From whence his riches grew,"

as is patent from what has gone before, having picked the brains of the finest intellect of all times, as long as suited his convenience, and, under the pretence of charity, having remunerated him with the cast-off raiment of his grooms, the scraps the very dogs refused, and a stable loft one story above the cattle, fretting at the immeasurable intellectual and moral superiority of one whom, from a social point of view, he so immeasurably looked down upon. And here we see the unsatisfactory end. The old clown dismisses Homer from his employ, and Homer is only too glad to go. So "Blind Melesigenes" is led by the kind and pitying Glaucus into the city, stammering out well-meant apologies to him on the way, as he led our poor blind poet by the hand. Or, to draw once more from the fountain head:—

> "And as divine Ulysses and the clown
> Sped from the farmyard, on their way to town,
> Thus spoke the latter: 'Since you wish to go
> With me to-day, and my lord wills it so,
> Though fain would I have kept you, friend, at home,
> I may not cross his will and thine: so come.
> Despatch! for it grows late, and you grow old,
> And hereabouts the evenings are cold.'"

Ulysses assents, but asks for a staff, as the road, he is told, is slippery.

All this is merely a poetical rendering of one of the most interesting pages in our poet's life, the poem here reminding one of some ancient vellum, on which some devotional work of one of the fathers is written, but under that the scholar detects some precious relic of Hellenic or Roman literature. Underneath a not very interesting, or even probable, passage in the adventures of Ulysses, we detect an invaluable passage of our poet's diary, ingeniously done into hexameters.

From this time the Æolid traditions cease, and what we have, till Homer left Chios, is, even where Herodotus himself is our informant, more or less unreliable. Bolissus, it is important to note, was an

Æolian city.* Thucydides calls it Boliscus† or Littlefall, because it was a petty fishing station upon a headland. But Chios was intensely Ionian. In passing, therefore, from Bolissus to Chios, our poet passes out of the sphere of Æolic tradition.

And, after a time, he having hired a schoolroom, taught the gentry of the place his verses; and the Chians judged him a marvellously skilful lecturer, and many admiring listeners flocked round him daily.

And now, at last, finding himself in a position to do so, he married a wife, and had two daughters by her. And his wife's name was Eurydice,‡ and of his daughters one died unmarried, and the other, Arsiphone, he gave in marriage to a Chian,§ the celebrated Creophylus. Suidas, indeed, tells us that he married Arsiphone, the daughter of Gnotor, of Cyme, and had by her two sons, whose names were Euryphon and Theolaus, and a daughter who married Stasinus, the Cyprian. But Suidas has evidently confounded our poet with the

* Stephanus Byzantius, art. "Bolissus."
† Book viii.
‡ Tzetzes, "Last History of last Chiliad."
§ Westermann's "Lives," p. 13.

pseudo-Homer, of whom more by-and-by. For (1) the true Homer could not have married a daughter of the city that had cast him out, and that he had cursed with perpetual intellectual sterility, for then would his curse have fallen on his own head. (2) This Stasinus did not live till very long afterwards. (3) The name Euryphon is the same as that of the pseudo-Homer's son, in the stemma which traces him to Terpander, and suspiciously like his father Euphron's also.

But the real facts are these. His daughter Arsiphone married Creophylus the Elder, and had by him Terpander, the Phocæan, whose son or brother, I know not which, was Gnotor, of Cyme, and he had a daughter named Arsiphone. I have observed elsewhere that it is a well-known rule for names to recur in alternate generations. This Arsiphone the pseudo-Homer, married, and had by her two sons, as Suidas says, Theolaus and Euryphon. Thus, Homer the Younger's wife was directly descended from Homer the Great, which may have additionally interested him in our poet's works, and have given him additional facilities for collecting them.

And in his works he returned the favours he had received, as Ariosto says, in the only coin he had, to Mentor, of Ithaca, his faithful friend, and Mentes, his skipper, and Tychius, the kind-hearted shoemaker, of Neonteichos, and Phemius, his good, indulgent schoolmaster and second father, by conspicuous mentions in his poems.

But if Phemius was the son of Pronapus, or Pornapus, why does not our poet call him Pornapides? Because Parnops, or Pornops, signifies, in Greek, a kind of locust (Ar. Ach., 150), an animal especially hateful to our poet's tutelary divinity. Since, therefore, to call Phemius the son of a locust would have been, to say the least of it, uncouth, uncanny, and of evil omen, he invents a significant Bunyanesque patronymic, and calls him the son of Please-all.

And now the fame of our poet was noised abroad throughout all Ionia, and reached already over the Ægean to the Mother Country. And many flocking round him daily, those that interviewed him all agreed in strongly advising him to pay a visit to the venerable fatherland of his ancestors; and he listened eagerly to

their words, and was very anxious to be gone.

But considering that he had said many fine things of Argos, but of Athens nothing, he set to work interpolating a few such verses as might prove acceptable there, *e.g.*:—

"The people of high-soul'd Erechtheus,
The child of the gaping sod,
The daughter of Jove, Athene,
Was nurse to the demi-god." *

And, again,—

"Them led the son of Peleus
Menestheus to the field,
No living mortal was his peer,
To marshal horse and shield.†

And Ajax led from Salamis
Twelve ships, that lined the bay
Where the Athenian squadrons
Were posted for the fray." ‡

And, lastly,—

"And then to Marathon she came
And Athens' dances wide,
And the palace of Erechtheus,
Her presence glorified." §

* Iliad, ii. 547.
† Iliad, ii. 352.
‡ Ib., ii. 557.
§ Odyss., vii. 80.

And having interpolated the above lines in his two immortal works, he proceeded to make all the necessary preparations for his projected visit to Hellas.

He had already, as we have seen, given one of his daughters in marriage to his most intimate friend, Creophylus. The other, I presume, was dead; but what had become of our Æneas's Creusa I cannot say. From his anxiety, not merely for a temporary visit to the Mother Country, but for, apparently, a protracted stay, from which he might never return, and also from the language of the other biographers, we naturally infer that Homer was now once more a homeless wanderer. But we *know* positively nothing.

I conjecture, however, that as Homer, when he came to Chios, was, like Ulysses when he came to Ithaca, "prematurely elderly," he must have been some fifty years old when he married, and as he died at about seventy, it follows that he must have left Chios as soon as possible after he had disposed of his daughter, and left her, and presumably her mother, safely housed with his son-in-law.

Lesches informs us, that having com-

posed his "Margites," he went round the Greek cities singing it. This is, of course, impossible. Lesches confounds him here with the pseudo-Homer, even as Suidas does. But the account of the Colophonians that he wrote it as a young man, when he first fell blind, is also contradicted by the commencement of the poem,—

> "An old man came to Colophon;"

which shows that it was, at least in its present form, the production of his old age; but of this more when we come to the discussion of his works. In sketching the first part of Homer's last journey from Chios to Ios, we have the difficult task of extracting the honey of truth from more than one nettle of error. One author,* quoted by Allatius,† tells us that Homer, on his way from Smyrna chanced to arrive at Chios. Of course this is every way absurd, both the "chanced" and the "Chios," and is in contradiction to the unanimous account of all antiquity. But if we accept Chios, as a hasty copyist's

* Wolfgangus Lazius, "Greek History," bk. ii.
† "De Patria Homeri," p. 177.

blunder for Ios, we obtain the interesting fact that Homer now saw, for the last time, his native city, and wrote that beautiful hymn to Diana, that stands the ninth in the list. In going by land from Chios, to pay a visit to the kindred of his daughter's newly-married husband at Samos, he would naturally pass through Smyrna, and while grey hairs would soften his resentment ("Lenit albescens animos capillus") for the cruel neglect of bygone years, the coming shadow of his own grave would lead him for the last time to plant flowers on that of his poor, ill-fated mother, and water them with the rain of filial piety. Thence he dragged his aged steps to Colophon. And there, in answer to the impious fools that jeered at the Margites, as they nicknamed him, whose improvidence had left him so poorly provided for in his old age, like Scott's minstrel with his—

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"

he burst forth into that impassioned defence of his art, of which we have now, alas! only a few lines left. Singing this last note of triumph, he passed on from city

to city (and erroneous as Lesches's "Agon" is, there is thus much truth in it), till he arrived at Samos. Now, the people of Samos chanced at that time to be celebrating the Apaturia in honour of Melanthus, the royal ancestor of the founder of their city. And one of the Samians, perceiving that Homer had arrived, for he knew him by sight, having seen him before at Chios, went to his fellow-clansmen, and told them, and spoke in high terms of commendation of the new comer. And his fellow-clansmen bade him introduce our poet; so returning to the porch, where Homer was sitting, "Friend," he said to him with a smile and a bow, "the people of our clan invite you to keep the festival with them. And Homer agreed to do so, and went off straightway with his new friend. And on the way he encountered some women who were sacrificing, at the meeting of three roads, to Kourotrophos, —doubtless, the *diva triformis*, the Diana Trivia of ancient Rome, the Goddess that presides over the births, deaths, and marriages of a modern newspaper;—and she that acted as priestess, being unable to endure the sightless aspect of our poor

blind poet, said to him, "Away from the sacrifice, man; away, I say; we cannot proceed while you are here." And when Homer learned who it was that thus drove him from her presence, as a thing of ill-omen, he made an impromptu, playfully ridiculing all such preposterous matrons of Ephesus; and when he arrived at the house where the members of the clan were feasting, he stood outside on the threshold and made another impromptu:—

"Sons are their father's crown," &c.

And then entering in, he sat down and feasted with the clansmen, and they were filled with awe at the wondrous manifestations of his genius with which he favoured them all that evening. And as he went away next day some potters,* as they were lighting their fire, saw him on the road, and having heard what a wonderfully fine poet he was, called out to him, and begged him to sing something for them, and they would give him the earthen vessel they were now going to bake, or whatever else

* Samos abounded in potter's clay, and that of two distinct kinds.—Pliny, H. N., 35-53.

he preferred that they had by them. Whereupon he sang them the song which goes by the name of "The Furnace." And being detained by bad weather at Samos, he went on the first of every month to the houses of the well-to-do, and earned a trifle by singing outside their doors. And the boys of the place came with him, two of them holding each a hand, and the rest running on before and behind. The song was much what such songs are, even to this day:—

"Heaven give you plenty, wealth, and joy,
Long life, and many a sturdy boy!
But, oh, have pity on the poor,
That chirp like swallows at your door.
But, if you won't we will away,
For we are not come here to stay
And shiver on the step all day."

The song in the original Greek is much longer, and is there called an Eiresione. It is said to have been sung by the lads of Samos for many years after. The Eiresione, from which the song still extant derives its name, was a harvest wreath of olive or laurel wound round with wool, and adorned with all the fruits of the season, borne about by boys at the

Pyanepsia, or bean-feast, which, we are told, was originally instituted by Theseus. Then, when each troop of laughing boys had taken its stand before a house, they danced and sang outside, while the people inside made oblations to the sun and "the rosy-bosomed hours." Then the boys rang the bell and shouted at the top of their sweet young voices, and the people came out and gave them coppers.

As regards the fruit, I presume it was disposed of just as it is in the harvest celebrations, so much in vogue at the present day. And hence any begging-song was called an Eiresione. And at the commencement of spring Homer set sail from Samos for Athens.

So here ends the present chapter; but first let us take one last glance at Asiatic Greece ere leaving it with our poet for ever; and especially at Smyrna, his ungrateful and unnatural mother-city.

In the tenth year of Thersippus, Archon of Athens, and the fourth of Doristhus, king of Sparta, or a little later, that is when Homer was about thirty years old, Samos was built and Smyrna enlarged in the manner of a city ("Samos condita et

Smyrna in urbis modum ampliata") * by the Athenians. Samos had not, therefore, been built much more than forty years, and was at this time most devotedly loyal to the parent state that had so recently founded her. And Homer, by taking the active part he did in the Apaturia and the Pyanepsia, intensely patriotic feasts of colonial loyalists (see Suidas for both), had virtually taken the oaths of allegiance to the city for which he was now bound; even as by the modifications he had recently introduced into his poems, he had done all in his power to prove himself a true Ionic Greek. "What!" methinks I hear the venerable author of "Homeric Studies" thundering, "you call yourself an orthodox Homerologist, and yet you dare most blasphemously to insinuate that our great poet was a mean, sneaking, curry-favouring traitor!" Apollo forbid! But I think that at this time Smyrna was no longer Æolid. It had been taken by the Amazono-Colophonians. A few years passed on (probably a very few, as Mimnermus represents the two events as

* Eusebius, "Chronicon," vol. ii. p. 153.

one), when the Amazono-Colophonians of Smyrna and the Athenio-Amazonians of Ephesus discovered that they were strictly and precisely one, both on their Pylian and their Amazonian side. So Smyrna, largely augmented by a supply of fresh blood drawn from Attica, became an Ionic city about 980 B.C. And why should Homer object? His one tie to Smyrna was his mother. And she was a Kretheid; that is, of the self-same blood, and a far-off cousin of the Codridæ of Ephesus. And his father, Demagoras (whose memory he loved with all a woman's sweet unreasoning piety), was a Kretheid on the dearest side, the mother's, and his nurse and second mother, Euryclea, was a Kretheid wholly. True, the Thessalian element at Smyrna was dissatisfied, and Homer, beyond all dispute, had Thessalian blood in him; but with the prophetic eye of a true prophet he foresaw long beforehand the fatal effects of the disunion of cognate races: so he wrote his immortal "Iliad" with this for the moral of it, having a general application, indeed, to the whole Hellenic race, but an especial one to the Thessalian Smyrniotes. But, please, reader,

particularly to observe that the Amazonian barbarians who had outraged him in his childhood exiled him in his early manhood, denied him bread in his blindness, and contaminated the pure Hellenic blood of his townsmen with a vile Semitic element, he hated bitterly even to his very last breath. "But what wretched stuff all this is about the Amazonians! As Betsy Prigg might say, 'There never was no such persons.'" Excuse me, gentle reader, there *were*. With a large admixture of worthless rubbish, what we read in the classics expresses the veritable realisation of a great social truth. A monogamous woman makes a better monarch in every way than a polygamous man; for the woman is a woman, but the man is not a man, but a wretched creature utterly enfeebled in mind and body by the habitual violation of the sacred laws of nature. Hence, because of the utter dissoluteness of life too commonly seen in princes, the splendour that so astonishes the less reflecting of our sex in the reign of a Semiramis, a Zenobia, an Elizabeth, and even a Catharine II. of Russia; for though immoral for a woman, I

do not imagine she was immoral to a debilitating extent, as so many princes are. And hence, too, the Amazons astonished mankind for several generations by a brilliant succession of female sovereigns.

But to return to Smyrna. Well might Fortune (Tyche) be its principal divinity, for never did city experience such vicissitudes. Three centuries and more after Homer shed his last tears beside his mother's grave, Sadyattes well nigh destroyed it, but it revived again, and was once more a beautiful city in the time of Pindar, a century and a half later. But once more it sank into pitiable decay till Antigonus rebuilt it on a different site, in accordance, it would seem, with the express wish of Alexander, only prevented from being carried into execution by his premature death. This happened about 320 B.C. Lysimachus * enlarged and beautified it some years later. Tyche was again propitious. The city became one of the greatest and most prosperous in the world. But some two centuries and three quarters afterwards, Tyche veered

* Aristeides.

round once more. Dolabella took it and destroyed it in the Civil Wars 43 B.C. However, the fickle goddess soon recovered her temper. The traitorous renegade perished, and Homer's native city recovered its pristine splendour. It was one of the Seven Churches, and the scene of the martyrdom of Polycarp. In the years 171–180 a series of earthquakes, to which the city was always much exposed, reduced it almost to ruins, but it was restored by the Emperor Marcus Antoninus. In the successive wars under the Eastern Empire it was frequently much injured, but always recovered ; and under the Turks it has survived repeated attacks of earthquake, fire, and plague, and still remains the greatest commercial city of the Levant. It has a population of about 160,000, is by far the most important port of Asiatic Turkey, and exports immense quantities of almonds, figs, raisins, and other dried fruits.

P.S.—I am not quite satisfied with my putting of the incident recorded on pp. 59-61. Far fewer events are the result of

blind chance than we are apt to think, and there is here no chance whatever. The fishermen were in a hurry, foreseeing an approaching squall, and the squall coming on before they had reached "their desired haven," they had to put back again. But Herodotus, like a true Greek, in his love of the supernatural, somewhat misrepresents the incident.

CHAPTER III.

HIS SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

And having set sail from Samos with certain natives of the place, he was carried to Ios, and put up for the night, not in the city, but off the shore. His funds were so low that he could not afford the charges of even the dingiest tavern, but slept on board the vessel for nothing, or some merely nominal sum. And here, through poorness of food and anxiety of mind on account of his penniless condition, and the hardships and privations and exposure he had gone through, and advancing years and complete wearing out of the system, our poor blind poet began to be seriously indisposed. So, unable any longer, I suppose, to endure the rocking and smell of the vessel, he got out and slept for the

few remaining nights of his forlorn, suffering life on the beach, in a state of the most pitiable, utter helplessness. And the crew anchoring off Ios for several days, in consequence of contrary winds and stress of weather, every day people came down from the city to go and be taught by our dying sage; and as they listened with ear close to catch his fast-failing accents, they were filled with amazement at the stores of thought, fancy, and learning of all sorts that he had amassed. And as the sailors and certain of the people from the city were sitting by Homer, there sailed by the spot certain fisher-lads, who, landing from their boat, came up to them and spoke as follows:—"Here, strangers, we lads have something to say to you. Come, listen, pray, and see if you can make it out." And one of those present bade them say on. And the fisher-lads said, "What we caught we have left behind, but what we could not catch we have brought with us." Bar the riddle of the Sphynx, this is remarkable as being the very oldest riddle in the world. The taste of the most self-satisfied of all the centuries, with which wisdom will die

beyond all doubt, is so absurdly squeamish that I dare not tell the gentle reader the answer, but must leave him or her to guess what the fish were that these merry lads of Ios meant. Nothing shows the difference between the days of Homer and the days in which we live. The ancient Greeks in the joyous good-humour of the vivacious boyhood of a nationality destined to the greatest of great things, dwelt upon the earliest historical riddle on record with a keen and natural archæological interest. Not one of all the Lives of Homer, from Lesches to Tzetzes, omits it. Nay, Homer, the Venerable Homer, went home and put the incident into verse, as follows:—

HOMER (to fisher-lads).

"Oh, my bold, Arcadian huntsmen,
Caught any game or not?"

FISHER-LAD.

"Oh, the game we caught we've left behind,
But what we miss'd we've got,
What game may that be, come, sir, say."

HOMER.

"Nay, Œdipus, the seer,
E'en with both eyes could ne'er have told."

BOY.

(Showing between thumb and finger, being nipped to death, one of the sacred insects, whose name in this queer England of ours it is unlawful for man to utter.)

"Ha, ha, why, then, look here!"

(Throws the deceased insect's flattened body on the ground.)

HOMER.

"Brave lads, no piled-up gold is yours,
Nor sheep that blanch the plains;
But better far the merry blood
That danceth in your veins!"

The first line of the above has, with a truly Bœotian stupidity, been altered from

Ανδρες απ' Αρκαδίης θηρητορες

to

Ανδρες απ' Αρκαδιης αλιητορες,

whereby the gay, good-humoured pleasantry of the line has been half destroyed. Paros, the island immediately adjoining Ios, was inhabited originally by Cretans,* but Parus subsequently colonised it with Arcadians (*in Paron insulam coloniam deduxit Paros adducto populo ex Arcadia*),†

* Stephanus Byzantius.
† Holstenii notæ in Stephanum.

whilst Ios, originally called Phœnike (that is, inhabited by Cretans), but subsequently Ios, from the Ionian (doubtless Arcado-Ionians) colonists, had, we may be sure, a large Arcadian element. Now Phœnician or Lydian origin was discreditable, but Arcadian very honourable, the Arcadians being Αυτοχθονες, and, as they themselves boasted, born before the moon itself. From whichever therefore of the two contiguous islands, Paros or Ios, the fisher-lads were,—and they may almost equally well have been from either,—the above lines are pleasantly complimentary. No craven, crouching, slavish Lydians were they from Ios in Lydia (for of that base origin were the Ians half suspected); no lying Cretans; no Phœnicians bent on amassing gold; but bold, pre-lunar Arcadians; hunters too, not shepherds—that is, the *crême de la crême* of all Hellas. The idea is well kept up all through. Petty and vulgar as this incident may seem, it has many interesting points about it. It is the last incident recorded in the Life of Homer. It elicited the only flash of humour we have in all his works. It has kept alive even to this very hour the

oldest riddle in the world. It gave rise to a τριγερων μυθος—*Anglicè* (a right old saw), when any very puzzling question was put, "Even Homer could make nothing of *that*." Lastly, it was most idiotically believed to be the cause of our poet's death. It was really the cause of his last smile (one of his few, alas! very few smiles) in this world. It also formed the theme of the very last stanza he ever penned. But, will it be credited?—not only do several of the authors of the so-called Lives of Homer tell us that he died of vexation because he could not make out the riddle of these "little vulgar Ian boys," on whom much handling of stale fish had bred the answer thereto, but actually the oracle of Delphi cooked up an *ex post facto* prophecy out of an incident that never could have caused the death of our poet, or any one else. But of this further on when we come to discuss the question of the pseudo-Homer. The death of Aristotle, the reader will remember, was said to have originated in a parallel way. Unable to make out the cause of the ebb and flow of the Euripus, he is said to have thrown himself into it.

Perhaps he did—for a bathe. And perhaps, when he saw the objectionable insect, "not to be mentioned to ears polite," being nipped to death, Homer did laugh and cry out, "It is positively killing," or "Oh, you absurd boys, you will really make me die of laughing," albeit almost worn out with sickness, old age, insufficient food, want of sleep, and pain, goodnaturedly humouring the fun that was going on around him. It appears, indeed, that, in his real or affected laughter, he slipped over some mud and fell upon his side* against a stone,† which, in his then infirm and utterly prostrate condition, was supposed to have somewhat hastened his end. Even as Sophocles says: "A small weight brings old bodies to anchor" (or bed, meaning the grave). Tzetzes says that he broke a rib, but this is improbable. The writer in Cramer's "Anecdota" (vol. ii. p. 230) makes no mention whatever of an accident, but simply says, "Homer landed at Ios, and died after a short illness." Which proves that the accident cannot have been very severe

* Lesches. † Proclus.

anyhow. It appears from another account that he was ill three days.

But how do the weak things of the earth confound the mighty! The despised little insect that figures alike in the bibliography of Homer and of Shakespeare, how doth it revenge the Almighty upon the blasphemy which disdains to defile its lips by naming what He did not disdain to defile his hands by making! How has it ere now reduced the beauty of woman to loathsomeness, the glory of majesty to leprous solitude, and the wisdom of the philosopher to delirious ravings!

But to return to the poet's deathbed. This, however, is perhaps a misnomer. Pious, robin-redbreast-hearted, good Samaritans may have had compassion on the blind, strolling beggar at the last, and put something softer under him than "the ribbed sea sand" to breathe out his last weary sigh upon. But we are not told so; we do not know whether he had a bed to die on or not. If he had, that bed was certainly not the spare bed of Creophylus, his son-in-law, who never was at Samos, much less at Ios, as far as we have the slightest grounds for judging. But whether

he breathed out his last sigh of relief at escaping from a cold, cruel, selfish, sensual, thankless world on "the ribbed sand" of the beach, or on straw in the muddy High-street of the town, or on a bed of down in the house of some good Samaritan at Ios, the very centre of Ionian Greece, hence its name, at Phœnician Ios, the point where Phœnician sailors first brought the Higher Culture to Hellas, the boundary line, may I say, between European and Asiatic Greece, where Pelasgic eyes first gazed upon the great discovery of Cadmus, and for ever cast aside the semi-barbarous runes of their aboriginal ancestors,—here, I say, most appropriately died the most marvellous combination of paradoxes that ever lived. Never lived, never will live, I might almost go so far as to say never can live, a man whose brief threescore years and ten, or less, of life were so absolutely in contrast with his three thousand years of subsequent immortality. His miserable poverty all through life is the least of these marvels, if only we lay down as the established rule in this evil world, as is the genius and merit so is the neglect and the suffering. England treated her Spenser,

her Milton, her Butler, her Otway, her Chatterton, and her Clare; France her great fabulist, La Fontaine; Italy her Dante and her Tasso; Spain her Cervantes; Denmark her Kepler; and Portugal her Camoens, very little better than Greece treated her Homer and her Socrates. Jerusalem is not the only city that first stoned her prophets and then raised monuments in their honour. Smyrna is not the only city that rejected him that was sent unto it in his lifetime, and after his death semi-deified not him only but his mother before him, and built him an Homeræum and worshipped him for ever after therein with games, and invocations, and sacrifices. It is only the contrast between this picture and that, that is so singular. After his death he found admirers in plenty to carve statues, build temples, and forge oracles in his honour; but in his lifetime he found no one to give him food, or clothes to wear, or a bed to lie on :—

> "Worse housed than fox in hole, or bird in nest,
> Stretch'd on the beach in fluttering tatters dress'd,
> Life's chain flung off, he sank at last to rest."

The sublimity of his genius could not

procure him an asylum in the very town that claimed the honour of his birth :—

> "Seven mighty cities claim great Homer dead,
> Through which alive the poet begg'd his bread."

They struck money with his likeness and name upon it, but in his lifetime he never had any money; he lived and died in excessive indigence.

The reader will perhaps call to mind one passage in "The Life" apparently somewhat in contradiction of the foregoing: "And having collected sufficient substance he married a wife." But to this I would reply, that the author is obviously defending the poet against the charge of an imprudent marriage, contracted in direct violation of every precept laid down for the guidance of mankind by St. Malthus. But methinks the defence is somewhat uncalled for. Hard-hearted must have been the Malthusian of Colophon to whom, I presume, the apology in question was addressed, and hard-hearted must be the Malthusian of the present day that would grudge our poet one gleam of sunshine in a life, the rest of which was so wild and stormy, one green oasis in so howling a desert, a wife

to solace his blindness, and children to hang around his neck and listen enraptured to his lays. But it is a noteworthy fact, one of the thousand-and-one proofs I could adduce, of our author's holy reverence for historical accuracy, that, though to make his way in a strange place and save up money enough to be in a position to marry and to have two daughters (the Malthusian allowance, pray kindly observe to his credit, my dear good Malthusian friends), and to give one of them in marriage to a man of Chios, Homer must have lived at least twenty years at Chios, yet our poet's life at Chios occupies less than six lines, that is to say, less than the ninetieth part of the entire "Life" according to the pseudo-Herodotus. In other words, there is here an all but absolute lacuna of twenty years or more. Instead of six lines we should have at least six pages. How are we to fill up this sad hiatus?

Let us see. We have what Plato tells us about Creophylus. Plato tells us certain highly discreditable things of him in his "Respublic" (bk. x. p. 500), where, contrasting him with Pythagoras, who abstained from all meat, and did not even

allow his followers all vegetables, he punningly calls him not Creophylus (king of his clan) but Creophilus (fond of meat), and accuses him of gross neglect of the poor blind poet at the dinner-table.* But had this been so Homer would not have given him his daughter in marriage. We know from the "Odyssey" that Homer suffered at the impious table of the Virros of Chios all the coarse insults

> "That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

but that his friend and fellow-minstrel should take advantage of his blindness to filch the best pieces off his platter is surely quite incredible. Severe as is the language of Asius, two centuries later, in speaking of *a* Creoph*i*lus in his day:—

> "Lame, scab-mark'd, old, in stroller's tatters came
> Knisokolax uncall'd, in search of porridge;" †

and that of Lucian in that most interesting piece, "The Lapithæ," we cannot think so of *the* Creoph*y*lus, to whom the poet gave his daughter in his lifetime, and on his

* Respublica, bk. x. p. 500.
† Athenæus.

deathbed of sand, or straw, or down, or whatever it was, bequeathed the venerable treasure of his immortal manuscripts. Still, that his bed was not of roses, his picture of Ulysses, the beggar, at Ithaca, and his Thersites and Melanthius lead us to believe. And from Plato we may infer that if not Creophylus, there were plenty of half-starving poetasters at Chios to take advantage of his blindness and snatch the food out of his very fingers. And Martial complains that his own age laughed at him :—

> "Et sua riserunt secula Mæonidem."

And Diogenes Laërtius tells us that he had a rival in one Sagaris, with whom he shared the popular favour just as Dryden did with one Elkanah Settle. Can this be the same as Syagrus, of whom we read in Chapter VIII. that he was before Homer, but probably not much before, as he was after Musæus? He also wrote an Iliad which Homer may have supplanted for a time with his. But with the comparatively feeble, languid, and uninteresting concluding books of the "Odyssey," the popular favour grew cold, and the poet's lecture-

room empty, and he had to quit his present quarters for "pastures new."

Strange to say, while the disputes about the place of his birth are interminable, all agree that he died at Ios. Only one authority, already referred to (Lazius, a modern, and, therefore, utterly without weight), tells us that "in his last voyage to Greece from Smyrna he *happened* to be carried to Chios." Now were our authority Herodotus himself, writing with the MS. of Homer's own personal attendant, countersigned by the Ædile of Chios, before him, we should know that he could not "*happen* to be carried" to the place he had been residing in, still less happen to be carried there "on his way from Smyrna to Greece." Of this passage there are two distinct views. First, that Chios is a copyist's blunder for Ios, as it undoubtedly is in the preface of Stephanus Niger to Plutarch, and in the Solinus of Gyraldus Spondanus. Just so, conversely, Ios is found in some MSS. instead of Chios in the celebrated line :—

> "Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ."

In ancient manuscripts Chios and Ios were, it would seem, only too readily interchangeable. Second, that Chios was the name of the port of Ios. There is no actual improbability in this supposition, for (1), as Chios was largely, so must Ios, more or less, have been Pelasgic; (2), Chios was a common name enough for a town. Stephanus Byzantius tells us of four towns of the name of Chios, so this may possibly have been a fifth; (3), as Ios was probably, and the neighbouring island Paros certainly, inhabited first by Cretans, so Chios, according to Ion of Chios, was colonised by Œnopion of Crete. Or, rather, the town of Ios may originally have been called Chios by Pelasgic settlers from Chios, just as Smyrna was originally called Naulochus, but in the final Ionic settlement obtained its present name of Ios, the name of Chios, however, still clinging to the insignificant harbour thereto appertaining. This, however, after all, is mere conjecture. But what I wish is to show that no author, of however secondary or tertiary authority, except indeed Tzetzes, with his utterly wild and random blunderings, disputes the fact that Homer died at

Ios. He, it is true, seems to have been seduced into the appalling blunder that Homer died on the coast of Arcadia, partly by Homer's

> "Oh, my bold Arcadian huntsmen,"

in the epigram already discussed, and partly by the ambiguous expression of Nazianzenus, "Orat. in Julianum," "concerning the Arcadian question" (really meaning the question put by the Arcadian fisher-lads). And he is followed, or follows (I am sure I neither know nor care which), by Nonnus Abbas, and by Eudocia in her "Violarium." But even if the statement in question were not obviously founded on a truly laughable blunder, the trio are too modern, too merely Byzantine, to carry any weight with them. Still less does Martianus Capella, who, on the warrant of a mere misconception of Pliny,* tells us he died at Naxos. But these wretched blunderings of mediæval darkness apart, the place of our poet's rising is still in doubt amongst those unhappily constituted

* Ios a Naxo 24, mill. pass. Homeri sepulchro veneranda.—Plin., N. H., lib. iv. cap. 12.

hyper-sceptics whom nothing short of his baptismal register, duly signed by the parish priest of Smyrna, and attested by the clerk, would comfortably satisfy, but of the place of his setting there is, as I have just said, no doubt at all. Even as Varro says in his epigram :—

"The white goat offered on his tomb at Ios proves that he died there, but seven distinct cities claim the honour of his birth." *

Or, to adopt the witty imagery of the poet, it is certain that he died amongst violets (pun upon Ios, *ion* meaning in Greek a violet), but it is uncertain whether he was born amongst myrtles (Smyrna in Greek means myrrh), or roses (pun upon Rhodes, *rhodon* signifying in Greek a rose). The Ians not only sacrificed a goat yearly on his tomb, they also carved it on his gravestone. And well they might. Nothing could be more significant. It tells us of the Ægean, or Goat Sea, of which Ios was the sacred centre ; of goat-footed goat-horned Ægokeros (Pan), his father, and Goat's Bay (Ægina), from whence his

* Leo Allatius, p. 175.

mother fled—I mean his father and mother, according to the Ian legend adopted by Aristotle. It tells us of Egypt, or Goat-land, that was, if Smyrna was not, his undoubted birthplace ; of the ægis (or shield with a goat upon it) of Jupiter and Minerva ; and the goat's horns of the altar of Apollo (his three arch-gods) ; and lastly, of his life of utter contumely, and the nick-name (ÆxÆgos, Goat), that he appended to his works.

And even so it is easier to arrive, at least approximately, at the date of his death than at that of his birth,—

"Humanis rebus excessit in insula Io CLX. ante urbem conditam." *

He departed from human affairs in the island of Ios, 913 B.C., according to Solinus, with whom Nepos and Aulus Gellius appear to agree, their "vixit" being in all probability equivalent to Solinus's "humanis rebus excessit." And the anonymous writer of the Ecloge Historiarum in Cramer's "Anecdota Parisiana" † (query,

* Solinus, cap. 17.

† Allatius, "De Patria Homeri," p. 178 ; Cramer's "Anecdota Parisiana."

John Tzetzes), tells us, "at the age of ninety."

This date gives us Homer born 1003 B.C., a date not very wide of the true one —1015 B.C. But surely at ninety, after a life of so much privation and hardship, he was rather too old to recommence his wanderings. Say, then, he died a little over seventy,—that is, according to the true date, about 944 B.C.; and further say that this date was perfectly well known, as it must have been as long as the record of his tombstone, attested by the Ians, remained to tell the tale, but that his age at death was not, but was the subject of very natural exaggeration: this may serve to account for Aristotle's date of 1043 B.C., if he believed that Homer died at over ninety (whilst he really died at only seventy-one or seventy-two), and allowed something for round numbers, and (adopting the erroneous reading *Raluptei*) something also for the time it took to put the stone up. Thus the difference between the true date and that of Aristotle may be little more than the difference of the age at which we suppose he died. But Solinus unhappily was misled by some record or

other of the *birth* of Homer the Younger 913 B.C., which he took to be the record of the *death* of Homer the Elder, translating the unhappily ambiguous Greek word *gegone*, with Nepos and the rest of the Latin school, by "vixit," not "natus est." Dismissing, then, Solinus and Co., and coming to Herodotus and Aristotle, which, we ask, is most likely to be right respecting the age at which Homer died—Herodotus or Aristotle? Philosophers, living calm, tranquil lives, live long, we know; but far, very far different is the case of one like Homer. It is absolutely incredible that the delicate sensitive organisation of the child of genius should have endured the strain of ninety years of continuous and incessant privation, hardship, exposure, humiliation, coarse insult, and every form of sorrow, as man and poet, and not improbably also as husband and father, and then elastic as ever started upon an interminable journey over all the cities of Asia Minor, and then all over Greece. had life been spared. If the reader thinks with me, he will admit, even without the elaborate arguments adduced farther on, that Homer was born 1015 B.C. But if he

thinks the cases of such mild philosophers as Isocrates, Plato, Gorgias, Democritus, Newton, or Fontenelle are *ad rem*,—if he can adduce one single poet that, after the rack of ninety such years as Homer's, was ready, with mental and bodily energies still but little impaired, to travel by sea and land for an indefinite number of years, and blind, too, over the whole civilised world, I have done,—*verbum non amplius addam.* I admit with Aristotle that Homer was born, say, 1043 B.C. But observe, given 944 B.C., or thereabouts, as the date of our poet's death, only two dates for his birth are possible,—that of Aristotle 1043 B.C., and that of Philostratus and Cyril 1015 B.C. But I think any reader that compares the life according to Aristotle with that according to Herodotus, will admit the latter's age at death, even if it were not *per se* so much more probable. Why, even Voltaire, though one of ten thousand, and though his life had been as favourable to longevity as Homer's was unfavourable, broke down some years under ninety in coming only from Ferney to Paris, though not half-starved upon semi-putrid meat and mouldy biscuits, and

stifled in the filthy hold of a third or fourth-class merchant vessel, and lying on the hard beach for preference, and worn out with the ceaseless sting of unmerited want as Homer was, but rich, jubilant, fêted, and honoured. True, Cato the Censor begot the progenitor of Addison's Cato at eighty; true, Parr stood in a white sheet, taper in hand, at a hundred and twenty for a bastard; true, the Poet Laureate printed his prize poem, "Timbuctoo," just sixty years ago; but how different from their tranquil and happy lives was that of this child of want and anguish. And, *nota bene*, the author of the "Life of Lives" never once speaks of our poet as old, though at seventy-one or seventy-two he was certainly a wonderful old man to contemplate so vast a tour.

And now we come to the last scene of all—his burial. He was buried on the beach by his shipmates, and by such of the people of the city as had communed with him. And the people of Ios carved this elegiac stanza upon his tombstone a long time afterwards, when his poetry had now been made known and had come into vogue, and was admired by every one.

"For it is not Homer's." No, not our Homer's. But Proclus says: "It *is* Homer's." "Yes," adds Herodotus, "the pseudo-Homer's." The pseudo-Homer wrote it when he came to Ios about 885 B.C. Till then the poet's grave was that of the penniless pauper buried at the expense of the parish—a mound of turf and no more. But now a gravestone of marble from the adjoining island was put up, with the marble figure of a goat (the device of Jupiter and Minerva) and the laurel of Apollo overhanging it (these we know were the poet's three arch-gods), and underneath this inscription:—

"Here Mother Earth the sacred head did hide,
Whence sprang the Iliad—Homer, Greece's pride.

Two hundred and forty years after the Trojan war,
Which he illustrated by his poesy, I, Homer, the
Son of Euphron, erected this monument."

The three last lines are not in "The Life," by Herodotus; but they are in the highest degree probable. And why do I say in the highest degree probable? It is a well-known fact that in 884 B.C. Lycurgus and Iphitus instituted a special celebration of the Olympian Games. And why did they do so? For a most appropriate reason—to commemorate the Grand Tercentenary of the fall of Troy. And could Homer the younger have chosen a more appropriate season for visiting Greece to introduce there the "Trojan Cycle,"—the "Cypria," the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," etc., of the great poet of poets? And what could be more supremely natural under the circumstances, when he put up a tomb in Homer's honour, than his mentioning the date of his death. One would think he could hardly have avoided doing so; and he must have known it as it has never since been known. He knew that it was exactly nine generations or three hundred years after the fall of Troy when he landed at Ios, and the Ians on their part must have known how long it was since the poet's death. So he (and they) had only to do an easy bit of subtraction.

It appears certain to me—absolutely certain—that Homer must have dated his venerable namesake's tombstone, either at the grave or in the archives of Ios. For argument's sake, however, suppose I yield this point, and only insist that, as long as

the tombstone survived, the date of our poet's death was well known at Ios, if not as being recorded on wood or stone at least traditionally.

Proceed we now to discuss the undisputed portion of the inscription. Unhappily one word became partially obliterated, and manuscripts vary whether we should read

"Here Mother Earth the sacred Head *did* hide,"

or

"Here Mother Earth the sacred Head *doth* hide."

The more ancient writers, Herodotus amongst them, adopting the correct reading, *did;* and consequently holding that the tombstone was erected long after Homer: the less ancient, Proclus at their head, adopting the corrupt reading when the curve of the vital sigma had become obliterated, and consequently holding that the tombstone was erected at the time of his death. Unhappily the misjudging partisanship of the pseudo-Herodotus and the absurd legends spread abroad by the Chiâns to conceal their shameful neglect of the world's greatest poet, have given strength to this reading and to the consequent monstrous tenet of the learned Allatius that our poet died, like the Roman Virgil and Horace, and like our own Shakespeare, very comfortably off, if not indeed absolutely wealthy. The following is one of the said legends: Scindapsus, the attendant in charge of our poor blind poet, had been guilty of a grave dereliction of duty, as we are told first by Hypermenes in his "Chios," and after him by Ptolemy and others, in not burning the poet's body, and was fined a thousand drachms in consequence. By his being buried at Ios, and an oracle afterwards obtained, Ios secured his body for ever, which his attendant should have burnt, and sent the ashes to Chios, seeing that Ios would never part with it to Chios any more than Catana would part with the body of Stesichorus to Himera, or Oenöe with that of Hesiod to Orchomenus, albeit the oracle compelled the latter at last to do so. "Twice born, twice buried," says Pindar; twice born meaning that Hesiod was re-embodied in Stesichorus just as Euphorbus was in Pythagoras, and Homer in Ennius: and twice buried, in reference to his re-interment, showing thereby the extreme import-

ance attached by antiquity to the place where the bones lay. Every reader will be reminded here of the case of Theseus and others in ancient, and Napoleon in modern times. And the prettiest ghost-story I know is of a child whose bones had been disturbed, and who came to his mother at night complaining, "Oh, mother, dear mother! they have turned me out of my *old* bed." That Scindapsus was guilty of a heinous offence at once against piety and patriotism he might have learnt from our poet himself in those charming lines where he says:—

> "Come, let us gather our dead,
> With oxen and mules so fleet,
> And lay in a circle and burn
> A little beyond the fleet.
>
> That when we return at last
> To our own dear native shore,
> His comrade may bear to each man's child,
> The remains of his sire no more."

Pity the Chiâns did not know the value of the poet Heaven had sent them earlier! When he was alive they neglected, insulted, and starved him; but when he was dead they made a fuss over his bones. As if it mattered one straw whether they had his

bones or his ashes, or neither one nor other. But in the superstition of their too-late remorse they no doubt thought it did. They had blasphemed the spirit, they would now idolize the letter; they had spurned the Heaven-sent prophet, they would make a sacred relic of the mantle he had dropped. The finest soul God ever breathed forth they had with their cold-blooded heartlessness driven from its frail tenement of clay; and now of that poor time-decayed, wrong and sorrow-flawed, death-broken hovel they would make a temple. They had hissed their Roscius off the stage, they would paint on every drop-curtain the empty mask he had, as he fled, left behind him. Methinks I see his widow (such a wife as Milton or Shakespeare, or Dante, or Socrates had groaned with) beating her breast and tearing her hair. Methinks I see his two daughters (such Gonerils and Regans as Lear invoked Heaven's curse upon, such children as rebelled against Sophocles and Milton) crying, "Oh, father, oh, dear father, why have we not even thy ashes to mourn over?" Poets decreed by Heaven to life-long celibacy have ever such

wives and such children; and the profound silence of antiquity, and the sinister gibes of Plato concerning Creophylus, the poet's son-in-law, fill our souls with evil auguries.

But the whole story is obviously absurd. What! a slave fined from £40 to £50! How rich then his master must have been! How comes it then that his master went about singing a little while before at the doors of the well-to-do for coppers, and for clay pipkins to drink out of, and was jeered at by the vile rabble of Colophon for bringing himself in his old age to such abject poverty? And if the slave was fined forty pounds for next to nothing, how came the master to be fined only forty shillings (fifty drachms) for the very serious offence of hawking about a blasphemous poem, as the pseudo-Cornelius Nepos tells us he was? But, in truth, our poor blind poet's attendant does not appear to have accompanied him from Chios at all, and if he did his name was not Scindapsus, but Buccon; no dainty slave with a hundred guineas in his purse, but a half-starved ragamuffin whose odd-jobbing, tatterdemalion, utter rascality John Tzetzes attempts to be funny over,

in his "Chiliades," by nicknaming him Bouclon and Flaskon. But this idea of our poet's being well off arises from confounding the two Homers. The younger Homer was fairly well off, I grant you, but even he did not pay his valet at that ducal rate.

Of all the many extraordinary features in the story of Homer, the following are perhaps the most extraordinary. Take any poet, any philosopher you will, take Shakespeare even, how small a part does his life embrace of the history of the time in which he lived? But the life of Homer told without digressions, but in its entirety, embraces absolutely the whole. Of the history of Greece from 1015 to 943 B.C., we know absolutely *nothing* except from the Life of Homer. Yet do we see dimly through a mist not one Homer but two, and we have to stagger about like drunken men as we strive delicately to ravel the mingled threads of two distinct human lives. In brief, on the one hand, alone of all mere thinkers and writers, the Life of Homer is the history of Greece for seventy years; and, on the other hand, alone of all men, in writing the life of one Homer,

we must write the life of another—his shadow, his double, his pseudo. Again, three whole volumes of the General Catalogue of the British Museum are not sufficient to contain the mere list of all the editions and translations of Homer; yet in his lifetime he left portions of his works in pawn to defray his paltry tavern bills (a few crusts of bread, cheese and bacon enough to flavour them, and a bed of straw), and 400 years afterwards a complete copy of his immortal works could nowhere be found. At least, so we are told. Again, alive, the very abjects,—the street Arabs of Smyrna and Cyme,—"made mouths at him and ceased not"; dead, he was made the subject of prophecy. Daphne the daughter of Teiresias, the Sibyl, and the Oracle at Delphi, all conferred upon him that rarest and most unique of posthumous honours—they prophesied about him after the event, cart before the horse *husteron proteron* metaprophecies. All is the strangest, wildest contrast,—the most pointed, most epigrammatical antithesis. Lastly, all the noblest blood of "prehistoric" Greece, that of Inachus, Io, and Danaus, that of Prometheus and Deucalion,

that of Kretheus, Tyro, and Melampus, flowed in his veins, both on the father's and on the mother's side, yet he held out his hand for bread, and was told to keep his distance, and stand away from the table, like "an old dog as he was," and had stools thrown at him by the drunken Trullibers of Scio ("Odyss.," xvii. 446-462).

HOMER'S TOMBSTONE.

ENΘADE TENIERENKEFA
LENKATAGAIAKALUP(SE)
ANDRONEROONKOSMETO
RAΘEIONOMERON
TONTROIKONATEIPOIE
SEIKOSMESENUSTERON
ETESIDIAKOSIOIST(ES
SA)RAKONTAGEG(RAFATO
VTOOMHROSOEUFRONOS)

All the lines, excepting that concluding hexametrical distich, consisting of exactly 18 letters,—the letters in brackets growing very faint, and the last line (as last lines of tombstones are apt to do) altogether disappearing in the course of time.

I think the dispute about the time when the stone was erected proves something, otherwise the controversy above spoken of would have had no *locus standi;* in other words, it proves that whoever put

up the stone added the date to it; all the letters therefore being capitals and having no stops, and the GEG being capable of being taken for GEGONE, the great Apollodorus misread the inscription: "Here lies Homer. He was born (*gegone*) 240 years after the fall of Troy." How else, but for some such inscription or entry in the Ian archives, could he possibly have got his "240 years"? But the ESSA in the TESSARAKONTA becoming very faint, Aristotle's informant probably read TRAKONTA, *i.e.*, "Here Homer was buried 230 years after the fall of Troy." If the reader admits this, my argument (page 108) based on a comparison of the dates of death of Aristotle and Herodotus will, of course, be greatly strengthened. It will then be absolutely exact. And the TESSARAKONTA ultimately vanishing altogether, Euthymenes and Archemorus got their 200 years. All three, of course, erroneously; as the letters in the last five lines must necessarily have been an exact multiple of five by a quasi-metrical law with which the son of Euphron rigidly complied, as some safeguard against the ravages of time.

CHAPTER IV.

HOMER'S OWN ACCOUNT.

But no Life of Homer is worthy of the name that ignores the extent to which he speaks of himself throughout his poems. He tells us of his birth under the pseudonym of Simoeisius, of his exile from an ungrateful city under that of Demodocus. He honours his adopted father Mæon, his mother Kretheis, his dear old schoolmaster Phemius, the son of Pronapus,* Mentes his skipper, and Mentor, that took such care of him when he fell half blind at Ithaca, with conspicuous mentions. He tells us nothing about himself (his audience would not have tolerated him if he had), but, as our Yankee cousins say, "he hints a lot." To begin with his birth, he

* Diodorus Siculus.

devotes twelve lines ("Iliad," v. 542-553) to the native place and parentage of Krethon, the heroic ancestor from whom his mother derived her name — Kretheis, *i.e.*, the Kretheid. Just as the Glaucus of the "Iliad" is not the son of Sisyphus, but the great-grandson, so the Krethon of the "Lives" is the grandson of Krethon the hero. And this view is confirmed by the parallel case of Mæon, Homer's father by adoption. Mæon, too, is mentioned as a Cyclic hero ("Iliad," iv. 394),—

"Mæon, the son of Hæmon, like the immortal gods."

And observe how well all fits in. Krethon the hero was from the river Alpheus, which flows at its full breadth through the land of the Pylians, through Pheræ, his native city; and how specially dear, and doubly and trebly familiar, this part of Greece was to Homer we all know.

And this Krethon (that is, descendant of Kretheus) was the son of Orsilochus, the son of Kretheus. Kretheus married his niece Tyro, by whom he had Neleus. But he had also a son Orsilochus, mentioned in the most persistent manner again

and again* as the son of the river Alpheus by a mountain nymph, just as Homer himself was the son of the river Meles, *i.e.*, he was the illegitimate son of Kretheus by a mountain nymph, as Homer calls her; but who, as Pausanias informs us, was Telegone, the great-granddaughter of Danaus.† He was the father of Diocles, the father of two sons, (1) Krethon, (2) Orsilochus, so named from his grandfather.

This, of course, gives us Homer the son of Kretheis, the daughter of Melanippus, the son of Ithagenes II., the son of Kretheus, the son of Ithagenes I., the son of Krethon (*i.e.*, the Kretheid), the son of Orsilochus, the illegitimate son of Kretheus by Telegone the Danaid. But the poor toiling spider has not yet completed her labours. She has proved that Krethon was the son of Diocles, the son of Orsilochus, the illegitimate half-brother of Neleus and Diocles, consequently the illegitimate half-cousin of Nestor, whom, as the head of his house, Homer idolized. It

* Odyss., iii. 489; xv. 187; xx. 176.
† Paus., iv. 30, § 2.

is also written in the "Life" that Kretheis was the daughter of Melanopus (corrupted from Melanippus), the son of Ithagenes II., the son of Krethon. But it still remains to be proved that the Krethon of the "Life," according to Herodotus, was the grandson of the Krethon of the "Iliad" (book v. 542). The proof is as follows:—

The Æneadæ had now reigned in peace over the Troad, after the departure of the Greeks, for three generations, in accordance with the prophecy of Poseidon ("Iliad," v. 307, 308), but now Æneas II. (not the Æneas of the "Iliad," but his grandson), after Troy had been taken and sacked for the third time by the Amazons, goes to Italy to consult the aged daughter of the Glaucus that exchanged armour with Diomedes (a noteworthy fact as proving that the Æneadæ reigned three generations at Troy and no more), and founds Alba. Virgil, "Æneid," iv. 340-346, "*Me si . . . patria est*," read between the lines, points, I think, this way; and Creusa's words (Æn., ii. 785-6), "*Non . . . ibo*," and Æneas's "*Iliaci . . . manu*" (Æn., ii. 431-4), most distinctly refer to the same old legend. The Stemma

Æneadum establishes the truth of the point I here contend for beyond all possibility of further controversy. (1) Æneas I. marries Eurydice, by whom he has Ilus; (2) Ilus II., corrupted into Iulus (originally named Ascanius, but on ascending the throne of Troy he assumed the name of him by right of descent from whom he did so; (3) Æneas II. (son of Ilus II.) marries Creusa, by whom he has Iulus; after leaving the Troad and ceasing to be king thereof, marries Lavinia, by whom he has Ascanius. N.B.—The strict appropriateness of these two names is surely obvious. Note also (1), that the Æneades reigned in the Troad long even after the departure of Æneas; (2) that even to the time of Homer (as Homer's own language shows), and long after, their race was still held in the highest honour; (3) that the natives of the Troad worshipped Æneas as their ancestor. All which could not possibly have been the case had Æneas scuttled out of Troy with all his belongings, as Virgil describes him to have done.

Virgil's Æneas, then, was not Homer's, but two generations later, as appears yet more clearly from his mention of Sisyphus

Æolides, that is, Sisyphus the son of Æolus, the son of the Glaucus of the "Iliad," as a companion of his Æneas. The Kretheus, therefore, of whom he makes such conspicuous mention, must have been two generations after Krethon, exactly as Sisyphus was two generations after Glaucus, and Virgil's Æneas two after Homer's Æneas. And from this Kreth*eus* II. (Herodotus's Kreth*on* II.) Homer doubtless derived his gift of song:—

> "Crethea Musarum Comitem cui carmina semper,
> Et citharæ cordi numerosque intendere nervis."

> "Kretheus the lay dear to the muses still,
> Adapting to his harp with fervent skill."

Nor was he the only member of our poet's family, on the mother's side, endowed with extraordinary poetical gifts. Our poet's maternal grandfather also—Melanopus,—we read in Pausanias, was a poet of some distinction; and to this it is that Virgil no doubt alludes. He was (there can surely be, after all that I have just been saying, no doubt of it) the son of Ithagenes I., so called because legitimately born after his father's departure with Agamemnon (just as, in fact, Ithagenes II. was after his father's with Æneas), the son of Krethon, the Trojan hero, the son, as Homer tells us, of Diocles of Pheræ, on the Alpheus, in the tutelary deityship of Tyche, or Fortune, an ocean nymph of Anthea. Hence, Simoeisius, Homer's double in the "Iliad," was called Anthemion, *i.e.*, Oriundus Anthea.

Our poet's name in the "Lives" is Melesagoras,* and in the above epigram he is the son of Meles-Demagoras, and in the "Lives" the son of Demasagoras,*—from all which, and also from the Demo- in Demo-docus, his double in the "Odyssey," I infer that he was the son of one Demasagoras or Demagoras, of Cyprus, but adopted into the Mæonid family, and hence called Mæonides; the more so, as Demodocus seems merely a slight modification of Demo-tokus, *i.e.*, son of Dem(agoras). Lucian calls his mother Melanope (the daughter of Melanopus), from which it appears that he also was a believer in the story of the pseudo-Herodotus. Her true name Kretheis (daughter of Kretheus) got gradually

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 31

corrupted, like so many other Hellenic names, to Kritheis (the Wheat-nymph), and as such she received homage from the Smyrnæans, as one of the numphai agronomoi.

He was surnamed Auletes (corrupted to Aletes, the wanderer, and from that to Altes *) from his Lydo-Amazon origin. He refers to his own birth ("Iliad," iv. 474–476) :—

> "Blooming Simoeisius, whom once his mother
> Bore on the banks of Simois, wherefore they called
> him Simoeisius."

For Simois read Meles, and for Simoeisius Melesigenes. It is remarkable, indeed, how prominently river-birth figures in the stemma and the works of our poet. (1) Homer is born on the banks of the Meles. (2) Tyro, the double of Homer's mother, the consort of the august founder of his race, and the ancestress of the Codrid princes, his cousins, under whose consanguineous government he died, brought forth her first-born on the banks of the Enipeus. (3) Orsilochus, the ancestor

* Schol. Iliad, xxii. 51.

from whom he was eighth in descent, was the son of the Alpheus. (4) Simoeisius, his double in the "Iliad," was, as we have just seen, born on the banks of the Simois. (5) Exactly similar was the birth of Satnius :—

> "Whom to Œnops, the herdsman, a maiden so fair,
> On Satnioeis's green margin did bear." *

(6) Minerva, his patron goddess, daughter of Metis,—and none the less so because she was bottled up in the body of her father Jupiter,—she, I say, was first seen on the banks of the River Tritonis. And Homer was said, like her, to have been the son of Metis, or Eumetis. All this is surely something more than singular.

That he refers to his own early privations as the fatherless child of a poor forsaken sempstress mother, in his "Astyanax" † was plainly seen from the first, as we see by that strange variation on his name, Melesi*anax*, a combination of Scamandrius and Asty*anax*. But this is not all. I

* Il., xiv. 444, 445. † Il., xxii. 484-507.

read in Strabo the following quotation from Mimnermus:—

"We left the lofty city of Pylos,
And came on ship-board to Asia,
And sat before lovely Kolophon
In the insolence of overwhelming superiority,
And thence, issuing from the *city-crown'd* river,
By Heaven's will we took Æolid Smyrna."

The word here to which I would direct attention is *city-crown'd* (Astuoentos), which the self-satisfied stupidity of the *soi-disant* learned has corrupted into the utterly unmeaning "strandy" (akteentos). This word tells us that when Smyrna was the capital of Æolis it was called Astu, exactly as London is called the City and Constantinople Stamboul. The Amazono-Colophonians crept along the river Meles, and surprised Smyrna about 987 B.C., on a very small scale possibly as the Greeks had surprised Troy just two centuries ago; and from this we see, even more clearly than ever, that Homer was indeed the Astu-anax that he here describes,—that in portraying the imaginary sorrows of the orphan prince of Troy he portrays the only too real sorrows of the orphan street-arab of Smyrna.

To the incessant struggle between the different Greek races for his native city, that drove him from it at last, like Dante, into life-long exile, we owe the moral of the most patriotic of poems,—the evil of intestine divisions,—the neglect of which led to the final decay and ruin of Greece some thousand years afterwards. "Odyssey," i.-v. ix.-xii., gives us an idealised account of his eight years of voyaging by sea; and his epigrams partially supply the blank between his being laid up almost blind at Colophon, and his death at "fishy" Ios. The scene when Ulysses arrives at Ithaca, and the intercourse between him and Eumæus, are drawn very largely from the life. Demodocus, at the court of Alcinous, represents the treatment the blind poet received from all true-hearted lovers of song; Ulysses, at Ithaca, the coarse insults he had to put up with from the rude, unfeeling, and ignoble. Book iv. gives us Homer at Chios; book xiii. gives us Homer at Ithaca; books xiv. and xv. at Bolissus. All the portion concerning the suitors refers to his unworthy reception at Chios till his Penelope took pity upon him; it portrays him prematurely worn

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The word here to which I would direct attention is *city-crown'd* (Astuoentos), which the self-satisfied stupidity of the *soi-disant* learned has corrupted into the utterly unmeaning "strandy" (akteentos). This word tells us that when Smyrna was the capital of Æolis it was called Astu, exactly as London is called the City and Constantinople Stamboul. The Amazono-Colophonians crept along the river Meles, and surprised Smyrna about 987 B.C., on a very small scale possibly as the Greeks had surprised Troy just two centuries ago; and from this we see, even more clearly than ever, that Homer was indeed the Astu-anax that he here describes,—that in portraying the imaginary sorrows of the orphan prince of Troy he portrays the only too real sorrows of the orphan street-arab of Smyrna.

To the incessant struggle between the different Greek races for his native city, that drove him from it at last, like Dante, into life-long exile, we owe the moral of the most patriotic of poems,—the evil of intestine divisions,—the neglect of which led to the final decay and ruin of Greece some thousand years afterwards. "Odyssey," i.-v. ix.-xii., gives us an idealised account of his eight years of voyaging by sea; and his epigrams partially supply the blank between his being laid up almost blind at Colophon, and his death at "fishy" Ios. The scene when Ulysses arrives at Ithaca, and the intercourse between him and Eumæus, are drawn very largely from the life. Demodocus, at the court of Alcinous, represents the treatment the blind poet received from all true-hearted lovers of song; Ulysses, at Ithaca, the coarse insults he had to put up with from the rude, unfeeling, and ignoble. Book iv. gives us Homer at Chios; book xiii. gives us Homer at Ithaca; books xiv. and xv. at Bolissus. All the portion concerning the suitors refers to his unworthy reception at Chios till his Penelope took pity upon him; it portrays him prematurely worn

out by a life of hardship. We see in it the incipient enfeeblement of his vital powers. The interminable eating and drinking grow insufferably irksome. And were felt so by antiquity. The references to the last twelve books of the "Odyssey," in the various Greek and Latin authors, remaining to us are scant indeed. His hymns tell us something of himself,—his "Margites" something. His "Cypria" tells us that he held none of the semi-barbarous views too often attributed to him, but regarded war as the greatest evil that Heaven can send upon our suffering race, especially when aggravated by civil discord; and his "Batrachomyomachia" exhibits the war of Æolid with Ionid,—of Athens with Sparta; till some mightier power than either swallows both up alike, as a perfect tragi-comedy,—a tragedy for the human actors, a comedy for the gods that look on.

But, above all, we find in the "Odyssey" a wondrously rich mine of Homeric autobiography.

Can we doubt that the following lines contain allusions to the poet's eight years of wandering over the sea, between the

Gulf of Smyrna and the Pillars of Hercules?—

> "The prime of man he had not long o'erpast,
> Yet he by many ills was breaking fast;
> For nothing is more cruel than the sea
> To spoil a man, however strong he be." *

And can any one doubt that the following lines refer to the poet's life of ceaseless wandering in search of bread, till the pitying hand of death at last relieved him?

> "Than the poor wanderer's life, there is no curse
> Afflicts the suffering race of mortals worse." †

Or this, in reference to his premature old age:—

> "For soon in misery man grows old." ‡

Or this, referring to the kind friend, Eumæus by name, who introduced him so unavailingly to the favourable notice of the Cymæan Dogberries:—

> "Rascal Eumæus, why hast left thy swine
> And brought this fellow? Had we not, low beast,
> Vagrants enough before with the dull whine
> Of squalid poverty to spoil our feast?" §

* Odyss., viii. 136–139. † Odyss., xv. 343.
‡ Odyss., xix. 360. § Odyss., xvii. 375–7.

Again, our ill-fated poet must have had his own life of want in view when he wrote,—

"Him over God's wide earth fell ravenous hunger pursueth." *

And,—

"The most piteous fate is by hunger to die."

And of his doubtful paternity in that celebrated dialogue between Mentor and Telemachus :—

MENTOR.

"Hail thou, the son of Odyseus the wise ;
You're shrewdly like him with those fearless eyes."

TELEMACHUS.

"My mother says I am : it may be so ;
But 'tis a wise child that his sire doth know." †

A most inappropriate reply as regards Telemachus's, but most appropriate as regards Homer's paternity.

And still the poet harps upon the one cruel thought when he makes Telemachus pursue the theme, as follows :—

"Yet would I were some other father's boy,
Who did in peaceful age his wealth enjoy ;
But now the veriest wretch beneath the sky
They say 's my father ; such is my reply." ‡

* Odyss., xvii. 342. † Odyss., i. 20,-216.
‡ Odyss., i. 217–220.

These lines give me the impression that Homer's reputed father, Demasagoras, was a homeless wanderer, of whose fate, after he parted from poor Kretheis, the gentle poet speculated often and tenderly, but knew absolutely little or nothing. Perhaps, even as Telemachus left Ithaca in search of his father, Ulysses, one main motive of Homer's leaving home was yearning after his long-lost father, Demasagoras, and if he might not recover him in life,—

To close his dying eyes with decent care,
Or dead to shed warm tears upon his tomb.

Again, when our poor blind martyr says—

"Gods, in the likeness of wandering strangers,
Shrouded in manifold forms, go roaming from city to city," *

he makes the self-same appeal to the sympathy of his auditors as Saint Paul to his correspondents.

Again, when Ulysses tells us he was left an orphan with very little provision, but he could not stay at home for his heart was in foreign lands, etc., is not this plainly Homer?

* Odyss., xviii. 485.

Again, in his made-up stories, Ulysses is doubly apt to project Homer, as in the following account of Mæon, his adopted father :—

"I am the son of a rich lord of Crete,
Castor, the son of Hylax, was his name.
And many other sons were born to him
In lawful wedlock. But me a concubine,
A slave that he had purchased bare, yet me
He honoured like the rest until he died.
And then his haughty children shared his substance,
But very little did they give to me." *

Note in *Hyl*ax a trace of *Hyl*e, a suburb of Smyrna.

Only supposing Mæon really Homer's father, this is a perfectly accurate account of many interesting points in our poet's life. Whether Mæon was really his father, but, being married, and if not his uncle, next of kin, was afraid and ashamed to own him, at this distance of time we shall never know. It is probable enough, however, and accounts for the rough usage he encountered from Mæon's vindictively jealous widow, and her savage domineering boy; and it is

* Odyss., xiv. 199–210.

further confirmed by what we read of Laertes about Euryclea,—

"And her he honour'd no less than his wife,
But that fierce beldame's jealous wrath he fear'd." *

That elsewhere he leans to a less discreditable parentage, and that the legends of his own countrymen ignore Mæon altogether, hardly do more than leave the balance of probability even.

Where the great Aristotle is in doubt we may well be so; and the great Aristotle is unable to decide whether Mæon was his actual father or only his stepfather,—in other words, whether Demasagoras was his actual father according to Callicles, Herodorus, Æthiopion, and Alexander of Paphos, and Mæon only married his mother after his birth, or whether, according to the more weighty authority of Ephorus, Proclus, Hellanicus, Cleanthes, and Charax, Mæon was his actual father, and not his stepfather, or father by adoption only. It is a singular fact that Aristotle holds a different view here from what he does in his "Poetica." In his "Poetica"

* Odyss., xi. 432, 433.

he says that a demon was his father, and Mæon only adopted him after his mother's death; but here he gives us, no doubt, his true opinion, that either Mæon or Demasagoras was his father: at any rate, that Mæon was either his father or his stepfather, which comes to much the same thing.

But how does our poet proceed with the theme of his own true story under the ingenious mask of Ulysses's false one?

> "And then I wed a wife of wealthy parents,
> That loved me for my merits." *

Here we learn that Homer married, as we should quite have imagined, not because he had enough, as the pseudo-Herodotus, with the lues Boswelliana strongly upon him, erroneously states, but because *she* had something. I gather, indeed, that *she* first loved him, partly from admiration of his genius and partly from the pity that is akin to love and womanly disgust at the unworthy treatment the inoffensive wanderer had undergone at the hands of the sottish Virros of Chios. She invites him

* Odyss., xiv. 211–213.

to her side by Eumæus, whom she addresses on the subject as follows:—

> "Go, bid the stranger stand before my chair,
> And tell me all about my lord he knows;
> And if the tale prove true, oh, passing rare
> Shall be his cheer, and fine shall be his clothes."

And he replies discreetly:—

> "I'll tell her all the truth, for all I know;
> Good reason why,—myself have suffer'd so.
> But, 'las! I fear yon drink-besotted crowd,
> Whose insolence to heaven doth cry aloud.
> Yon fool, as she hath seen this very day,
> Struck me for nothing, and none said him nay.
> So bid your gentle lady wait at home
> Till sunset for me, then be sure I'll come;
> And all about her lord she shall inquire,
> As we sit tête-à-tête beside the fire;
> And let it be a good one, for you see
> These are the rags of sorry penuree." *

Here we have the story of Othello and Desdemona once again:—

> "She loved me for what I had undergone,
> And I loved her that she did pity me."

Beginning with an assignation under the convenient cloak—not altogether un-

* Odyss., xv. 544–573.

precedented, as I understand, amongst incipient lovers—of anxious inquiries about a dear mutual friend, and ending with a charming interview between a perplexed wife and a masked husband.

Again, still harping on the treatment he was exposed to in his premature old age, he says :—

"With blows and kicks I am right well acquainted,
My soul is tough—so many ills I've borne." *

And again :—

"Lady, why scold because thus foully drest?
I beg my bread by poverty opprest." †

I fancy our poet's audience got a little sick of so much of the same wearisome tale of woe.

Also, if Ulysses was the only son of only children, so was Homer. And so we read in Moore's Life was Byron; and so have ever been the most conspicuous of the children of genius—the Voltaires, the Goethes, the Miltons, the Shakespeares, and the Dantes—only sons.

* Odyss., xvii. 283-84. † Odyss., xix. 71-72.
‡ Odyss., xvi. 117-120.

Then we have Homer's personal appearance towards the close of his stay at Chios,—his once auburn hair all gone, his very beautiful and fearless eyes dim and dark, his once fair skin withered and wrinkled, and his shabby tattered garment that pleased no Ephesian matron, as we have already seen, no wanton wife of Ibycus to look upon,*—"a visage and a form more marred than any man," less by age than by sorrow and hardship, as the prince of prophets informs us, like the Phineus in the satirical drama of Sophocles :—

"Eyeless, with clean'd-out sockets—
An Egyptian mummy to look upon:
His eyes shut, like an inn-door." †

Or Phineus, in the "Argonautica" of Apollonius :—

"His skin parch'd, shrivell'd, and squalid,
And his nostrils enclosing bone only." ‡

In this guise we see the Venerable One going round at the luxurious banquet from

* Odyss., xiii. 397-401, and 430-437.
† Athenæus, iii. p. 119.
‡ Argon., ii. 200.

chair to chair, holding out his hand for food.* And again, here also one single phrase lets the cat out of the bag,—that it is the poet, and not the hero, that is begging, where the wretched wanderer promises to "glorify Antinous" throughout the boundless world if he will only relieve his necessities,† a thing as entirely out of the power of the true Ulysses as it was in that of the false one; and that it is the poet that begs, appears yet more indisputably from the list previously given of those who alone, according to our poet's system of political economy, are entitled to be maintained at the public charge, albeit the vestrymen of Cyme thought otherwise, not mere voracious drones, but "true workers for the people, the priest and the artisan," and above all "the sacred minstrel that delights with song":—

> "These all invite throughout earth's boundless plain,
> But none the canker-worms their means that drain." ‡

Whilst thus sadly occupied in the de-

* Odyss., xvii. 365.
† Odyss., xvii. 417, 418.
‡ Odyss., xvii. 382–387.

grading task of begging his bread and enduring all the vile spurns

> "That patient merit from the unworthy takes,"

the thought naturally springs up in the poor wanderer's soul of other and far happier days, when he kept school at Smyrna:—

> "Once I'd a place amongst mankind, a home
> On my own bit of land I occupied,
> Then oft the wants of wretches that did roam
> As I do now I plenteously supplied.*
> But Jove, the son of Saturn, as you see,
> Was pleased to bring me to sore penuree.
> Whom me to Egypt with a wandering crew
> Of pirates sent my fortunes to—undo.

We expected him to end with a different word—"pursue." To Egypt, mind, where his father was. Elsewhere he tells us, in closer accordance with the Herodotean story, that the spirit of adventure and the desire to see the world impelled him, "Heaven-directed," to leave the dull repose of home, just as the longing

> "To follow to the field some warlike lord"

impelled Norval.

* Odyss., xvii. 382–387.

In vain had she that, when his mother Kretheis and his stepfather were gone, alone was left to take care of him—his unavowed father's mother, Euryclea,—his whilom nurse and then his housekeeper, wept bitterly when he talked of going abroad in his wild-goose chase after his father, and, just like the faithful retainer in "Old Mortality," earnestly protested, and warned him what would come of it. "Whatever has put this thought into your head?" wailed she. "Oh, beloved, only hope of this hapless household, why should you go? Your father is dead far from his native land amongst a strange people. You will never see him more; and when you are gone they will plot against you and divide all that you leave behind you."*

But of Penelope,—that is, of Kretheis,—the poet says not a word. And why? She is silent in the tomb. The words of the poet's devoted monitress come only too true. He never does see his mysterious father. This the poet puts with exceeding force. Harlequin enters upon the scene, and slaps his wand down upon the boards,

* Odyss., ii. 361–368.

and straightway Hyde becomes Jekyl and Homer Ulysses ("Odyss.," xvi. 155–219); Telemachus sees his father again, but Homer his father never.

And he shares the fate of Demosthenes. His scanty havings are harpied away from him during his absence. He returns from his last voyage to find all gone, and his good old dog Argus* neglected. This dog, then quite young, he used to take out along with his boys when he had his school; and (whilst he pored upon the hallowed spot where, as he nestled a tiny infant amongst the rushes, Artemis had moistened with soul-sustaining nectar the pale lips of his dying mother) those little innocents would throw it into the water, crying, "Hey, Argy! hey, then, Argy!" (*Io, Argidion! Io, Argidion!*), and play at hare and hounds, fox and geese, bloody Tom, and catch-who-can, on the soft green turf, the dog all the time acting a prominent part and doubling their merriment. Even as Homer says: "And the young men led it against the wild goats and the roes and hares" ("Odyss.," xvii. 294–

* So named from his great and glorious ancestor that gave its name to the then capital of Greece.

295). That is, our poet's pretty lads lugged it barking along with them in all their above-named merry antics. The word *Agineskon* alone betrays the true nature of the "hunting." The boys themselves were "the wild goats and the roes and the hares." The commencement of the twenty-first book of the "Iliad" is an exactly similar adaptation of the sports of Homer's "little wanton boys," and as such I have retranslated it in the ninth idyll of my "Reign of Love," entitled "Frolics on the Eld," where I have depicted the boys of Raby and their angel prince, Master Eddie Middleton, sporting about on the banks of the Eld, just as our gentle poet, as he contemplates his boys sporting about on the banks of the Meles, portrays from the spectacle before him the struggle between Achilles and the Trojans, and the river Xanthus and Vulcan. Any one who has ever read the nursery rhyme of "Hey-diddle-diddle,"—any one with the smallest poetical insight,—will have no difficulty in admitting the probability of the above conception.

But alas! on his return to the "sweet Auburn" he had left behind him all is

sadly, sadly changed. He finds his poor dog "uncared for after the departure of his master, lying on a dungheap before the door, and swarming with dog-fleas" ("Odyss.," xvii. 296-300), and "in sorry plight, neglected by careless sluts" ("Odyss.," xvii. 319-320), Hyrnetho, Homer's would-be stepfather's widow, to wit, and her maids, who think of nothing but dressing themselves up, and keeping company with the young men of Smyrna ("Odyss.," xxii., and elsewhere).

Lastly, a word about Homer's one attendant, Buccon. Buccon, we are told in Tzetzes's "Scholia" upon his own "Allegoriæ Iliadeæ," is the same as Bruchon, *i.e.*, the brayer, a word used by the Lydians and Ephesian Ionians to signify Ass. And Tzetzes jests upon the word, just as Horace does on the name of his young friend, Asella (Epistles, bk. i., ep. xiv., 6, 9, 11, and 19). I fancy this one attendant our poet was compelled to get to wait on him in his blindness is referred to ("Odyss.," xiv. 449-452) under the name of Mesaulius, that is, the Mesaulian. Mesaulius strikes me as having a very Homerico-Lydian sound.

The autobiographical element of the

"Odyssey" terminates with the scandalous scene between Ulysses and 'Antinous, in the seventeenth book, unless we choose to regard the boxing match between Ulysses and Irus as allegorical of the poetical rivalry between Homer and Syagrus. And if for Arnaios, Irus's true name ("Odyss.," xviii. 5), we might read Argaios, this would easily be anagrammed to Agrios, wild, and that improved upon to Syagros, wild pig, to express the despicable qualities with which his exasperated rival credits him. Indeed, this reading seems probable for two reasons: 1. Argeios is a real name, which Arnaios is not. 2. Arnaios, as a corruption of Argeios, signifying "of Arne," may very possibly have been directed by a hostile clique against the celebrated Terpander, who came from Arne to Lesbos. As appears from what follows, and from what Dr. Smith tells us about his true birthplace, this would have been a pretty sharp double sting. Furthermore, it was doubtless as fine a thing for a Hellene to claim descent from Argos, as it is for an Englishman to claim descent from the Conqueror. And if his mother were weak enough to do so

in christening Irus Argeios, the rival literary clique at Chios may very likely have laughed at him for it, and by changing the "g" into an "n" have dubbed him a low-class Bœotian lamb-stealer. And when he insisted upon the "g," they may have poked fun at him, as I have said, on the other tack. The wit seems small, but some in Shakespeare is not much bigger.

We learn something also from Homer's treatment of his principal characters. Thus, an Asiatic Greek would hardly have taken so unpromising a subject as the return of Ulysses had not Herodotus's account been true, that the grateful poet owed the restoration of his eyesight, if not life itself, to the care of Mentor and the hospitality of the Ithacans. So he makes Achilles his hero because the Thessalians (probably from Scyros in Asia Minor) founded Cyme, the birth-place of his mother. Agamemnon is so highly honoured because Æolis was, in Homer's day, a dukedom, shall I say, of the descendants of Penthilus, the grandson of Agamemnon, the King of Men. Nestor figures conspicuously in the "Iliad," and yet more in the "Odyssey," (1) because

Homer was, on his mother's side, a Kretheid; (2) because his and Nestor's kinsmen, the Codridæ, were in his time Dukes of Ionia; (3) because his wife was a namesake of Eurydice, Nestor's wife, and therefore, in all probability, a Kretheid, even if not a direct descendant of Nestor. Lastly, Homer deriving Erectheid blood (1) through the ancestor from whom he took his name—Homer of Smyrna; and (2) from the colony which went out from Athens to Smyrna on the occasion of the usurpation of Ægeus; he speaks of Erechtheid Athens, and mentions Menestheus, the son of Peteus, the son of Orneus, the son of Erechtheus, with distinguished honour, but never once mentions Demophon, or Acamas, or Ægeus, and only once Theseus, and then without one applauding epithet. Even, granting that Theseus was the true and not the supposititious son of Ægeus (albeit, believing as I do in an all-pervading law of Nemesis, I regard the singular barrenness of that prince as Heaven's righteous visitation of his impious fraud, I mean his supposititious usurpation of the throne of Cecrops, even as the degeneracy of the

line of Theseus himself was of the blackguardism of his prime and the dotage of his later years in respect to the other sex), but even if we admit Theseus to have been the true son of Ægeus, Ægeus, anyhow, was in no way allied to the Erechtheids, but was the son of Scyrias, as Plutarch expressly informs us.*

Every reader of the "Odyssey" must be astonished at the fuss our poets make about Theoclymenus, a purely fictitious and gratuitously interpolated character, and his stemma given for five generations, and at the extraordinary favour shown both here and elsewhere to Amphiaräus. I can only account for this on the supposition that Homer's father, Dmasagoras, claimed descent, through Theoclymenus, from the great Melampus.

The only *Greek* Homerologist that gives Dmasagoras as Homer's father, gives Salamis also as his birthplace. And what do we read in the "Odyssey"?—

> "Then they sold me to a stranger,
> Whom they met upon the way,
> Dmetor the son of Iasus,
> Cyprus who did firmly sway" †

* Plut., Thes. † Odyss., xvii. 442-43.

("at the death of Cinyras," Il., xi. 20).

Dmetor is, of course, the same as Dmes*agoras*, just as Homer is called indifferently Melesigenes, Melesianax, and Meles*agoras*. Meles is the root of Homer's name, and Dmes, that is, Dmetor, conqueror, is the root of his father's name, *agoras* in each case being a comparatively insignificant affix, impossible, as one may say, in the heroic age, but common enough afterwards.

Dmasagoras, then, the father of Homer, was a Cypriote of Salamis, and the son of Iasus. Iasus, the father of Io, was really a poor faineant prince: how then comes Homer to speak of Iasian Argos? Why, of course, because his father was the son of Iasus. Hence, partly, and for the reasons elsewhere given, Cleanthes and others thought Homer (that is, thought his father, Dmasagoras) an Argive.

Again, it is in the highest degree probable that Theoclymenus, the hapless fugitive Telemachus had so generously sheltered, should name his son Telemachus from his beloved patron. Otherwise, what possessed Dmasagoras to take the alias of Telemachus, in consequence of which

Homer *was*, in a manner, the son of *a*, though not of *the* Telemachus, thus verifying the strange account of his parentage given by his Egyptian biographers? And now, at last, we have the hapless adventurer's complete stemma. Dmasagoras (in Homer, Dmetor), of Salamis, the son of Iasus (so named from his celebrated ancestor), by Euryclea, the daughter of Ops, the son of Peisenor, the son of Telemachus II., the son of Theoclymenus, the son of Polypheides (the son of Mantius, the son of Melampus, according to the Homeric genealogy, but according to the true genealogy as given by Pausanias), the son of Cœranus, the son of Abas (*surnamed* Mantius, to distinguish him from *the* Abas), the son of Melampus.*

And Dmetor (*i.e.*, Dmasagoras) went as chaplain on board a merchant brig (to adapt the parlance of the eleventh century before, to that of the nineteenth century after Christ) from Cyprus to Egypt (Homer, in the foregoing passage, distinctly tells us so), stopping at the important town of Cyme on the way; and there he seduced poor Kretheis.

* Paus., i. 43, § 5.

And when he came to Egypt he very naturally took to soothsaying, his ancestors being all so supereminently distinguished in that line, viz., Melampus, Mantius (as the name itself shows), Polyphides, next of all mankind after his cousin Amphiaraus, the most skilful of all mankind in the art, and Theoclymenus.

But to return for a moment to Theseus. Besides those already given, Homer had yet other reasons for ignoring him. Ion of Chios states that Œnopion and Staphylus, the sons of Ariadne by Onarus, priest of Bacchus, and not by Theseus (this their names alone sufficiently prove), founded Chios, and planted the vine there that subsequently produced such glorious wines. Hence, and because of the exiles to Sipylus during the usurpation of Ægeus, and because of the Codrid princes of Ionia, Homer's inimical silence concerning Ægeus, Theseus, and Demophon. Hence partly the inhospitable first reception of the "Iliad" at Athens, as yet undoctored to suit the national taste by that mean betrayer of his country's liberties, the perjured and impious usurper Peisistratus. Hence the poet's feelings towards Ariadne and the Minoses. But

here one word by the way. Ion of Chios. Does not this strange conjunction of words suggest an intimate connexion between the two islands that figure so conspicuously in Homeric biography?

Our poet's references to Creophylus are not very plain. Perhaps Φιλοιτιος ορχαμος ανδρων may be a sort of periphrasis for him, φιλοιτιος ορχαμος ανδρων, Love-till-death, Leader of men, being a fair enough reading of κρεωφυλος, Lord of the Tribe. Rittmeister and tribe-lord sound to me much the same thing; and the Φιλ in Φιλοιτιος is an unmistakable echo of the Φυλ in κρεωφυλος. But who was Creophylus? The son, Eudocia tells us in her Violarium, of Astycles. A grand name, surely, this,—Laird-of-the-clan, son of Glory-of-the-City. If fine feathers make fine birds, he must have come of a family of some consideration at Samos. And he came to Chios to be our poet's humble companion out of the great love he bore to literature, just as Boswell, who, like Creophylus, was a great man in his own country, came to Fleet-street to bow before Johnson. Loving in death, and loved till death, he married our poet's daughter, and took

charge, we may suppose, of his distressed family when he left Chios. And not long after he received the deceased poet's MSS. from the hands of the weeping Bucco. After this we hear no more of him till the birth of the younger Homer, who, we have some reason to believe, was his countryman, and who was baptised at his request, in the name of his ever-honoured father-in-law. In due time the child came to his house to be educated, and he, though now very aged, superintended till he died the (I presume) little orphan's studies, and trained him in the utmost possible reverence for the departed Venerable One. At any rate, if he did not his son did. I fear that, as he resembled Boswell in his great qualities, so also he did in his infirmities. Plato speaks of him as addicted to the pleasures of the table to a degree unseemly in a teacher of youth. But Plato's Creophylus was possibly not Homer's, but his son. An Astycles, the son of Euthymus, presumably an ancestor, was the lord of Temesa, and the hero of an interesting ghost story recorded by Pausanias.* From this source our poet

* Paus., vi. 6, § 3, 4. *Cf.* Od., i. 182-4.

may have drawn some authentic information on the subject of the wanderings of the Woeful One; for a record of the whole matter, professing to be drawn up at the time, was committed to writing. This Astycles, being a Locrian, if Creophylus, the son of Astycles, was his descendant, it follows that he was a countryman of the son of Euphron, and, therefore, all the more likely to have his education entrusted to him. His grandson, Creophylus the younger, as I infer, wrote the "Heraclea" (Adventures of Hercules), in a portion of which,—apparently the only surviving portion, the Æchalia,—he would seem to have been largely aided by the pseudo-Homer during the period that elapsed between his return from Greece in 882 to his death in 876 B.C. And subsequently to this Lycurgus visited him, and found the poet's works in his possession, and caused a copy of them to be transcribed, which, I gather from Diomedes, was lost or stolen at the time of the great earthquake in the second Messenian War. Suidas speaks of Creophylus of Chios, or Samos, from which I infer there were two. Indeed, there must

have been; Homer I.'s son-in-law may have been Homer II.'s aged instructor when he was "a little tiny boy," but he cannot have been his collaborateur.

But to return. In the year 1003 B.C., the Lydo-Amazons were compelled to leave Smyrna with their great leader Mæon. "They then," as we learn from Strabo, "took refuge at Colophon." But Homer's mother did not go with them, still less was Homer born on or shortly after their arrival at Colophon. All Homer rises up in arms against this view, as we shall see in our next chapter when discussing his date. On the contrary, Homer, then a boy of twelve, uttered his divinely-inspired "And me, too," on this celebrated occasion. Some twenty years now elapsed, —twenty tranquil and happy years. And then the Lydo-Amazons essayed once more to recover the capital of their race from the detested Æolids. As Strabo says,—"And having sallied out with the people from thence" (*i.e.*, from Colophon), "they recovered their own city." Homer would now, according to the true date, be about thirty. He is said in the "Lives" to

have left Smyrna at this time from the pure spirit of adventure and travel. And so, indeed, he tells us in his "Odyssey." But what if he were driven thence in consequence of the treacherous seizure of his native city by the Lydo-Amazonian refugees? We certainly gather from our poet's own "Odyssey" and "Hymn to Apollo," and from the Greek epigram, that the treachery that put his native city into the power of Colophon led to his exile.

And now a few words concerning our poet's parentage, as ascertained from his works. That Dmasagoras, Damasagoras, or Demagoras was most probably Homer's father appears both directly (1) from the epigram, (2) from the "Lives"; and indirectly (1) from our poet's own "*Demodocus*," (2) from his alias Meles*agoras* = Meles (Dem)agoras. It appears also from the name of his descendant Hermo*damas*, — *i.e.*, Demasagoras of the Hermus, a river near Smyrna sacred in our poet's song. This man, we are told, was a descendant of Creophylus, and the teacher of Pythagoras, being, like Melissus the philosopher, the son of Ithagenes, and, like Creophylus himself, a Samian, as the

teacher of Pythagoras of Samos would naturally be. And note how, just as the stemma of the pseudo-Homer down to Terpander shows at every step the strongest traces of Euphron, the Phocian, the pseudo-Homer's father, so do the descendants of Homer through Creophylus show the strongest traces of our poet,—viz., *Melissus*, the son of *Ithagenes* and *Hermo-Damas*. These, however, are not the only traces we have of his descendants. The poet *Melanopus* of Cyme and Terpander of Phocæa (not *the* Terpander) so named from the *Terp* in Phemius *Terp*iades, and Polymnestor, the musician, the son of *Meles* of Colophon, who flourished 675 B.C., Bion (= Maion), the celebrated poet of Smyrna, and Parthenius of Chios, all certainly were, or at least may very well have been, his descendants, as their names alone irresistibly tend to indicate.

And next of Cretheis. Lucian calls her Melanope,* because she was the daughter of Melanopus, proving thereby that he regarded the story of the Father of History as the only one of any valid authority. Again, concerning what we are told that

* Demosth., Encom., 9.

the name of Homer's mother was Clymene, and that her tomb was at Ios. As remarked already, Melanope or Melanippe and Kretheis being only patronymics, Clymene may very probably have been her proper name. And if, by her grave being at Ios, we understand that Homer the younger erected her cenotaph there, this is also highly probable. But what does Homer say? We find the name Clymene three times: first, as an attendant of Helen;* second, as a Minyid;† third, as a nymph.‡ Of course, she was a nymph after death, as being wedded to Meles, and a Minyid as being a descendant of Cretheus, and an attendant of Helen as being the homonym of the bride of Melanippus of Percote, who, highly esteemed as he was at Court, may well have enjoyed the high distinction of having his bride thus employed. Indeed, Homer's words that he was honoured as a son harmonise admirably with this view, and are hardly intelligible otherwise:—

"And in the house of Priam did he dwell,
Who just like his own children loved him well."§

* Il., iii. 144.
† Odyss., xi. 326.
‡ Il., xviii. 47.
§ Il., xv. 551.

Again, from the Daëmon of Democritus of Trezene* and the obviously identical Dæmon of Aristotle† I get a further confirmation of my view that *Dam*[asagoras] was Homer's father. And I further learn that he was first a herdsman, and then a roving merchant on a small scale, which harmonises well enough with his going to Egypt, and ultimately dying there; but yet further I learn from Alexander of Paphos that he married one Æthra, the daughter of Orus, a priest of Isis.‡ And now at last I understand that celebrated line:—

"Æthra the daughter of Pittheus and ox-eyed Clymene." §

The one in the Homeric cypher the poet's mother, and the other his father's lawful wife. And what more likely than that Æthra, the daughter of Pittheus, whilst accompanying Helen in her Egyptian travels, should have become the ancestress of Æthra, the daughter of Orus. Furthermore, of his mother, Clymene, we know that she was ("*boöpis*"), a majestic beauty with a fat face, red cheeks, and large, full,

* Lives, p. 34. † Lives, p. 21.
‡ Baletta, "Life of Homer," p. 9, note 3.
§ Il., iii. 144.

finely-rounded eyes (none of your Wilkie Collins's beauties); and of his father, Damasagoras, we know by the etymon of his double, Enops, in the passage already quoted, that he had eyes glittering like brass,—that is, fierce and stern, and determined-looking,—just such a father as such a mother would dote upon, while she trembled at his frown. Lastly, we know that they met upon the banks of the Satnioeis,—that is, the Hermus,—and there loved "not wisely, but too well," and united herds and hearts.

And now for the name Melanippus, that is, Melanopus. This we find four times:—

(1) As one of the leading companions of Nestor* as being a Kretheid, Melanopus's ancestor, in the time of Nestor, doubtless was. (2) As being slain by Teucer, even as Melanippe, the sister of the queen of the Amazons, was, by the father of Teucer, from which I infer that his mother's name was Melanippe.† (3) As being a herdsman of great consideration:—

"He tended his kine far away at Percote,
But to Ilion return'd when the Greek fleet appear'd,
And distinguish'd himself 'mongst the horse-taming Trojans." ‡

* Il., xix. 240. † Il., viii. 276. ‡ Il., xv. 547–550.

For Percote read Magnesia, and for Troy, Cyme, and understand by the Greek fleet the mixed Hellenic expedition, and the Life is a mere translation of the Homeric cypher. Melanippus, Homer's grandfather, was a herdsman, and the Melanopus of Percote was doubtless the husband of the Clymene that was Helen's attendant. Clymene and Melanippus, it must be recollected, are both eminently family names among the Neleids.

Again, we are told that Mæon and Hyrnetho were father and mother to Homer. So they were, but only by adoption. As a Melanopid * he was probably next of kin, and as such, naturally adopted our poet. But what shall we say of his other would-be parents? Some say that he was the son of Apollo and Calliope, and some of Telemachus and Polycaste, the daughter of Nestor. Of these the one is obviously mere allegory, and the other mere mythology. Again, some say that his father was Daëmon (knowing), and his mother Metis (wisdom); and some that his father was Metias (Mr. Wiseman), and his mother Eumetis (Mrs. Wise-

* Lives, p. 32.

woman), after the fashion of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." And others say that his father was the river Meles, and others the celebrated poet Thamyras. More mythology. And others one of the gods that dance and play with the nymphs (Kretheis is often called a nymph). More mythology. Pan was especially the god of fishermen (Sophocles, Ajax, ii. 675-7; Oppian, Hal., iii. 16; Pind., Fragm., lxv. 594; Auson., Mosell, 172; Nonnus, xliii. 214; Theocrit., v. 14; Agath., Ep., xxviii.). Hence the legend told by Aristotle about his being the son of Pan would of course be that of Ios, with its fisher-lads,—Ios, whose especial epithet was "Fishy." Of course that Homer should have one god, and a river, and one or two mortals assigned as his fathers, is quite the regular thing. And some say that his mother was Themisto. This error I have set right elsewhere. And some, Eugnetho, obviously a mere mis-spelling of Hyrnetho. (N.B. Hyrnetho is spelt in a multitude of ways, — Ornetho, Ornitho, Ornito, Myrnetho, Myryntho, the last two plainly Amazonid.) And his father, Menemachus, —obviously, again, a mere Egyptian bar-

barous mismouthing of Telemachus, with a dash of Meles in it. And some say his mother was a woman of Ithaca. Again mere mythology. The only mother not mythological or allegorical, or emblematical, or a mere blunder in spelling, or pronunciation, or genealogy, we find, therefore, was Klymene, surnamed Kretheis, as being a Kretheid, and Melanope as being the daughter of Melanopus, and having a paternal grandmother of the same name.

And next, as regards our sweet poet's race. Plainly he had Erechtheid blood in his veins, through the Athenian colony to Sipylus, in the time of the usurpation of Ægeus, Kretheid blood through his mother, Melampid through his father, and Codrid through both. But why is he called Mæonides? Because Mæon was either his adopted or his real father. And he is called Mæonius because he was born in Mæonia, and Lydus because of his flute-playing, and both because Smyrna is situated in both. As Plutarch says (Life, bk. ii., chap. xii.), "And most of all he used the Attic dialect because he was of mixed race."

And last, of his Chian wife and children. Of these we have only one single *morceau* of Homeric cypher:—"The nymph, Abarbaree, bore twin boys to blameless Bucolion,—Æsepus and Pedasus. And Bucolion was son of illustrious Laomedon, his eldest, but illegitimate* child. Laomedon, ruler of the people, is obviously the same as Demagoras, adviser of the people. And I have already shown that Melanopus was a yeoman of Cyme, therefore was Homer Bucolion,—that is, of yeoman origin on the mother's side. And it appears from the next line that he combined a few sheep with his teaching, as in those simple days he may well have done. And his lady love was Abarbaree, that is, of the blood, not of the barbarous Autochthons of Chios, but of the Hellenic immigrants of the Ionic Apœcia. † Even so Irus's foolish mother christened her son Argeios (of Argos). And Homer was certainly a son of Dmasagoras, his eldest but illegitimate: his eldest, note, for we are told that he afterwards had a lawfully begotten Priam by Æthra. Lastly, Æsepus

* Il., vi. 22-24.

† For the word *abarbaros*, see Soph., "Frag.," 336.

and Pedasus were the Theolaus and Euryphon that he hoped to have by his future wife, but unfortunately they proved girls only. And this passage it is that doubtless misled Suidas, Tzetzes, and others concerning the sex of his children. Lastly, this passage shows that the "Iliad" was written before the "Odyssey," and that the first six books, at least, were written before his marriage, or at latest very early in his married life.

I have reserved to the last the most interesting autobiographical bit of all. In the eleventh book of the "Odyssey," ll. 119-137, we have a prophecy of Ulysses's subsequent adventures after the murder of the Suitors. This on the first perusal I merely regarded as a promise of a Telegonia, which never got itself written in consequence of our poet's demise. But when I came carefully to study the parallel passage in ll. 241–287 of the twenty-third book an entirely new light broke in. Here the poet is obviously making a personal application of the story of Ulysses. He is telling his dearly-beloved one of his own intended departure. He is telling her how he is about to travel on and on

and on till he comes to a place where the use of oars is unknown, and what should that be but that Mecca of Meccas, the spot upon earth which of all others the poet of poets would most wish to see,—Delphi? The editor of the "Life by Herodotus," with his strong Atticising tendency, represents Athens as the ultimate object of his journey, represents him even as most unworthily doctoring his poem to curry favour at Athens. But he is wholly mistaken. Athens in Homer's time was neither the literary nor the political capital of Greece; and our poet only meant to touch there, just as Cadmus did, on his way to the cradle of letters. Even as the Pseudo-Plutarch says in that mass of atrocious blunders, his "Life of Homer," "after consulting the oracle at Delphi he *sailed* (!!!) to Thebes, to the Kronia, a musical contest held there, and on his way thither he arrived at Ios."* Nothing could be more in harmony with what I have just been saying than that *had* the true Homer lived to reach the mainland, as his namesake the Pseudo-Homer *did*, he would have been delighted to take part in the celebration of the

* Lives, p. 23.

triumph of Learning over Time achieved by Cadmus's great invention. But he certainly did not die at Ios on his way from Delphi to Thebes, but before he got to either one or the other. But to return to the above most interesting passage, we learn from it that I have atrociously slandered our poet's wife on page 117, that he died in perfect harmony with her. But this is not all. It appears from the Scholia that both Aristarchus and Aristophanes regarded this as the final passage of the "Odyssey." And rightly so. After Ulysses had conveyed the melancholy prophecy of Teiresias to his weeping Penelope, they retire to rest, and, as he gives her a brief *résumé* of his adventures, fall asleep in each other's arms. What follows is no part of the "Odyssey," but is the commencement of the "Telegonia," and as I judge from its broken and disjointed character, was written after our poet had for ever left his wife and family behind him at Chios, in the miserable hurry and confusion of his subsequent wanderings. Here he breaks off his story, but Dictys concludes it in the following amazing words: "He died *three days after*, an old

man and full of years": * exactly what Homer did—*three days after* (see page 96, ll. 1-2). And now at last I understand why the riddle of the Ian fisher-lads proved the death of Homer. He himself had prophesied it: his last words to his Eurydice had been that "death should come to him from the sea."

But Apollo forbid that aught I have said here or elsewhere should be urged against our poet's absolute veracity. Strabo says it, and all antiquity was convinced, that the "Iliad" was genuinely historical. And why? We may ignore all the poetry that was ever written and we shall hardly lose one grain of ore from the sacred mine of knowledge; but if we ignore the poems of Homer we lose five whole centuries of the fascinating dawn of history. I applaud the deceitful seeming truthfulness of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe"; I do not blame the fictitious prefaces of Zanoni and Otranto; I do not greatly censure the forgeries of Chatterton, Ireland, and Macpherson, but when Homer solemnly assures us, again and again, that

* Dict. Cret. Bell. Troj., bk. vi. chap. xv.

he is telling God's own sacred truth, I should very greatly blame him if he poisoned the waters of our only well of the knowledge of those early times by piling fiction upon fiction, and the moral sense of all antiquity would, I am convinced, have been horrified. Homer had, then, sinned more deeply than Balaam, for Baalam desecrated not his inspiration with perjury, after all. And for a far poorer bribe, not a "house full of silver and gold"; no, nor even "a *savoury* mess," like Esau's was. But were Homer the mere inventor of fictions the Negative School of History believes him to be, he would offend, not only against the canons of Positive History and Morality, but also against those of true Poetry. As Lactantius most wisely says, "The true poet invents not: he only colours and adorns. To invent what we relate is not to be a true poet, but a mere metrical novelist." In modern days, owing to the vast spread of knowledge, history is wholly dissociated from poetry; still, considered as poetry only, the "Orlando Furioso" would have been a far greater performance had Ariosto abode by his original plan, as

announced in his magnificent Proœmium:—

"The dames, the knights, the arms, and the amours,
The courtesies, the doughty feats, I sing
Of the immortal time when past the Moors
The Afric sea, of Agramante their king

Following the youthful wrath and haughty doom,
Sworn to avenge the death of Troiano
Upon King Charles, the Emperor of Room,
And wrought on France and suffer'd so much woe."

But are we therefore to believe every syllable in our poet's works? Far, very far from it. Look at Shakespeare and Scott. They also give us genuine history, and we should esteem them so far greatly less if they deliberately adulterated the pure stream thereof. But there is a large obviously non-historical element in them; and even so there is much in Homer that we cannot for a moment suppose Homer to have derived from any acquaintance, however abnormally vast, with tradition, and that we may legitimately suppose him to have filled in from his own personal history or from such tombs and memorials and so forth as he may have had access to. Take a parallel case,—the character of Polonius and the

scenes with Master Slender and Justice Shallow. Here Shakespeare is not historical, but plainly autobiographical. Even so Homer in his Simoeisius, his Bucolion, and his Satnius. And in his picture of Thersites, the peace-at-all-price Lydo-Amazonising demagogue, Melanthius, the vile insulter of the blind poet's misery, Antinous, that called him an old grampus and threw a stool at him, Arnæus, the lazy He-Iris society poetaster humbug of his day, and Echetus.*

N.B. 1.—Thersites, the son of *Agrius.* Does not this confirm the view propounded pp. 150, 151?

N.B. 2.—The Thersites of history was a cripple, it is true, but neither squint-eyed, nor-sugar-loaf-headed, nor woolly-bald, like the worthy offspring of Homer's literary rival.

But in his "Odyssey" our poet makes a great advance. That poem, though never once violating the venerable sanctities of history, is nevertheless as autobiographical as Dickens's "David Copperfield." As in Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" the characters run double,

* Eustath. Odyss., bk. i.

and as in Stevenson's "Mystery of Jekyl and Hyde," the poet projects the dwarf from the giant, and Melesigenes from Ulysses.

But let me not go too far here. It is only in the Τα εν Βολισσῳ,—that is, in books xiv., xv., and xvii., that our poet is thus autobiographical. The country seat near Ithaca is Bolissus, Eumæus at Bolissus, *but no farther* is Glaucus. Ulysses in rags is Homer, but *Ulysses in rags only.* Here comes in the faint germ of Mr. Stevenson's most ingenious story. As Minerva transforms the hero of the wreck from hero to beggar, he becomes alternately Jekyl and Hyde, Ulysses and Homer. Apollo forbid that I should pollute the pure stream of legendary history with allegorical abominations, but that the lying tales of Ulysses and the wily devices and contrivances of that hero and his worthy offspring, and, above all, the harlequinade of Minerva, just referred to, gave the poet the opportunity for autobiographising that he makes such use of in the above-named books, there can be no reasonable doubt.

It is no part of the function of the biographer of Homer to enter upon an elabo-

rate criticism of his poems. The reader can best judge of their merits by a diligent study of them; but I could not forbear a few words on the vital question of their historical truth. Nor can I forbear saying something also on a point where he has been hardly less maligned. Against his morality you can say nothing worse than that it is that of a Dyak of Borneo. It is that of primeval man unenlightened, but undepraved. No writer has depicted the horrors of war, more feelingly, or with greater force; and, had his note of warning only been taken to heart, Greece might now be the mistress of the world, instead of being the smallest of European powers.

> "Bound to his fellows by no social tie,
> An outlawed exile may he wander far;
> And him may hearth and altar all deny,
> That loves in kindred states to kindle war."

And with respect to slavery, even in its mildest form, what poet has written better?

> "Accursed slavery, 'neath thy withering chain,
> Of virtue but the shadow doth remain;
> For manhood's better part they lack that do
> But what thy stinging lash compels them to."

In a word, he was probably as far superior to his age as he could have been to influ-

ence it,—as far superior as in his miserably degraded social position he durst or would have been permitted to be—with his boundless hospitality, unsuspecting simplicity, warm attachment to kith and kin and clan and country, and scorn of the barbarian and the plebs, a Conservative, perhaps, but an ideal one.

Had he lived in the time of Aristophanes he would have protested with him against the Peloponnesian War; and had he lived now, he would have protested against the wars that have desolated Europe so long.

The swine of Circe are the beasts in human form that vexed his childhood at Smyrna, and his declining years at Chios.

The first line of the "Odyssey" has never yet received adequate attention. Εννεπε (tell) is a strong contrast to αειδε (sing), in the first line of the "Iliad." In the "Iliad" the poet says "Sing, O Goddess!" In the "Odyssey," "Tell, O Muse!" The "Iliad" was designed entirely for recitation; the "Odyssey" partly, at least, if not even principally, for the closet. It is just conceivable that Homer never wrote the "Iliad" down after all; it is quite possible that the

"Odyssey" was oftener read than recited, even in the poet's own lifetime.

It cannot be doubted that the poet was telling his own tale, as well as that of Ulysses, where he says:—

> "Tell me, O Muse! of the wise one,
> Who, wandering the wide world through,
> Saw the cities of many peoples,
> And their manners and customs knew,
> And sorrows many upon the sea,
> In his heart endured that patient he." *

We are now introduced to the suitors, and amongst them Telemachus, a faint foreshadowing of Shakespeare's Hamlet, —"his closed eyes drawing pictures to his soul of his glorious father dashing in and scattering the cowardly suitors before him like frightened hares,"† and "Phemius singing amongst the suitors, through necessity."‡ Now how do we connect this with Homer? Even thus: at the enforced departure of Mæon and the Amazons from Smyrna, Homer and his ill-fated mother lost their sole protector. She

* Odyss., i. 1–4. † Odyss., i. 115–116.
‡ Odyss., i. 154.

was now exposed a helpless prey to the coarse, insolent solicitations of a set of loafing rowdies from all parts of Hellas. Wretchedly poor, and unprotected, in a garret of some low Smyrniot slum or other, what was she to do? Appeal to their respect for a lonely woman's honour, when the mere existence of the trembling child beside her proved that she had, alas! for ever, stained its virgin whiteness? Fly for shelter to her friends, when she had not one left in the whole world? This lasted four whole years, and then—— "Four years!" cries a hypersceptical opponent; "I have studied my Homer far more diligently than you, and with immeasurably vaster appliances and means to boot of scholia, &c., and I find no such thing." Because you have never once looked under the surface; because you have never once scratched the surface with your nail. Therefore, with a thousand times my poor store of learning, you have only seen one side of this marvellous poem. Homer describes a dog dying of disease, the consequence of gross neglect, evidently a poor man's dog, evidently his own dog. And you see nothing but Ulysses's dog, a king's

dog. A dog kept by Penelope and Telemachus, still both alive, could not have been thus neglected to death, but, at twenty-five would far more likely have been dying of sheer old age, of which, however, our poet lets drop not one syllable. So Telemachus speaks of his doubtful birth in language that in the son of any lawfully-married mother would be most unprincely, nay, most unbecoming a gentleman, and in the son of the chaste Penelope would be inappropriate in the extreme ; and you do not see that the poet is speaking in only too sober earnest of his own most dubious paternity. So here, in Book II., ll. 85-110, we have the celebrated story of Penelope's web, that reads so prettily in Homer, and makes such a pretty picture in the National Gallery. But when we apply the critical nail, we see quite a different story below the surface. The story, as we have it, is as grossly improbable as anything not physically impossible can be. That so many suitors, elsewhere so artful, should not have amongst them the brains of some ridiculous Welsh giant, should allow themselves to be fooled so preposterously for four whole years together, quite exceeds

all the limits of the wildest poetical licence. But we may fairly take the four years to represent the period between the departure of Mæon and the time when Kretheis was driven to decide upon changing her state to escape from the dangerous importunities of these unscrupulous sons of Belial :—

"Flown with insolence and wine."

Penelope's web was some device by which she kept them, perhaps, some weeks, but certainly not four whole years, at bay, till, much to the delight of the little Homer, she was rescued from them by the honourable proposals of Phemius. But what is meant by Phemius's "singing amongst them by necessity"? That he was obliged to earn his bread in this way, and only after long delay was he in a position to offer her a home. And during this period she was driven to many miserable shifts to escape from their outrageous bestiality. And now we understand why Homer should falsify history in his account of the "Death of the Suitors." History informs us that Ulysses and his companions slew those who had usurped his kingdom, when

stupified by meat and wine. But this does not meet our poet's autobiographical views. He looks back upon the detestable way in which they insulted his poor mother, and he remembers, to his dying day, her wrung look of mingled agony, shame, disgust, and fear. When he was

> "A little boy aged ten,"

we can fancy him, like little Tommy Merton, crying for a sword to run through these Thrasonical braggarts of the Æolian wars, and imagining his dear father Dmasagoras's return from Egypt, and the vengeance dealt by the equally outraged husband and child upon these swinish Alsatians. Ulysses's unsparing vengeance appears to us excessive, nay, repulsive, but to Homer it quite evidently does not appear so. It is, perhaps, difficult for us adequately to conceive the dastardly cruelty with which these lawless ruffians may have taken advantage of the lonely woman's fears to take the very bread out of her little child's mouth, and drive her to the very verge of dishonesty to her employers, and the streets of Smyrna

for a living. And Penelope, very loveable, but somewhat weak, is evidently a fine picture of Kretheis.

We have two interesting traits of our poet's personal character. One in this book :—

> "Many there came to our abode, for he
> Was the true soul of hospitalitee," *

says Telemachus, in a passage harmonising very closely with another already quoted (p. 145),† in which Homer speaks of himself as ministering to the wants of the wandering children of sorrow in the days of his prosperity as principal of Minerva House Academy, Smyrna, like the charming character of whom Goldsmith writes in his "Deserted Village" :—

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

"For he was mild as a father" ("Odyssey" ii. 47). Hardly Ulysses's true character, surely!

The other, when Ulysses speaks like

> "Some mute inglorious idiot passion fixt,"

* Odyss., i. 176–7.
† *Cf.* also Odyss., xix. 314–316.

as Cowper forcibly translates the line, we have doubtless a description of our poet's own earnest but ungraceful delivery.

He gives his audience curiously broad hints on the nature of the hospitality due to the sacred poet, *e. g.*, when Ulysses gives the bard the best cut of the chine, with expressions the most complimentary, * and where Nestor vows he will never allow the son of Ulysses to sleep on the hard mast-planks of the ship as long as he has a bed to offer him ;† and various other passages, wherein he shows his high conception of his sacred function, and his own warm-hearted hospitality that must have made him doubly susceptible to the cold, grudging hospitality of others.

He makes no claim to descent from Danaus. This Pausanias thinks an oversight; I do not. An usher at a cheap boarding-school boasting of his lineal descent from William the Conqueror cuts but a sorry figure; and our poet boasting of his from more gods than one, as he chawed his eleemosynary bacon, would have cut an even sorrier appearance.

* Odyss., viii. 474–481. † Odyss., iii. 352–355.

CHAPTER V.

HIS DATE.

It is evident that the school of Apollodorus, in giving Homer a date of 240 years and more after the Fall of Troy, has confounded the elder Homer with the younger one. So late a date is indeed absolutely irreconcilable with the fact that Lycurgus saw the author's own copy of the "Iliad" in the possession of the posterity of Creophylus.

Nor is the school of Crates, that gives a date of less than a hundred years after the Fall of Troy, a whit nearer the truth. "But we gather," say they, "from his works that he wrote not very long after the Fall of Troy, and certainly before the return of the Heracleids." We gather no such thing: we gather quite the contrary. The praise given to Phemius in the "Odyssey" proves nothing. It

is a merely flattering eulogy upon the more father than Phœnix of teachers that watered the tender bud of song and delighted the boy-poet with old tales of Troy. Visiting Troy at the end of his travels he sees remains of Troy, but none of the Greek encampment; hence his remarks thereupon. These two passages prove nothing whatever either way, but all the rest is in favour of a late date. Poseidon's prophecy concerning the rule of Æneas and his son and his son's son chanced, as we have seen, to be literally fulfilled, even as was Dido's exactly parallel prophecy of the Punic Wars. But as Virgil lived long after the Punic Wars so did Homer after the capture of Troy by the Amazons. Had he written his "Iliad" before 1127 B.C. under the rule, say, of the third and last Æneas, he might have ventured upon the prophecy. But this view, that he sang so soon after the Fall of Troy is wholly irreconcileable with the "Iliad," ii. 486; but if he wrote after 1127 B.C., he would certainly have qualified his prophecy had not the facts been mellowed to the right point of venerable obscurity by the lapse of time. The prophecy is obviously

written by one that was not aware that only three generations of Æneadæ reigned in the Troad, but believed that they reigned for an indefinite period. When a prophet means three times, neither more nor less, he writes very differently (see 2 Kings xiii. 18, 19).

Again, Nestor's "Laudatio temporis acti" is paralleled with Homer's. But nothing can be more dissimilar. Achilles was certainly greater than Peleus, Agamemnon than Atreus, Diomedes than Tydeus, Sthenelus than Capaneus. "We are far better men than our sires," quoth the last of these; and Homer, beyond all doubt, smiles over his spirited portrayal of this natural infirmity of age. But what Homer says is very different. We all at fifty, like Nestor, give the preference to our own generation over the succeeding one. "The boys are spoilt, the girls no longer marry for love, the stage is mere scene-painting, the clowns can do nothing but jump about." But none of us are so absurd as to imagine that Tom Brown, when we were young fellows, could lift a mass with ease that two lads now-a-days cannot so much as stir. But this is just

what Homer says of his heroes. How so? Because he believed that with the Trojan War the race of heroes died out, and an entirely different race of men succeeded. Now this is a phase of belief that nothing but a considerable lapse of time renders possible. However we may revere our fathers and grandfathers, as we grow old like them, we cannot but see that, physically speaking, they were much like ourselves at the same age. Only a generation of which we have no personal knowledge, and of which none we ever conversed with had, can we think wholly different from ourselves as Homer thought his heroes. He would not have written,—

> "Many sons of the gods fight round Priam's great city,"

had his father or grandfather, or even great-grandfather been there. Mermerus, the grandson of Medea, flourished as a hoary-headed magician, and Ulysses came to his untimely end on the sea-shore some thirty years after the great quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. And at least a century elapsed between the return of

Ulysses and the youthful exploits of the vain-glorious Nestor and the other previous matters referred to in the "Iliad" as falling well within that hero's lifetime: and our poet is all out in his chronological perspective if he was born in the lifetime of the hero of the "Odyssey," or less than a century at least after the Fall of Troy.

Again, when Homer speaks of Crete in his own person he calls it hundred-citied; when he speaks of it in the person of Ulysses, he calls it ninety-citied,—a clear allusion to the Dorian immigration, about sixty years after the return of the Heracleids. Similarly he calls Corinth Ephyre when his heroes speak, and Corinth (a name it can only have acquired at or after the Dorian conquest) when he speaks himself. The most interesting case of this double nomenclature is contained in those celebrated lines:—

> "Which men call Batieia, but immortals
> The tomb of Myrina the Amazon."

Meaning to say that in the time of Priam it was called Batieia, from the daughter of Teucer, the ancestress of his race; but in

Homer's time, long after the capture of Troy by the Amazons, the supposed monument of Myrina, one of the greatest of their queens, was to be seen there. Now this indicates a period very long subsequent to that capture. So the Hyle of Priam disappeared, and was replaced by Neonteichos (1007 B.C.); and the poet on leaving that place at once immortalised his benefactor, and affixed the date and place of his birth to his work.

Homer again states that the Bœotians occupied Bœotia 1153 B.C.; but it is clear from Thucydides that they migrated from Thessaly 1123 B.C. This glaring anachronism, of course, clearly proves that our poet must have written long after the latter date.

Homer's fondness for Nestor also proves him to have written after the Neleid Apœcia, as does also his use of *demos* and *archoi*, as applied to Athens.

Besides, towards the close of the "Odyssey," that is, the end of his life, when his knowledge of European Greece had become much enlarged, he speaks of the Dorian immigrants as opposed to the native Cretans, and calls them the three-

fold people, which shows that he wrote after the Dorian conquest. As does also his mention in the "Hymn to Apollo" of Knidos, the capital of the Dorian Hexapolis. And the variation in his name,—in all probability, the original spelling of it, Melissigenes,—shows that he was born after the Neleid Apœcists had given its present name to the Meles.

Lastly, Homer's belief in the literal truth of the legend of the "Wooden Horse" proves him to have lived long after the siege. This Palæphatus saw, and we may plainly see, was a mere poliorcetic stratagem by which the Greeks were admitted into the city under cover of night and a pretence of raising the siege and withdrawing, and by means of a complicated web of fratricidal treachery. On further reading, however, Dares's explanation of the *modus operandi* commends itself more to my judgment than that of Palæphatus. He says "Polydamas" (one of the traitors within the walls) "recommends them" (Agamemnon and the rest of the twenty-three) "to bring their army by night to the Scæan gate, *where there was a horse's head carved outside*, and

there keep watch," &c.* Still there is an element of truth, no doubt, in the account of Palæphatus also. The metamorphosis of Cadmus and Harmonia into snakes is a case of a very similar kind. Dying in exile amongst the Enchelyes (Eels), a people of Illyria, two eels, the device of that people, were sculptured on their grave. And in process of time the eels were very naturally taken for snakes; and Cadmus and Harmonia were fabled to have been turned not into eels, as in a sense they really were, but into snakes.

Nor would he have deified the mother of Achilles had he lived so near her time. A genuine apotheosis, of which this was the very last in Hellenic annals, of course, took time. Even the minor honour of canonisation is not conferred, I believe, in less than a century after death at the very least.

The two extreme dates, then, having been alike clearly disproved, which of the four intermediate dates appears the most probable,—that of Aristotle, Aristarchus and Castor (1043 B.C.), that of Ephorus

* Dares, "Excidium Trojæ," cap. xl.

and Archilochus (1056 B.C.), that of Solinus, Tatian, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Allatius (1003 B.C.), or that of Cassius, Philostratus, Philochorus, and Cyril (1015 B.C.)?

It is only reasonable to give the preference to dates when backed by detail to dates that stand alone; it is, therefore, only reasonable to give the preference to No. 1 and No. 4 over Nos. 2 and 3; and, again, it is *à fortiori* only reasonable to give the preference to a date backed by perfectly reasonable and probable details to a date backed by perfectly mythological, supernatural, and impossible details; it is, therefore, only reasonable to prefer No. 4 to No. 1, and therefore, *à fortiori*, to the other two.

But besides all this, we must needs object to the third (that of those who advocate Colophon as the native city of our poet, 1003 B.C.), for the following all-sufficient reasons:—(1.) It makes him out a Lydo-Amazon, the thing he most of all abhorred. His treatment of Diana, the patron goddess of the Amazons and of Mars their ancestor, proves this. (2.) It makes him out to have been born at Colophon. But even Antimachus and

Nicander only claim him as a Colophonian in the sense that they themselves were so; and Mimnermus, Xenophanes, and Hermesianax, though all three Colophonians, do not claim him at all. No one, so far as I am aware, asserts that he was *born* at Colophon.

But whilst the advocates of the claim of Colophon put Homer too late, Aristotle and his school (for the directly contrary reason) put him a little too early, so as to make out that the Athenians themselves colonised Smyrna at the Apœcia, and not Lydian refugees from Ephesus, some twelve years before, and Æolic immigrants from Cyme and elsewhere some thirty-six years after. But this date also we must reject, for the reasons already adduced, and also for the following: (1) the palpable motive; (2) the suspicion attaching to a date so artfully attached to an event so prominent; (3) the gross improbability of the whole story; (4) its distinct contradiction, as we have seen, of Aristotle's own more sober conclusion.

It strikes me forcibly that the story in Aristotle, of the girl running off to Goat's Bay, and there being carried off by

pirates to Smyrna, is simply taken from Eumæus's story, in the 15th book of the "Odyssey" (ll. 415–482), of the daughter of Arybas running off with the Phœnician sea-wolves after being seduced by one of them. If we only suppose her with child (and as they had been at the island a whole year, why not?), and further suppose Syrie, with its two cities, to be the same as Phœnice [Ios] with its two cities, Ios and Aigina (and, again, why not? Recollect, to an Ithacan Ios was *above*, and Syrie *below* Delos), and the stories are identical; only in Homer the woman dies at sea. Just as Homer probably took his story of the dog Argus, so he may have taken the story of the daughter of Arybas from contemporary, or nearly contemporary, actual fact. The story in Aristotle may, then, be that of Homer slightly modified, and may have taken place about 1044, well in the boy and girl memory of Homer's maternal grandmother, Clymene, and great-uncle and namesake, Homer of Smyrna. N.B., of *Smyrna*. But the heroine of the story was most certainly not Homer's mother or any *near* connexion of his.

But the date of 1015 B.C. is altogether unexceptionable, for the following most all-sufficient reasons :—

(1.) 130 years after the expedition to Troy, which Agamemnon and Menelaus led, Lesbos, which before had none, was built all over with cities. And twenty years after the colonisation of Lesbos by the Æolians, under Penthilus, Cyme in Æolis,—in Æolis, mind, not Cumæ in Italy,—which is also called Phriconis, was founded. And eighteen years after Cyme, Smyrna was founded by the Cymæans, and in it Homer was born. In other words, Homer was born 168 years after the Fall of Troy.* But this great cardinal fact, combined with the Herodotean date of the Fall of Troy, gives the false date of Chares and the pseudo-Herodotus. Combined with the true date of the first siege of Troy by Hercules, it gives us the false date of Aristotle. Combined with the false date of Sosibius (1171 B.C.), it gives us the false date of Solinus Tatian and Allatius. Combined with the true date of the Amazonian capture of Troy

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 20.

(1127 B.C.), it gives us that of our good old friend, "Whittaker's Almanack," p. 80; the accredited date, when I was a boy, about 960 B.C. But all this only proves the vital importance of the 168 years as an element in the calculation and the great probability of the Homeric date (1015 B.C.) obtained by combining the true date of *the* siege of Troy therewith. *For this alone rests upon a well-made-out series of historical events, which none of the rest even pretend to do.*

But those that deny that Homer was born 168 years after the Fall of Troy, and was not born in the archonship of Acastus at all, confound the true Homer with a false one. Thus, Ephorus, in stating that Homer was born 127 years after the Fall of Troy, in the archonship of Medon, 1056 B.C., confounds him with Homer of Cyme. Apollodorus and his school, in stating that he was born 240 years after the Fall of Troy, in the archonship of Phorbas, confound him with Homer the younger,—the mistake made by all chronologists after that eminent writer down to Blair, and Townsend, and Whittaker. Crates and his school, that make him born

about the return of the Heracleids, when Athens was ruled, not by archons, but by kings, confound him with Homer of Smyrna; while, directly contrary to Crates, Theopompus, by making him born in the reign of Gyges, 500 years after the Fall of Troy, confounds him with some insignificant Homerid of Chios, — the eighth Homer of the pseudo-Archilochus,—of whom we know nothing whatever.

(2.) As the Ians must have known their own great date of dates, if not by the tombstone that Homer II. set up, or by their own venerable archives, at least traditionally; and as Aristotle, from the very nature of his supernatural myth, must also have known that date, and by adding Homer's age at death, obtained 1044 B.C., as the date of his birth, and as the Herodotean account, which represents him as only moderately old at death, gives us 1015 B.C. as the date of his birth, it follows that Aristotle must have made him immoderately old (ninety to wit), as Solinus, Tzetzes, and Cramer have it, to obtain his own Phil-Athenian date of birth,—1044 B.C. And hence, furthermore, it necessarily follows, beyond all reasonable controversy,

that our date of birth (differing from his only by assigning a more reasonable age at death), must be *the* date.

(3.) It satisfies the weighty statements of Philochorus.* Philochorus says: — "Homer flourished (ηκμακε) in the archonship of Archippus, forty years after the Ionic Apœcia, 180 years after the Fall of Troy." However we interpret the word ηκμακε, not one of the other dates satisfies more than one at most of the three statements contained in the above quotation. But this satisfies them all with the most startling accuracy. Ηκμακε — he was called, like Christ and Samuel; he changed his name like Abraham; he first received the sacred and immortal name of Homer from his celebrated "homou" ("and me too"), when he spoke "semi-divinely" at the commencement of the great Colophonian war, being now about twelve years old in the year 1003 B.C., in the eleventh year of the archonship of Archippus, exactly forty years after the Ionic Apœcia, and exactly 180 years after the Fall of Troy. He also "flourished" in another sense, just

* Baletta's "Life of Homer," p. 30.

at the close of Archippus's archonship, 995 B.C., when the melodious Swan of the Meles first began to sing in its sequestered caves.*

The only other date that can possibly be twisted so as to satisfy the above crucial statement, is 1003 B.C., and our date is obviously far superior to that: (1.) In that it rests on a reasonable, but that on a most *un*reasonable, interpretation of ἡκμακε; for how can "he flourished" mean "he was born"? (2.) In that, seeing it is admitted on all hands that Charidemus took, and that the Æolids settled at Cyme 1033 B.C., it is more decent, more charitable to the memory of poor Kretheis, and much more in accordance with natural probability and the Herodotean story, to suppose that Kretheis was seduced at the tender age of seventeen (1016 B.C.), than at the ripe age of thirty (1004 B.C.), when she was certainly old enough to know better. But the date 1003 being obtained by adding 90, supposed age at death, to 913, supposed date of interment, is really a compound of two most signal errors.

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 4.

(4.) It satisfies the element of truth in every author. If born 1015 B.C., Homer was born in the archonship of Acastus, as Euthymenes says; at the very close of it, as the opponents of Euthymenes say; in the year when the archonship of Archippus began, according to the full force of the statement of the venerable Philochorus.

(5.) Hesiod knew most distinctly, as I have shown in Chapter IX., that Hesiod and *a* Homer flourished in the time of *the* Lycurgus whilst he was viceroy of Sparta.* He also knew, I infer, that *the* Homer was born during the minority of Labotas.† Hence two frightful blunders of his: (1) that *the* Lycurgus was guardian of Labotas,‡—*a* Lycurgus or a somebody whose name resembled that great man's may have been; (2) that *the* Homer was a contemporary of *the* Lycurgus, whose date he knew to be three centuries after the Fall of Troy, and four centuries before his own birth. But if we separate his data, we obtain the exact truth therefrom. According to the date

* Herodotus, ii. 53. † Herodotus, i. 65.
‡ Paus., iii. 2, § 3.

of Eusebius,* Labotas's nominal reign began 1021, and Homer was born in his minority,—1015, or thereabouts. As, then, in Aristotle and the rest, so in Herodotus, we see how one mistake involved another.

(6.) Lastly, let us once more briefly run over the history of Homer's family, and we shall see how well the date of 1015 or 1014 fits in. Kretheus begat two sons by two different women, Orsilochus and Neleus. Orsilochus had a son, Diocles, fondly attached, as we learn from the "Odyssey," to his half-cousin, Nestor. Diocles had two sons, one of whom he named Krethon, from his illustrious great-grandsire; the other Orsilochus, from his grandfather. They were both killed in the year 1184 B.C. But Krethon left a boy, Ithagenes, who, as we know from the etymon of his name, as already explained, was born 1192 B.C., in the first year of the war. His son, Kretheus (mentioned in Virgil as a companion of Æneas, *i.e.*, as already explained of Æneas II.), went with that hero to Italy after the capture of Troy by the Amazons, 1127. He left

* Chronicon, i. 320.

a son, in whom he revived his great-grandfather's claim to the blood of his great-grandfather, Kretheus I.—Krethon, that is, the descendant of Kretheus (just as Deucalion, of Crete, was the descendant of Deucalus, and Æolion of Lesbos, the descendant of Æolus),—Krethon II., the great-grandson of Krethon I., who, in his turn, was the great-grandson of Kretheus himself. This Kretheus may reasonably be supposed to have been born about 1135, and to have had a son, Ithagenes, born in his father's absence, doing desperate battle with the Amazons, now in the zenith of their power, and threatening to overthrow all Western Asia, 1105 B.C. His son, Melanopus, would be born about 1075, and, marrying apparently rather late in life, in 1033, was the father of a daughter who bore Homer in 1015 or 1014 B.C.

STEMMA HOMERICUM.

A MATRE.

Inachus
Phoroneus
Apis (by incest with sister)
Argos
Iasus I.

Deucalion *
Hellen †
Æolus I.
Mimas ‡
Hippotes
Æolus II. §
Neleus
|
1 Kretheus I. had by . .
2 Orsilochus
3 Diocles
4 Krethon I.
5 Ithagenes I. (born 1192)
6 Kretheus II. (went with Æneas II. to Italy 1127)
7 Krethon II.
8 Ithagenes II. (married Melanope, descended from Clymene I., attendant of Helen and Melanippus, of Percote)
|
9 Melanopus, married . .
10 Clymene III. (so named from her mother), alias Melanope (so named from her father and grandmother), alias Kretheis (so named from her great ancestor, Kretheus I.), born 1033. 2. Has by Dmasagoras, or Mæon, or Kleanax)
11 HOMER, so named from his great-uncle and great-great-great-grandfather

Io
Epaphus
Libye
Belus
DANAUS
Philodameia ||
Pharis
|
Telegone

Homer I. (of Smyrna born according to Crates, about 1104 B.C.)
Omyres **
|
(1) Homer II. (of Cyme, born according to Ephorus, 1056 B.C., and plainly identical with the pseudo-Archilochus's Homer).
(2) Clymene II.
Clymene II.

* Odyss., xix. 181. † Il., ii. 683, &c. ‡ Odyss., iii. 172.
§ Odyss., x. 2, 36. || Great-grand-daughter of Danaus.
¶ See Paus., iv. 30, s. 2. ** "Lives," p. 1.

(marries Eurydice II.,* probably a descendant of Nestor and Eurydice I., from whom she derives her name. As a descendant of Telemachus, by their daughter Polycaste, she would naturally stimulate our poet to write his "Odyssey"; by her he had)
12 Arsiphone (married Kreophylus, the elder)
13 Terpander (of Phocæa)
14 Gnotor (of Cyme)
15 Arsiphone II. married . . Homer IV. (the son of Euphron the Phocian).†
16 Euryphon, or Euphron and Theolaus

N.B.—The intricate stemma of Homer II. will be found in a subsequent chapter.

STEMMA HOMERICUM

A PATRE.

Amythaon
1 Melampus
2 Abas (surnamed Mantius)
3 Cœranus
4 Polypheides ‡
5 Theoclymenus (unmarried 1173)
6 Telemachus §
7 Peisenor
8 Ops || (Cleitus) ¶
9 Euryclea, marries . . . Iasus II. (an Inachid)
10 Dmasagoras (unmarried 1015 B.C., subsequently marries Æthra, a descendant of Æthra, Helen's attendant)

* An obvious pseudonym. Of course, she got called so. Query, is it so obvious? † The "Lives," p. 47.
‡ *Cf.* Odyss., xv. 249. § See p. 253.
|| Odyss., i. 429, and elsewhere.
¶ Paus., i. 43, § 5; Il., xv. 445, with which *cf.* Odyss., xv. 250, 251.

11 HOMER I.
15 Homer II., flourished 884 B.C.
16 Euphron (emigrated to Arne, leaving his brother, Theolaus, President of the Homeridæ at Chios)
17 Phoceus (said to have been son of Homer, though grandson, just as Agamemnon was called Atreides, though the son of Pleisthenes)
18 Bœus
19 Derdeneus * (Query, Dardaneus)
20 Terpander,† so-called from his ancestor of Phocæa, flourished 708 B.C.

The period between Homer the younger and his descendant, Terpander, was one of great literary activity. In it flourished Archilochus 727 B.C., Callinus, a little before, Cinæthon 765 B.C., and Arctinus and Lesches contended about the time of the First Olympiad,—query, in honour of the quatercentenary of the Fall of Troy, 783 B.C.? Shortly after which, in all probability, Lesches wrote his most pleasant and ingenious "Agon." Earlier still were Stasinus and Hegesinus, and, as I infer from the Borghese tablet, Telesis, of Methymna.

Such is our poet's truly extraordinary stemma on both the father's and the mother's side. James I., in a letter to Burghley,—Burghley, the oppressor to the death of Spenser; Burghley, the

* Parian Marble, 34. † Suidas, art. "Terpander."

Polonius of Shakespeare—calls our poet "one beggarly writing fellow." Would he have called him so, I wonder, had he known that the noblest blood on earth ran in his veins, hat-in-hand, blind beggar as he was?

Thus, look which way we will, it is impossible not to see that the reasons for admitting the date of 1015 B.C. are overwhelmingly strong. Stronger reasons at such a distance of time it is surely most unreasonable to look for.

Two more remarks whilst we have the Homeric stemma before us. We have seen our poet's childlike simplicity in his singing songs for fieldfares to the boys, and going round from house to house singing for half-pence, and in the miserable price he put upon the priceless treasures of his art—a farthing's worth of fieldfares, a clay-pipkin, a bed and supper. Bed and board was all he ever asked for, and it was all he ever got—the bed and board of a ragged, half-starved mendicant. We have seen, too, that this childlike simplicity was combined with a touching confidingness no less childlike. We have seen how he let Creophylus take advantage

of his blindness to cheat him out of the best pieces at dinner; we have seen how he let Thestorides take advantage of his blindness to cheat him out of all his poetry. And when he found out at last that he had been imposed upon, he could hardly believe it possible, and was utterly astonished. "Oh, Thestorides!" cried he,

> "Of all earth's riddles passing hard to find,
> None mock all guessing like a villain's mind."

And the three bars sinister in his stemma show whence he derived these lovable qualities. They were in his blood; he derived them from his mother; he derived them from his ancestress Telegone; he derived them from the blood yet more remote that he shared with Tyro.

GENEALOGICAL RÉSUMÉ.

Troy taken...	1183
Æolic emigration under Penthilus ...	1123
Final colonisation of Lesbos	1053
Ionic Apœcia	1044
Foundation of Cyme	1033
Foundation of Smyrna	1015
Birth of Homer	1015-14
Archippus succeeds Acastus as Archon ...	1014

Expulsion of Amazons from Smyrna, Homer ætat. 7. His first Homou ("And me too")	1008
His mother marries Phemius	1004
The Colophonian War against Smyrna, Homer a boy of 12 or 13	1003
Call of Homer (as we say Call of Abraham, Call of Samuel); Homer first conscious of his sacred function. His second Homou ("And me too")	1003
Homer succeeds Phemius in his school ...	988
Capture of Smyrna by the Amazono-Colophonians...	986
Death of Homer's Mother	986
Exile of Homer	985
Re-colonisation of Smyrna by Athens, commonly called the Ampliatio in urbem	983
Smyrna joins the Ionic League	983
Homer returns to Smyrna...	975
Arrival of Homer at Chios	965
Homer marries	963
Homer dies at Ios...	944

CHAPTER VI.

HIS BIRTH-PLACE.

"Seven cities claim'd great Homer dead
Through which alive he begg'd his bread."

THE cities referred to in the above well-known lines are named in the following even yet more familiar line—

"Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ."
Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens.

Of this line there were three other versions :—

(1) Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Ios,* Argos, Athenæ.
(2) Cyme, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Pylos, Argos, Athenæ.
(3) Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Ithace, Pylos, Argos, Athenæ.

* Here Ios takes the place of Chios as the place of his birth, even as Chios takes the place elsewhere of Ios as the place of his death. In all probability, as I have said already, they are both alike a mere copyist's blunder—a mere *lapsus calami.*

Raising the seven to eleven in all.

But why was he claimed by these eleven cities? For one or other of the following reasons, or no reasons :—

He was a Smyrnæan, because born on the banks of the Meles, in the neighbourhood of that city. But he was of Athens because, as the epigram runs, Smyrna was a colony of Ephesus, which, in its turn, was colonised by Athens.

"He was, he was our golden citizen,
Since we Athenians Smyrna colonised."

Of Cumæ, because that was the cradle of his race; Ephorus himself, a Cumæan, naturally tries to make him out something more—both the son of a Cumæan father and a Cumæan mother. Of Colophon, because his father was a Colophonian; and, also, because if he were born as late as the school of Apollodorus would have him, Smyrna had then fallen into the hands of the Colophonians. And a Lydian for just the contrary reason, because, if born earlier, Smyrna was then,

as Aristotle says, in the power of the Lydians; though very shortly afterwards, when he was still a mere child, the Lydians had to give way before the rising power of the Æolians. Of Egypt, by his travels there, and because there he found the materials for writing his "Iliad," or, at any rate, because he first wrote it there; there he first saw books; in a literary sense, therefore, hundred-gated Thebes was, indeed, his native city, and he was an Egyptian in the same sense that he was an Orpheid. He made himself a Chian by living there, and an Ian by dying there. Argos claimed him because he wrote the "Iliad"; Ithaca because he wrote the "Odyssey"; Pylos, because of Thamyris and Nestor and Krethon. Thessaly, because his mother's family came from Magnesia, and also because of Achilles. Cyprus, because he wrote *a*, if not *the* "Cypria." Cenchreæ in the Troad, because it was inferred from the prophecy of Poseidon (Il., vi. 307, 308) that he was born under the sway of the Æneadæ. The claims of Lucania, of Italy, and of Rome are absurd shadows of shadows, based as they are upon that of

Troy. That of Grynium is merely that of Grynean Apollo, the tutelary deity, whose poet of poets he was, and in whose temple he was finally canonised. Rhodes, raised from beneath the sea by Apollo, and peopled by the children of the Sun, claimed him no less naturally from the mythological standpoint. The claim of Gnossus or Crete is obviously identical with that of Ios; the claim of Mycenæ with that of Argos. Syria claimed him because his heroes eat no fish, and in Syria fish are sacred animals. So at least says Athenæus, quoting from Meleager of Gadara. But I do not quite see how this is reconcileable with Homer's own account of the diet of the Hellenic Sindbad and his shipmates, and also that of Menelaus and his crew when they could get nothing better.

Ulysses says of his crew:—

> "Now fish in lake, now bird in air,
> Now beast on plain for food they snare." *

And Menelaus of his:—

> "Hunger so pinch't their bellies they
> A fishing went day after day." †

* Odyss., xii. 330, 331. † Odyss., iv. 368–9.

And, again, in another place "Odyss.," xix. 109–114), we find these words :—

"Like to a blameless king who, god-like in virtue and wisdom,
Justice ever maintains, whose rich land unfailingly yields him
Harvests of barley and wheat, and his orchards are heavily fruited;
Strong are the young of his flock, and the sea yields him fish in abundance."

But I fancy Syria is merely a mistake for Syrie, the island mentioned, "Odyssey," xv. 403-484, from whence came our poet's pseudo-mother, told of in the Aristotelian myth. And in exactly the same way another almost equally weak claim, that of Rhodes, may be eliminated, if we suppose a Rhodes in the Thebaid,*—a sort of St. John's Wood, in the suburbs of Thebes, where Homer's half-brother was born. I admit this conjecture is wholly baseless; but, on the other hand, the claim of Rhodes is very nearly baseless too, and it is absolutely unaccountable that it should have been admitted amongst the Seven, unless we can either make it a

* Just as there *was* an Ithaca in Syria.

suburb of Thebes or place it in the Troad. On the contrary, the claim of Argos is strengthened by the suspicion that sly, good man Kleanax may have been Homer's father.

The Babylonians claimed him, saying that he got his name of Homer because he was their bailsman, *i.e.*, went on an embassy from them to the Athenians. At least so says Bachman.* But I fancy this must have been a joke in the "Babylonians" of Aristophanes, to which Lucian pleasantly alludes when he says, "No; our poet was not a Smyrniote, nor yet a Colophonian, nor yet a Chian, but a Babylonian," jeering at the ridiculously slender grounds on which many of the Hellenic cities, both in Asia and in Europe, based their claims. Cyprus claimed him because of his vivid description of the locust-plague, so common in that island even to this day. Lastly, the Dorians claimed him (1) "because he was exposed on the banks of the Meles, Dorian fashion;" (2) because the name of Ortis Dorio, that is, Ortis the Dorian, is found in his pseudo-

* "Anecdota," vol. ii. p. 328.

stemma. Thus the arch-heretical Chorizontes Hellanicus and Xenon would seem to have recognised (1) Homer's birth on the Meles; (2) to have attributed the stemma of the younger Homer to the elder one; (3) to have denied the elder Homer's claim to the "Odyssey," because this was certainly a product of the Chian school, and Homer was no less certainly not a Chian.

"Oh, happy and unhappy, for you are born to both;
You seek your fatherland, but you have only a motherland: *
Your mother city is an isle nor near nor far from Crete;
In it it is thy doom to end thy days.
The island of Ios is the fatherland of your mother;
In it shall you be buried, but beware of the young men's riddle."

The claim of Ios is an instance of the principle of successive evolutions. Beginning with Homer's dying there, as he doubtless did, they concocted an oracle to prove that his mother was from that island, as she certainly was not, but most probably her name *was* Clymene; for, after

* Being of unacknowledged paternity.

all, Melanope and Kretheis are only patronymics. Then they made up a tale from that told in Homer ("Odyss." xv. 415-481), as discussed in last chapter, pp. 196, 197,—a tale which the Philathenians eagerly adopted,—that she had a lover there, and conceived Homer there, and that at the end of a year's guilty intimacy with the fascinating but profligate stranger, she fled in her shame to a spot under the special protection of Jove's Aigis (Aigina), thus making out Homer's mother an Ian, of Cretan origin (hence the phrase "nor near nor far from Crete"), and sacrificed a goat on our poet's tomb as a mark that wherever he might roam he was an Aigaian Greek—a Greek of the branch that had spread all over the Aigaian Sea, in the time of Minos II., from the isle where Amalthea the goat (*aig*), now a constellation, had suckled the king of heaven in his infancy. Last of all they pitched upon a dim, mildewed, long-forgotten grave, which *may* or may *not* have been that of the unfortunate daughter of Arybas, supposing her to have been washed ashore upon Ios, or that of the mother of Homer the Younger, supposing him to have been

born at Ios; and which, again, *may* or may *not* have had on it the sacred name of Clymene. And this they declared to be the grave of the mother of the author of the "Iliad." But beyond this even they durst not go, even they durst not contradict the notorious fact that Homer was born on the banks of the Meles, though their trumped-up tombstone implied as much, unless, indeed, it was only her cenotaph.

But Colophon states its case thus:—

"Oh, Homer, son of Meles."

(Therefore it allows Homer to have been *born* at Smyrna.)

"Oh, glory of Greece,
And Colophon thy *fatherland*."

This last line claims Homer's father, whether Mæon or Dmasagoras, or whoever he was, as a Colophonian.

But Kleanax was certainly an Argive, and Dmasagoras has been proved up to the hilt a Salaminian, therefore Mæon must have been a Colophonian in the opinion of the Epigrammatist, as it is clear

from "The Lives" he was, for we read in "The Lives" that he came with the Amazons, and Strabo tells us that the Amazons returned to Colophon. And naturally so, that being the native city of their leader. And Homer no less naturally said, "And me too," as wanting to go with his adopted father.

Such are the earliest memorials on record concerning our poet being an oracle of extreme antiquity but deplorable inveracity, and an inscription on his statue about the middle of the sixth century B.C. in the temple of Delphi. The legend in connection with the former is adopted by Aristotle. His motive for pre-dating the poet's birth has already been pointed out.

The claim of Dmasagoras is also vehemently contradicted by another epigram on another statue of Homer—

"I am not, and I will not be a Salaminian,
Or a son of Meles-Demagoras;"

meaning, "I am not of Salamis or Colophon, but a true Smyrniote. My father was Mæon, not Demagoras; my mother Cretheis, not Themisto."

But the people of Cyprus said that The-

misto, one of the maidens of their land, was his mother, and that the birth of Homer was predicted in the following lines :—

"And then in sea-girt Cyprus a mighty bard shall be,
Whom Themisto shall bring forth in the country queen of women ;
A far-famed bard secluded from wealthy Salamis,
Alone the woes of merry Greece he shall be the first to sing,
And ageless and immortal be for ever and for ever." *

This, however, is written on behalf of Stasinus, who shares with Hegesinus the honour of being the writer of "The Cypria," † and who was born in the country,‡ while his rival was a citizen of Salamis. It has nothing to do with Homer, and the claim of Cyprus is solely based on a false interpretation of a sham prophecy. Most certainly, had Homer been a Cypriote, he would have had more to say about Teucer in the "Iliad," and would not have

* Pausanias, x. 24.
† Athenæus, xv. p. 682 ; Epic. Gr. Fr., p. 2.
‡ "In the immediate neighbourhood of Salamis, 'a Sabbath-day's journey therefrom'" (Epiphanius). "In the fields as you go from Salamis" (Pausanias).

ignored him in the "Odyssey." Nor would he have scorned the patron goddess of his native isle so openly ; nor would he have given only one line to Salamis in his "Catalogue."

So, had he been born at Rhodes, Apollo's own special bard could never have kept silence about the supernatural origin of his native isle. The claim of Rhodes is indeed based on a confusion between Helios, the Sun-god, and Apollo, universal in Ovid's time, but absolutely unknown to our poet.

But be this as it may, *all*, as far as I can see, admit that Homer was *born* at Smyrna. He was, undoubtedly, a citizen of Chios, and as such, Pindar, Simonides,* and Theocritus † hail him as the Man of Chios ; but I have nowhere seen it even hinted that he was born there. Indeed, Pindar himself recognises Smyrna as his native place.‡ He says he was a Smyrniote *and* a Chian, exactly as we say.§

I will not weary the reader with the innumerable proofs offered by a multitude

* Bergk., "Poet. Lyr. Gr." p. 289.
† Idyll. vii. 47.
‡ "Lives," p. 28 ; Pind. Fr., 189.
§ Plut. "Life" (Works, vol. vi.).

of writers, from the pseudo-Herodotus downwards, that Homer was an Æolic, not an Ionic, Greek. Look at the numerous episodes devoted to Nestor, Bellerophon, Krethon, and other Æolids, and to none else, save Typhon and Niobe of Smyrniotis — certainly to no Dorian or Amphictyonid; and can you doubt it? And if an Æolid, of necessity a Smyrniote.

That Homer was a native of Smyrna, appears also most plainly from his works. (1.) Sipylus was the native mountain of his race. Thither, when the people were turned to stone ("Il.," xxiv. 671), that is, buried in an earthquake, came a colony from Athens, but not sent by Theseus, whom Homer mentions but once, and without applauding epithet. "Il.," i. 265, and "Odyss.," xi. 63, are interpolated by Peisistratus (just as he expolated Hesiod) in honour of the great national hero. And Aristeides confounds two quite distinct Theseuses—Theseus, the putative son of Ægeus, and a Theseus, one of the founders of Cyme, an Admetid who flourished two centuries later. It probably came on the occasion of the usurpation of the supposititious Erechtheid-Ægeus. And thence

came the Pelopidæ. Hence Homer's one object of reverence at Athens:—

> "The people of high-souled Erechtheus,
> Whom whilom Athene the fair."*

Hence Athene was his tutelary deity. Hence the story of Athene and Hephæstus mysteriously introduces,† and the house of Pelops is, the one great theme of the Cycle, &c., &c. And can we doubt what he means by the "beds of the nymphs" in a passage so strangely interpolated?—the cave where he sang in his boyhood. (2.) The abominably insulting usage of Artemis, the tutelary deity of the Amazons, at the hands of Juno, the tutelary deity of the Argives,‡ points clearly to the final disappearance of the Lydo-Amazons before the Argive-Æolians in Homer's childhood.§ (3.) The introduction of Tyche in the hymn to Ceres (line 420) connects the Tyche whose temple was at Smyrna with the Tyche of Homer's maternal ancestors. And hence Phe-

* Il., ii. 547.
† "Epic., Gr. Fragm.," p. 4.
‡ Il., xxi. 480–493.
§ Westermann's "Lives," p. 22.

reptolis,* as being the tutelary deity of Pheræ.† (4.) In the hymn to Artemis we read :—

"Sing, Artemis, O Muse, the sister of Apollo,
Who having yoked the horses of Meles deep-grown with rushes,
Drives her all-golden chariot swiftly thro' Smyrna
To vine-abounding Claros, where silver-bow'd Apollo sits waiting for her."

Cf. Pindar, "Ol.," vi. 40, vii. 54; and can there be a doubt that reference is made to the birth of the poet amidst the rushes of the Meles with her as unseen midwife to the poet that ages ago was five minutes old midwife to the poet's patron God? And she flies to Claros to bear to her brother the glad intelligence. (5.) Compare, too,—

"'Neath snowy Tmolus in the wealthy deme
Of Hyle" ("Il.," xx. 385),

and

"The seven-hide shield which Tychius wrought,
The best of leather-cutters who at Hyle dwelt" ("Il.," vii. 220, 221),

* Paus., iv. 30–36.
† Il., v. 543.

with Westermann's "Lives," pp. 4 and 14, and we cannot fail to see their exact identity; we cannot fail to see that the "Lives" are here drawn bodily from Homer, that Homer here glorifies his benefactor, Tychius, oriundus Tyche Smyrnæensi, who dwelt hard by Homer's native place:—

"In Hyle's wealthy deme the oak-grown spot,
Where Typhon lies at Arima" ("Il.," ii. 783).

There is more in this last point than meets the eye. Typhon's place of penal durance was unknown. Every one placed it in the nearest earthquake or volcanic centre. An Icelander would have put it under Mount Hecla; a South American, under Chimborazo or Cotopaxi; an Italian placed it under Mount Etna or in the island of Pithecusa; a Syrian or Egyptian, in the middle of the Serbonian bog which extended from Syria to Pelusium in Egypt: Herodorus, indeed, does so. Homer, therefore, in placing it at Arima, proves himself a Smyrniote.

(6.) Note also Ulysses, in one of his lying tales, calls himself the illegitimate son of Castor, the son of *Hyl*ax, and further that *Hyl*e was a suburb of Smyrna.

(7.) Lastly, in the "Lives," we have him saying:—

"Æolid Smyrna on my mother's knee,
A babe I watcht thy shore lasht by the sea."

(8.) Aristeides, the rhetorician priest of Hephæstus at Smyrna, 178 to 180 A.D., had the honour of at last decisively settling the dispute, even as the epigram has it:—

"Aristeides put an end to the dispute amongst the cities of Ionia which they had before concerning the birthplace of Homer. They now all say with one mouth, 'Smyrna bore divine Homer,'—Smyrna, which brought forth the rhetorician Aristeides." *

But Smyrna only brought forth Aristeides as Chios brought forth Homer. Aristeides was *born* at Adriani, just as Homer was *born* at Smyrna. It is, in fact, only this equivocal use of such words as *egeneto* and *ekmake* that leaves the smallest shade of doubt upon a question otherwise as clear as crystal. But, unfortunately, people born at one place and living and dying at another were apt to be thus reckoned two-citied. And so they were if they were born in one place and their parents in another. Thus, Archilochus was both a Parian and a Thasian, Protagenes a Teian and an Abderite, Terpander both of Arne and of Antissa, &c. Just so, though Hercules was born at Tiryns, Plutarch calls him "our Bœotian and Argive Hercules." And just so Mimnermus was called a Colophonian, even as Homer was, though really a Smyrniote like Homer, but descended from the Colophonians that re-conquered Smyrna from the Æolians. Yet, he plainly calls himself a Colophonian:—

* Anthol. Planud., 320.

"By the will of the gods *we* took Æolid Smyrna."

But he does not claim Homer as a fellow-citizen, whilst Homer himself tells us that he is heart and soul an Æolid.

The case of Pindar is also most illustrative of that of Homer. Like Homer, he is claimed by two birthplaces, Thebes, where he was actually born, and Cynoscephalæ, a village in the territory of Thebes, from whence his parents came. Yet so inveterate was the tendency to confound birthplace and mother-city, that, whilst Aristotle distinctly states that Homer was born on the banks of the Meles, two of the "Lives" declare that

Aristotle proves that he was from the Isle of Ios, where he really never set foot till a few weeks before his death. Like Homer, too, three fathers claim Pindar,—Pagondas, Daiphontus, and Scopelinus, the flute-player. He was the son of Scopelinus, in the sense that Homer was the son of Thamyris; Scopelinus taught the one to play the flute, and Thamyris the other. And he was the son of Daiphontus, in the sense that Homer was the son of Demagoras, that is, according to the flesh. And he was the son of Pagondas, in the sense that Homer was the son of Mæon, for Mæon adopted Homer, and Pagondas Pindar. Lastly, like Homer, he is claimed by two mothers, Myrto and Cleidike. He was the son of Cleidike, as Homer was the son of Cretheis and the son of Myrto both as Homer was the son of Hyrnetho, that is, by adoption, and as Homer was the son of Calliope. For he was the disciple of Myrto, the first, and, next to Corinna, the greatest, of Theban poetesses.

Nor do Homer and Pindar stand alone in their multi-paternity. Five fathers claim Stesichorus,* seven Sappho,† and four the

* The "Lives," p. 113. † Ibid., p. 111.

Sibyl of Erythræ.* Stesichorus is like Homer, too, in his polypolitism. "He is called, it is true, Stesichorus, of Himera, but some say that he was from Matauria, in Italy; some, that he was banished from Pallantium, in Arcadia, and came to Catane, and there he died and was buried."† Thus, four birthplaces claim Stesichorus, three Mimnermus, six Aristophanes, and eight or nine the Sibyl.‡

So Homer's son-in-law, Creophylus I., was at once a Samian, a Chian, and an Ian. That is to say, he was born at Samos, and died at Ios, but resident for a time at Chios, when Homer made it for many ages the literary centre of Western Asia. On reconsideration I doubt this. His family was of Samos, and he lived at Chios, in the time of Homer the elder. But to say he was an Ian is to confound the two Homers. See for this chapter ix. on the pseudo-Homer.

(9.) The claim of Athens, based as it is, whether on the original colonisation of Smyrna, in the reign of Ægeus, or on the subsequent Ionic Apœcia 1044–3 B.C., is

* The "Lives," p. 83. † Ibid., p. 84. ‡ Ibid., p. 113.

of course, all so much more evidence in favour of that of Smyrna. Homer had, doubtless, Erechtheid blood in him, but no poet, no rhetorician, no orator from Æschylus to Baletta, neither Isocrates, nor Aristeides, nor Photius, ever, in his most high-flown panegyric, claimed this height of honours for his dear native city.*

(10.) The variations in Homer's name, Melesigenes and Melissigenes, Melesagoras and Melissagoras, are significant. They show that the Cecropian bees, that were, we read, the device of the Neleid Apœcists, gave a new and most appropriate name to the honey-sweet waters of the rush-fringed stream that before was called Achelous. They show, as so many other things show, the poet's intimate familiarity with Smyrniotic topography.† They show that he was born after, but not very long after, the Neleid Apœcia. They show (like that other variation, Kretheis or Kritheis) the exceeding antiquity of the Pseudo-Herodotean legends, and the marvellous veri-

* Philostratus, "Imagines," bk. ii. c. viii. p. 22.

† Aristeides, vol. i. 425; "Monodia epi Smyrna," Isidorus, lib. xiv. cap. i.; Antholog., lib. iv. "Epigr. in Peisistr."

similitude far exceeding mere ordinary probability thereof.

(11.) We know from the Smyrnean inscriptions that Tyche was a quarter of Smyrna,—the Kretheid quarter.* Tychius (who afterwards moved to Neonteichos, anciently called Hyle) was consequently Homer's near neighbour. How natural, then, his kindness when "the wondrous boy" of twenty years ago returned home at last a poor, blind, heart-broken beggar! Combine this with what I have noticed elsewhere about Hyle, and Arima, and Sipylus, and the Achelous and the Meles, and Smyrna itself, and surely the proof almost attains to certainty.

(12.) Alexander believed in Smyrna, and therefore rebuilt it,† or at least left word on his deathbed that it should be rebuilt. Virgil believed Homer a Smyrniote and a Kretheid, hence his poet Kretheus. Theopompus, in assigning to Homer a date of 500 years after the epoch, evidently

* Aristeides, vol. i. pp. 32–72; "Smyrniotikos Politikos," Aristot. "Poet." Euseb. "Chron." ('Smyrna in urbis modum ampliata').

† Aristeides, vol. i. pp. 434–436; "Palinodia," Paus. "Achaica."

confounded the great poet with some local Homer (No. 6 in Archilochus's list of the eight Homers, of whom Xenophon says "The last and greatest of the Homers lived after Thales"), as was natural enough in a Chian, pleading the cause of his native town before the mighty conqueror of Asia, but, as we have just seen, Ephorus having just brought out his great work, Alexander knew better, despite even the potent authority of Anaximenes.

And now to conclude. All ancient Greece from Lesches to Christodorus,—Asius, Scylax, Hellanicus, Xenon, Pigres, Eugeon or Eumeon, Ephorus, Moschus, Crates, Stesimbrotus, Archilochus, the Pseudo - Herodotus, Pindar, Aristotle, Philostratus, Himerius, Lucian, Cōnon, Ptolemy, Aristeides, the true Plutarch and the false Plutarch, Nonnus, Tzetzes, and, above all, Quintus Smyrnæus, by his very name, the fifth Smyrnæan (Homer, Bion, Theo, and Hermippus being the other four), although, indeed, there were others, viz., Scopelianus, Polemo, the tutor of Aristeides, Nicolaus, and Hermogenes, the editor of the "Life," in the reign of Adrian.

All the Latin writers, — Cicero, Ovid, Martial, Tibullus, Silius, Ausonius, and Solinus declare positively, and in every imaginable way (not to speak of all our great modern names, Politian, Milton, Erasmus, Bentley, and Casaubon, with but one solitary exception, that of Allatius), that Homer was born on the banks of the Meles, near Smyrna. No author, I believe, has ever categorically denied this fact. Excluding Theopompus (whose false date sufficiently condemns him, identifying our poet, as he does, with a Chian Homerid who lived 500 years after the Trojan War), *no* writer, Greek or Latin, states that he was born at Chios. They only call him "a Chian" and "of Chios" (just as Christ was called "a Nazarene," and "of Nazareth"), and "the man of Chios," (just as Pope speaks of the "Man of Ross"), "the Chian bard," and the like, having regard only to the place where he lived and died, and from whence he poured forth his melodies, and not to the place where he first breathed the breath of life at all. Thus Themistius does not doubt whether he was born at Smyrna or at Chios, but only at which of the two places

he wrote his poems. So Alcæus Mitylenæus, represents him as saying :—

"Sing, O Muses of Chios, my verses to the sons of Greece."

So Theocritus speaks of him as a Chian warbler. And that he, Simonides, Pindar, and the rest mean no more, I prove thus : though Pindar calls him a Chian,* he states in a passage now lost that he was born at Smyrna.† The pseudo-Plutarchus, whilst distinctly stating in one place that he was born on the Meles,‡ nevertheless, in another place calls him a Chian *and* Smyrniote.§ Bacchylides, who, as countryman and kinsman of Simonides, must be presumed to hold his view, agrees with Aristotle ; therefore it may be presumed that Simonides does so too. And Themistius with the mighty Master, whose works he paraphrased ; and Theocritus (though of Chian *origin*) with his fellow Dorian. The Argive quinquennia at Chios and the Homeridæ there lasting till

* Lives, p. 30. † Ibid., p. 28.
‡ Ibid., pp. 21, 22.
§ Moralia, vol. vi. (Tauchnitz).

after Pindar's time, all come to the same thing. Aristotle, "Rhetoric," ii. 23, distinctly denies the claim of Chios, saying, "The Chians honoured Homer, though not a citizen." Hermesianax also denies it, saying :—

"To narrow Ithaca sweet Homer soar'd,
In song divine for wise Penelope,

(The *nom de guerre* of a patriotess of Smyrna, of whom Homer was absurdly supposed to be *épris*. The real truth being that the poet's love for Penelope is a mere allegorical interpretation of the "Odyssey," Penelope, like Spenser's Gloriana, being the Chian laureateship.)

"For whose sake, after many toils, he dwelt
In a small isle * far from broad fatherland ;†
And Menelaus and Ulysses mourn'd
In their long wanderings shadowing forth his own."‡

And to the self-same purport, Homer himself sings thus :—

"And with her was, I read, a minstrel swain ;
But when the fates decreed his prince should fall,
Then did the traitor take the faithful bard,
And leave him on a desert isle to die." §

* Chios. † Æolis.
‡ Baletta, "Life of Homer," p. 30.
§ Odyss., iii. 267–271.

Referring to the circumstances now all but lost in oblivion of the poet's exile from his native place. And in the well-known hymn :—

"Who is the sweetest bard performing here?
A blind man, and he dwells in 'craggy Chios.'"

The singular way in which the place of one's exile takes the place of one's actual birthplace in the Greek mind is admirably illustrated in the case of one whose fate was singularly similar in this respect to that of our poet, Herodotus :—

"This dust conceals Herodotus when dead :
Sprung from a Dorian fatherland, he shunn'd
The terrible reproach of hostile faction,
And made proud Thurium his fatherland." *

Lesches too, the author of *an* "Ilias Parva," flourished 700 B.C.,—that is, long before Pigres. He was, as we learn from Plutarch ("Conviv. Sept. Sap."), the author of the "Contest between Homer and Hesiod." In it he tells us that Homer wrote his (not Pigres's Boccaccioesque) "Margites" at Colophon†. Now, in the

* Anth. Gr. (Tauchnitz), vol. iii. p. 378.
† Lives, p. 34.

six admirable lines we have still left of it, we read :—

"An old man came to Colophon : a holy bard was he,
And in his hand a sweet-voiced lyre this child of
Phœbus bore."

Compare this with the Pseudo-Herodotus.* "From thence he went to Colophon, and there (the Colophonians agree with me in saying, contrary to the account of the Ithacans), he was once more attacked with eye-disease, and became blind." And can we doubt that Colophon was not his birthplace,—that he was only a visitor there, but unhappily detained by a sad fatality ?

In spite, then, of the well-known line in the "Ciris" :—

"Quæ Colophoniaco Scyllæ dicantur Homero ;"

In spite of the epigram on Nicander :—

"Having nourish'd the twain," &c.,

Colophon does not really claim him. It is true Antimachus and Nicander call him

* Lives, p. 4.

a Colophonian, but so they call themselves Colophonians; yet Nicander flatly contradicts the above lying epigram upon him, saying of himself :—

" Him Claros nurtured."

The exquisite melody of the line thus obtained may, probably, have seduced the learned author of " Ciris " in his unfledged youth, and other warblers after him, to apply the epithet Colophoniac to Homer, but it is true in a sense besides : true enough for poetry anyhow.

Homer was a Colophonian though not a native of Colophon, exactly as one may be a Staffordshire man without being a native of Stafford.

Thus, as all roads lead to Rome, so all rival claims meet at the river Meles. Whether you call him an Ian or a Colophonian, you alike make him born on its banks. And whether you call him Lydus, or Auletes, or Mæonius, or Mæonides, it comes to the same thing. For Lydia (as Herodotus tells us), was anciently called Mæonia, and Smyrna, during the two centuries when Lydia ruled the sea, was the capital of both. Hence it was called

Lydian Smyrna, even as the learned Scylax says,—" Lydia Smyrna ubi Homerus erat."* As, then, neither Colophon nor Ios, nor Cumæ nor Athens, *really* disputes the claim of the Meles, so neither does Chios. Whether we take the account of Aristotle or that of Ephorus, *they* distinctly state that he was born there. Chios is, at the worst, but silent. Even Chios, as we learn from the " Lives " (p. 24), only claimed him after all, not as being born there, but as being (1) a citizen ; (2) the father of the Homeridæ.

In a word, no city but Smyrna *seriously* claimed to be his *birthplace*, but only his father's or mother's, till very late times indeed. At last, when the two Homers were utterly amalgamated, and heretical views the most absurd propounded, the Pseudo-Herodotus was either merely re-published (if we may rely on the authority of Stephanus Byzantius, Suidas, Tzetzes, and Eustathius), or translated from the original Carian (of *a*, if not *the* Herodotus), or most lyingly concocted by Hermogenes, of Smyrna, author of

* Scylax, cap. 89.

"Smyrna" and "The Wisdom of Homer," and Aristeides wrote his "Monody," his "Palinode," &c., and the question was believed to be finally and for ever settled in favour of Smyrna and the Meles, as indeed it should have been, for the other cities have no case whatever, as has, I trust, been satisfactorily demonstrated. And from this time the Smyrnæan legend bore full and undivided sway, and expanded, by degrees, to its full dimensions. Homer's mother was no longer Kretheis, but Kritheis, a *numphe agronomos*, and worshipped at Smyrna as such, and as such she no longer merely bore Homer on the banks of the Meles, but was beloved by the god of that river. And Homer himself encourages this legend in his story of Tyro ("Odyss.," xi. 278):—

"Who loved the divine river Enipeus,
The most beautiful on the face of the earth,
And oft she went to the lovely streams of Enipeus."

Kretheis, like Tyro, was the orphan daughter of an Æolid, to whom Homer, out of filial pity, sorely misapplies the epithet "blameless." Kretheis, like Tyro,

was beloved by a river god, and after him was wedded to an ordinary mortal. Thus thrice Homer refers emphatically, and at length, to his birth on the banks of the Meles, but only once to the native city that had spurned him, and that with thinly veiled contempt. Diana passed through Smyrna on her way from the Meles to Claros. That is all, and that is all that Homer did on his way from his mother's womb to his final canonisation. But to return. There were pictures of the loves of the river Meles and the wheat-nymph, and one of these Philostratus describes most charmingly ("Imagines," book ii. c. 8). Athenæus, too, tells us of the nuptial supper of the Meles. No doubt, a sort of harvest-home in honour of him and his wheat-nymph bride, where bards most appropriately congregated, and sang, and were regaled with barley-bread (*krithe*) in honour of *Kritheis*, and cheese (*turos*) in honour of *Turo*. Then Conon tells us how Orpheus's head was found at the mouth of the Meles still all alive and singing,*—a legend reminding us very

* "Muthographoi" (Westermann), p. 147.

strongly of that of St. Gengulphus, but the significance of it most obvious.

Lastly, a hurried glance at the map is alone sufficient to establish the claim of Smyrna. Is it not obvious that Larissa and Magnesia in Æolis are Larissa and Magnesia in Thessaly over again, both as regards their relative position and the mountain between them, that they are named from them and peopled from them? And is not "Larissæus Achilles" the hero of the "Iliad"? And is not Mount Sipylos the home of the Pelopidæ. And did not Pelops's charioteer give name to "divine Killa"? And cannot we, from his own words, picture to ourselves the imaginative boy-poet shudderingly hearing the wrathful groans of the buried fiend of Arima at every sigh of the wind in the woods of Hyle, and imagining to himself the shape of poor Niobe in the frowning rocks, and dreaming of the dances of the nymphs on the banks of the pleasant stream that the Dolopian settlers had named from their own and from the Seiren mermaids that made its waters perilous, and gave to each splash of the overgrown sacred fish its mother-instilled terror for the little rustic urchin?

Even so Beattie sings of his Edwin:—

"When the loud-sounding curfew from afar,
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale,

Or when the setting moon in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream remote from man he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep.

And there let fancy roam at large."

Next, bearing in mind that Ithaca stands in Homeric allegory for Smyrna, let us briefly compare the geography of the two. And can we doubt that, as Ithaca is Smyrna town, so Neios is Naulochus? Of course they are; Neios and Naulochus both mean "ship-haven." Now take the lines:—

"Aground my ship lieth
Aloof from the city
In Riverbed harbour,
'Neath woody Ship Hill."*

Can we doubt that we have here a fine picture taken from nature of Naulochus (ship-haven), lying aloof from Smyrna just

* Odyss., i. 185-6.

where the river Meles flows into the gulf, with a hill, and a woody hill too, just as at Weston-super-Mare, giving name to Hyle (Woodlands) where our worthy friend Tychius dwelt.

And now let me introduce Alcibiades, of Smyrna, commonly called Quintus Smyrnæus, to the reader. All we know of him is derived from the inscription upon his tomb, written in close imitation of Homer :—

> " ' Here earth covers the sacred head
> That sang of the heroes
> Divine '*—Alcibiades."
> " A.U.C.M.L.† Atalante
> To her dear Patron at the end of his honourable life,
> Has set up this monument."

(Another proof, this, that Homer's tomb was the duly signed and dated one the reader has already seen at the end of Chapter III.)

Atalanta, so named from his beloved

* Quoted from Homer's tomb. See *supra*.

† Hitherto absurdly misread A.U.R.E.L. As if Aurelia Atalante were not as absurdly impossible a name as (say) Elizabeth Pausanias.

mythology, set up the above to her former master, A.U.C.M.L., *i.e.*, 297 B.C. He seems to have died in Calabria, and to have been buried at Naples, in imitation of Virgil, on whose monument we read :—

> " Calabri rapuere ; tenet nunc
> Parthenope ;"

and to have called himself the Homeric Fifth, and the Fifth Smyrnean, in imitation of Ennius, who, in one of his lost poems, imagines himself to be a fifth Metempsychosis of Homer. He was born at Smyrna. In one passage he pictures himself as " tending his sheep on the plains of Smyrna by the temple of Diana, on a hill, not very high, nor yet very low."* This passage explains the line that has puzzled all the commentators, speaking of Ithaca :—

> Αυτη δε χθαμαλη παυυπερτατη ειν ἁλι κεῖται
>
> " And it lies at the bottom of a hill rising to its highest elevation as you get close to the seaboard." †

I will not weary the reader with discussing the tedious performance of Aris-

* Quintus Smyrnæus, " Posthomerica."

† Odyss., ix. 45.

teides, trusting I have proved my point without it. But one word of "the temple of Artemis, in a garden free to the public"* as at Trezene, according to the charming description in Euripides's "Hippolytus." Does not this, I ask, admirably harmonise with Homer's hymn to Artemis, discussed elsewhere? She comes from her temple on the hill down to the river, and there delivers the poor mother in the cruel pangs of child-birth.

Again, Herodotus tells us that Theseus, a descendant of Eumelus, the son of Admetus, was foremost and wealthiest amongst the founders of Smyrna, and named the new-born city from his Amazonian wife, Smyrna, who, like Mæon's wife, Hyrnetho, doubtless an Amazonian, subsequently became the heroine Eponymus of the place, and had a shrine on the banks of the Meles. What more natural than that the poet that was born on those banks should commemorate the unparalleled nobility of his descent as follows:—

"Iphthime offspring of Icarius' bed,
Whom ere he went to Troy Eumelus wed;"

* Quintus Smyrnæus, "Posthomerica."

thus making Theseus everything that was most splendid in point of ancestry, descended, as he was, by Iphthime, from Perieres and Gorgophone, that is, from Atlas on the one side and from Perseus and Inachus on the other, and by Eumelus from Admetus and Cretheus, and Æolus and Deucalion.

One more proof, and I have done. Does any one doubt my view of Homer's story of Niobe? If he does, then let him read it by the side of that of Alcibiades of Smyrna, commonly called "Quintus Smyrnæus," and he can doubt no longer. Smyrnæus's ("Posthomerica," i. 293-306) is merely an expansion of Homer's ("Il." xxiv. 614-617) from four lines to fourteen, and evidently taken at the same time from nature and from Homer's miniature, which must also, therefore, have been taken from nature, though less distinctly, being a reminiscence only.

Lastly, Nemesis was especially called Smyrnæan. But Nemesis was the mother of Helen, and the whole cycle, especially as treated by Homer, might well be entitled "Nemesis." This surely goes to show, amongst other things, the close con-

nexion between Homer and the cycle and Smyrna and Nemesis; in other words, either that Smyrna worshipped Nemesis because Homer wrote of her doings, or that Homer wrote of Nemesis because she was the patron goddess of his native city, as, indeed, in a sense she was, for never had city such reverses, or writhed so sorely beneath her avenging scourge—one or the other. In other words, Homer was veritably Smyrnæus.

Nothing shows better the difference of Chios and Smyrna than a comparison between the coins minted at Smyrna and Chios in honour of our poet. The coins of Smyrna have upon them the river God Meles and the nymph Kretheis—the one, I presume, on the one side, and the other on the other. That is, Smyrna distinctly asserts that Homer was brought forth by Kretheis on the banks of the Meles. The coins of Chios, on the contrary, have on the one side Homer, now an old man, with his immortal work, the "Kuklos," in his hands, and on the other, the Sphynx grasping a lyre. That is, the Chians assert with perfect truth that Homer, now on the shady side of fifty, composed his

immortal poems there, and that he died at Ios, a victim to the riddle of the Sphinx that even he failed to solve. This incident, in a modern biographer's eyes so trivial that he would be ashamed to mention it, the ancient Greeks dwelt upon with strange persistency; the Delphic oracle foretold it, Delphico more, sixty years or so after the event; all Homer's biographers, from Herodotus to Tzetzes, mention it; and just as Blind Œdipus and Blind Homer became proverbial for riddle-solving, so the oldest enigma in the world, the Sphinx's, and the next oldest, the Ian fisher-lads', became proverbial for brain-splitting difficulty. Even as Alcæus the Messenian puts it:—

> "Once the fisher-lads of Ios
> Dumbfoundered the Mæonian bard,
> With the help of his own Muses,
> Having set him a conundrum."

This is, I think, a very fair poetical explanation of the figure of the Sphynx and the Lyre on the Chian coinage.

Hundred-gated Thebes, in Egypt, is, indeed, the only city that really disputes with Smyrna the honour of being the birthplace of Homer. Heliodorus, in

two places of his "Æthiopica," and Alexander of Paphos, declare that he was born at Thebes. As also does Antipater Sidonius in his epigram on Homer's statue, and Olympiodorus apud Photium and Johannes Podasimus in his "Scholia" on Hesiod's "Shield of Hercules," and Chalcidius in his "Commentary on the Timæus of Plato." And Lucian, an incomparably higher authority than any of these, says quite truly: "Either Smyrna *or* the Thebaid,"—much like our "Either Porson *or* the Devil." But how is this? The Egyptians here say that his father was Demasagoras and his mother Æthra, and the Sibyl begins her prophecy some 1,500 years after the event thus:—

"Oh! victorious Dmasagoras, all glorious and crowned!" *

But in the "Certamen" of Lesches † we read, "the Egyptians say he was the son of Menelachus the scribe." How is this? Light breaks in here upon a very dark place at last. Menelachus must have been an *alias* of Demasagoras. After

* Allatius, "De Patria Homeri," p. 45.
† Westermann's "Lives," p. 34.

seducing and throwing upon the world our sweet poet's simple-hearted mother, Demasagoras went, I presume, as a military adventurer to the land of the Pharaohs. Here he may have thought it prudent to drop his former grievously sullied name for an *alias*, and give himself out as Telemachus, the son of Persepolis, the son of Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, by Polycaste, the daughter of Nestor.* Naturally, Telemachus I. had a grandson Telemachus II. Such was the Greek custom. If you will not believe me, believe Aristophanes:—

"A the son of B, the son of A the son of B,"

And see Bentley's "Phalaris" thereupon. See also Stemmas innumerable in Dr. Smith's "Biographical Dictionary" and elsewhere. And this proves my inference that Telemachus was in his stemma. Else why should he have taken that name? It also satisfactorily explains why some, I presume the good people of Ithaca and thereabouts, said he was the son of Telemachus, by Epicaste, being so only according to Demasagoras's made-up

* Hesiod's "Fragments."

tale and not really so. And the Egyptians being more familiar with the name of Menelaus than with that of Telemachus, jumbled up the two names into Menelachus. Last of all, Demasagoras like the versatile Græculus of Juvenal :—

> "Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
> Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus,"

now a grazier on the banks of the Hermus, now a soldier, now a deputy clerk, turns prophet and marries one Æthra, who either was or, after his fashion, gave herself out to be, a lineal descendant of the Æthra, who was with Menelaus in Egypt. Read "Odyss.," and see how well the two tales fit in. But now a Dæmon (Dæmon No. 2) comes upon the stage. But this Dæmon was Hermes. "Nonsense," you say. No, only a little imagination. For Dæmon (Δαιμων) read Däemon (Δαημων), and for the God of Merchants, read a merchant :—

> "Dedecoris pretiosus emptor ;"

and we have the "Story of Democritus of Trezene,"* that Homer was the son of

* Westermann, "Lives," p. 34.

Däemon, a merchant. Demasagoras's wife wife proved false to him. Thus did righteous Nemesis punish him for deserting poor Kretheis. It may, however, have only been his humbug, or hers. They appear to have been a rather shady couple.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS WORKS.

HOMER wrote thirteen works,* of which only two, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," are in the present day admitted to be his, and too many do not admit even the "Odyssey." Yet a comparison of the hymns, the lives, and the story of the blind bard Demodocus should leave us, even in this hyper-sceptical age, no reasonable doubt of it. And, barring a few eccentric Chorizontes, universally (and most justly) despised in their day as ultra-paradoxists, such has been the universal undoubting opinion of mankind till the close of the last century. And the difference in the poems is fully accounted for by the difference of circum-

* Proclus, Hesiod, Tzetzes, Chiliades.

stances. The author of the "Iliad" was young, healthy, and clear-sighted; the author of the "Odyssey" old, worn out, and blind. The "Iliad" is Asiatic in its myth (and other) ologies; the "Odyssey" European; the "Iliad" is addressed to men; the "Odyssey" to women. The "Iliad" is Achilles; the "Odyssey" Ulysses. The "Iliad" is history—"Greece, Asiatic and European, two hundred years ago by a poet"; the "Odyssey" is a fairy tale—the Greek version of "Arabian Nights." Lastly, the "Iliad" is history; the "Odyssey" autobiography. As in the "Iliad" Homer tells us the story of his birth on the banks of Meles, so in the "Odyssey" he tells us the story of his exile. Thus, by the two most touching and interesting incidents in his life, he stamps his name no less ingeniously than beautifully upon either poem.

But now to proceed in due chronological order. Even before his voyages to and fro, our poet was wont to muse in the caves of Smyrna, over the sweet tale of Troy, and at Ithaca, where he fell blind, he is said to have invoked the shade of

Ulysses, &c.,* that is, from this time he took his future line as a patriotic poet, and advocated with all his might of song the genuine orthodox war against the barbarians, and internal concord between the several States of Hellas.

At Colophon he fell blind, and returned to his native city.

There he wrote his charming hymn to Diana, the ninth of the present series, and one of the three or possibly four hymns that are beyond all reasonable dispute his, though possibly more or less adulterated with spurious matter. Here he visited Troy, having already made considerable progress with his "Ilias Mikra." And, going from Smyrna, his thankless native city, he went to Neonteichos. And there he published his "Amphiaraus's ride to Thebes, and other poems." And from thence, pouring forth song after song, he arrived at Phocæa, where he fell into the spider hands of Thestorides, who cheated our poor blind poet out of all the labours of his muse up to this time. He now went to Bolissus, and from thence to Chios,

* Philostratus, "Heroica."

where, in the course of the next twenty years or so, he wrote the "Iliad," of which the "Ilias Mikra," written at Cenchreæ and Smyrna, was the rough outline, and the "Odyssey." His marriage took place whilst he was in the midst of his "Iliad."

The supernatural and incomparably most precious books of his "Odyssey" were probably written early, possibly even at Ithaca; but the later, and autobiographical portion, not till quite towards the end of his life. At Chios also he probably wrote the "Amazonia," and projected the "Telegonia." After leaving Chios, he wrote but a few more small pieces, which have been already discussed, viz.: (1) "The Furnace"; (2) "Eiresione"; (3) "The Fisher Lads," and the last of his hymns,—"The Hymn to Apollo," of which more anon.

To recapitulate. His thirteen works were as follows, with date and place of publication and authorities in favour of their authenticity. H. for Herodotus, L. for Lesches, T. for Tzetzes, P. for Proclus, Pl. for Plutarch, S. for Suidas, and A. for Anonymous. "Life" (Westermann, p. 29):—

1	Cypria	Kolophon,	976	S.
	(Also Pindar, Fr. 189; Aristophanes; Polybius, xxiv. 8; Aristotle, "Rhet.," i. 15; and Plato, "Euthyphr.," p. 12a, quote it. Herodotus manifests an inclination to dispute its authenticity, on the authority of Demodamas; but his arguments are singularly weak.)			
2	Aix	Smyrna,	975	T. P.
3	Amphiaraus	Neonteichos,	974-3	H. S. T.
4	The Hymns (First Series)	Neonteichos,	974-3	H. T.
5	Phocais	Phocæa,	973	H.
6	Ilias Mikra	Phocæa,	973	H. S.
7	Nostoi	Phocæa,	971	S. P. (Heyne)
8a	Batrachomyomachia	Bolissus,	968	H. Pl. A. S. T.
8b	Kerkopes	Bolissus,	967	H. P. T.
8c	Iamboi	Bolissus,	966	H. P. S. T.
9	Iliad	Chios,	957	All.
10	Amazonia	Chios,	?	S.
11	Odyssey	Chios,	945	All.
12	Margites	Kolophon,	944	H. P. T. Pl. A. L.
13	Epigrams	Chios,	944	All.

If we class 8a, 8b, and 8c under the common name of Paignia (see "Lives," pp. 24, 27, 33), we get the veritable Thirteen of Proclus and Tzetzes.

The "Cypria," the "Aix," the "Iliad," the "Amazonia," the "Ilias Mikra," the "Nostoi," the "Odyssey," and the "Telegonia" constitute the Homeric Kuklos. Of these the "Telegonia" was never written, but the prophecy of the death of Ulysses ("Odyssey," xi. 134–137),—

> "And from the seaboard death shall come to thee,
> Worn out with sleek old age, and prosperous round thee
> Thy people shall attend thy funeral,"—

appears to contemplate it, as it was doubtless applied to our poet himself. It may even have originated the (so far as I can see) groundless and improbable notion that his mother was an Ian. Commentators have erroneously represented it as the prophecy of an Odyssean Euthanasia. It is certain from "Odyssey," xxiii. 281–287 (from ll. 281 and 287 especially), that, in spite of all the delicate euphemisms of Teiresias, the prophecy distinctly adumbrates the great hero's death, as we have

it in Dictys Cretensis, book vi., chaps. xiv. and xv.; in the surviving fragments of Sophocles's satiric play, "Odysseus Acanthoplex" (Ulysses scratched to death with a fish-bone); in Horace, book iii. ode xxix. 1; Pliny, vii. 45, 46, x. 149; and countless other authors of undisputed authority.

And now it only remains to discuss the history and character of each of the above works.

First, of the "Cypria" (the Tricks of Venus).

Proclus tells us that there were eleven books of this poem published. And Athenæus quotes the eleventh.* But of the ten surviving fragments, consisting in all of less than fifty lines, five fragments of thirty-four lines, or somewhat more than two-thirds of the whole, are obviously from the first book, the argument of which Proclus epitomises thus.

Jupiter deliberates with Themis concerning the Trojan War; and Eris gathers the fatal apple in the garden of the Hesperides, and presents it at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, with the laconic in-

* Athenæus, xv. p. 682 e.

scription, "Pulchriori." The goddesses are all up in arms at this, and Jupiter and all the gods being far too discreet to incur the immortal resentment of all the goddesses but one,—the successful one,—Mercury conducts the three principal goddesses, Minerva, Juno, and Venus, to Paris, on Mount Ida, by the command of Jove, there to await his decision, and Paris decides for Aphrodite, being induced to do so by the hope of marrying Helen.

The fragments are all of surpassing beauty. Fragment i. represents Jupiter meditating the destruction of the race of heroes then oppressing the face of Mother Earth with their bloody feuds. Fragment ii., "Eris in the Garden of the Hesperides, plucking the fatal Apple," we have in the National Gallery, but not in the surviving works of Homer. Fragments iii. and iv. are parts of a magnificent portrait of the Goddess of Beauty. Fragment v. "The Story of Venus and Mars," originally in the "Cypria," and preserved in the "Odyssey." Fragments vi. and vii. are concerning Helen and her brothers, and her birth by Jupiter out of Nemesis or divine vengeance. Homer, however, says nothing

of the celebrated allegorical egg laid by Nemesis. That was the ingenious invention of later times. Fragment viii. (distinctly referred to in "Iliad," ii.) gives us the death of Helen's brothers, Castor and Pollux,—no doubt a part of the preliminary story of Helen. This last fragment is strangely mean, but the rest are very beautiful, and every way worthy of Homer. Fragment ix. tells us of the three days' voyage from Sparta to Troy of the guilty pair. Fragment x. describes a banquet in which the heroes plan vengeance, and Menelaus consoles himself for the loss of his wife with copious draughts of wine. This fragment forcibly reminds us of Horace, book i., ode vii. In Fragment i. :—

> "Ην ὁτε μυρια φυλα κατα χθονα πλαζομεν' ανδρων
> Υπνωοντ' εβαρυνεν," &c.—

I unhesitatingly complete line 2 with the surely exquisitely beautiful "υπνωοντ'."

The "Cypria" of Stasinus was so called because that pseudo-poët was a Cyprian; but by the "Cypria" of Homer we must understand the scheme of Almighty Jove

for the destruction of the heroic race through the instrumentality of Cyprian Venus, whom Homer, being blind and ugly, worshipped not. Even as Isaiah says :—

> "His visage was marred more than any man's, and his form more than the sons of men."

See also Epigram 12.

Homer himself makes very significant reference to the scope of his earliest poem in the fifth line of his "Iliad":—

> "*And the scheme of Jove was accomplished.*"

The "Aix" (or Goat) was a continuation of the "Cypria." Venus having a grudge against Tyndarus for neglecting her worship, the day before the Greeks were to set sail from Aulis, there was a great hunt, celebrated in the most ancient Greek inscriptions, and here Agamemnon killed the goat sacred to Diana.* This brought down upon him the vengeance of that inflammable divinity, only to be allayed by the sacrifice of his daughter at Aulis, which brought down upon him the im-

* Ptolemy, N.H. 5.

placable hate of her mother, who dishonoured his bed in his absence, and treacherously murdered him—treachery for treachery—on his return from Troy. It was an execrable house from Tantalus downwards. And the vengeance of Venus was implacable. "Aix," however, has a secondary reference to *ægis*-bearing Jove, the prime mover of all the woes, whose mere tool Cyprian Venus was.

The "Ilias Mikra" (Short Iliad) was a brief epitome of the Siege of Troy, from the landing of Protesilaus to the capture of the place. This appears clearly from the two lines preserved by Herodotus:—

> "I sing of Ilium, round whose lofty walls
> The warlike Danaoi suffered long and sore."

The "Ilias Mikra" of Lesches was quite a different thing. It was not an epitome, indeed, at all. Homer refers to *his* "Ilias Mikra" in the "Death of Hector":

> "Beware lest thou provoke Jove's wrath that day
> When Paris and Apollo thee shall slay."
> "Iliad," xxii. 359, 360.

From it we have, besides the lines given

us by Herodotus, the following very singular fragment:

> "I said that with Achilles
> I ne'er would angry be,
> To such a terrible extent
> He was so dear to me."

The Agamemnon party had carried things with a high hand; left Philoctetes to pine his heart out in the Isle of Lemnos, and stoned Palamedes to death. But Achilles, on his return from the capture of the Chersonese, was greatly incensed, as was also Ajax. Ajax, however, was soon fooled with soft words into good humour again, but Achilles retained his resentment long, and put the death of Palamedes to an air on his lyre that led to very angry words between himself and Ulysses, to the great gratification of that mean, half-blooded king of men—Agamemnon—who was glad that the anger of Achilles had lighted on any head but his own. To this quarrel we have distinct reference in "Odyssey," viii. 75–82:—

> "The quarrel of Ulysses
> And Achilles son of Thetis,
> How once they quarrell'd at the feast
> Of the immortal de'ties.

"While 'Trides chuckled to himself,
'I wish they'd come to blows';
And thus began, by Heaven's deep scheme,
Of Greece and Troy the woes."

There are nine fragments in all of the "Ilias Mikra," besides a tenth preserved in our poet's "Epigrams."

There is even less doubt that Homer wrote *an* "Ilias Mikra," albeit differing in every way from *the* "Ilias Mikra" of Lesches, than that he wrote *a* "Cypria," albeit differing in every way from *the* "Cypria" of Stasinus. For, firstly, we have an allusion to it in the "Death of Hector,"* and an extract from it,—the "Wooden Horse,"†—in Homer himself; secondly, two lines of it are quoted by Herodotus as the commencement of that poem; thirdly, to five more Aristophanes makes unmistakeable allusion in his "Knights,"‡ obviously accounting them Homer's; fourthly, Æschines also§ quotes half a line out of it, assigning it to Homer:—

"Word came to the army."

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* Iliad, xxii. 359, 360.
† Odyssey.
‡ Aristoph., "Equit."
§ Æschin., "Oratt."

Of the "Ride of Amphiaraus" we have only two lines left, of which more by and by; but the subject would be an attractive one to our poet, and Herodotus, Tzetzes, and Suidas are amply sufficient authorities. It is an entirely different work from the "Thebaid." The subject of Thebes is one that Homer altogether eschews. Amphiaraus is a sage driven to a tomb in a foreign land by a worthless woman acted on by a Theban refugee. If we may be allowed to combine the account of Hermesianax and of Homer, both of which I have quoted elsewhere, Homer's own case was sufficiently similar. Hyrnetho, Mæon's widow, was Eriphyle. An unworthy second husband, at once Polynices and Ægysthus. The Amazono-Colophonian host, mainly foreign foes, but partly exiles anxious to return to Smyrna, would exactly parallel the mixture of foreign foes from the Peloponnesus mingled with the Theban exiles under Polynices. Amphiaraus was a better Balaam, and in Homer very likely was swallowed up at the commencement of the Theban, just as Protesilaus was killed at the very commencement of the Trojan war. I may add that the

important figure Theoclymenus (a direct descendant of Amphiaraus) cuts in the "Odyssey," where he appears again and again, and especially the passage in "Odyssey," xv. 223–294, show the especial interest with which our poet regarded Amphiaraus, whose lineage he traces for the actually in Homer unprecedented maximum number of seven generations, ranging in locality from Pylos to Argos, and from Argos to Ithaca,—that is, over all the lands that, for his father's sake and his mother's, and his Mentor's and his Mentes's sake, our poet loved with all a poet's love till thought and memory and speech failed at death's awful portal.

And of Amphiaraus he speaks thus highly:—

> "Amphiaraus that died for his people."

Homer is thinking of the yet nobler Codrus. I regret to see that Liddell and Scott, in their immortal lexicon, mistranslate this word by the idiotically unmeaning phrase, "nation-stirring," and credit Nonnus with the sole use of the immeasurably higher, and in this case strikingly

suggestive epithet here set down. Amphiaraus doubtless saved his people, as Codrus and Decius and Curtius did, by dying himself for them:—

> "Whom Jupiter loved in his heart of hearts,
> And Apollo with love manifold,
> And yet, oh mysterious Heaven!
> He lived not to be old;
> But died before Thebes,—the old story,—
> By a wanton bought and sold."

With all this before us, is it possible to doubt the account of Herodotus that Homer wrote the "Ride of Amphiaraus," or to believe with Welcker that the "Amphiaraus" is identical with the "Thebaid" of which, as I conceive Homer to have treated it, it was not, properly speaking, even an incident? Just as much and just as little was it a part of the "Alcmæonis."

Of the "Phocais" (Story of Phocæa) we have not a syllable left, and no author I have access to affords any hint of the treatment. One is consequently divided between the idea that the treatment was that of Virgil, "Georg.," iv. 388-530, or that of Horace, "Epode," xvi. 15, 16; in other words, Proteus and his Seals, or the Phocæan Colony, perhaps both. Its genuineness

is proved not only on the authority of Herodotus, but also of the Phocæans, who not only assured Herodotus of the fact, but also gave so gratefully warm a reception to his grandson, Terpander, that he obtained the name, "Terpander Phocæus," being thereby distinguished from *the* Terpander. The story told by Menelaus in "Odyssey" v. is manifestly a passage from the lost "Phocais."

The following seems to be a fragment of the "Nostoi" (the Return of the Heroes from Troy) :—

> "Oh, fool, to slay the father
> And leave the child behind."

Ægysthus is doubtless here meant. The miserable end of the King of Men and the punishment of his murderer forms, we may suppose, the theme of one of the books of this poem, to which Homer refers in book i. 11-13, of what is unquestionably the sequel to it,—the "Odyssey." Indeed, the first four books of the "Odyssey" are an ingenious adaptation of the "Nostoi" to that poem.

And now we come to the Bolissus

poems,—the "Batrachomyomachia," the "Kerkopes," and the "Iamboi."

The "Kerkopes" (or Apes) may be dismissed in a few words. The title alone shows that it was a satirical performance written in a period of great bitterness and dejection. Suidas has preserved three lines which are believed to be from the "Kerkopes," but they are flat and insipid to the last degree, and totally unworthy of Homer. Still they have the true Homeric ring, and I fear we must give our poet the discredit of them. Of the "Kerkopes" we are enabled to rescue a second fragment from the jaws of Time by means of a fragment of Pindar. The fragment, as by this aid I venture to restore it, is as follows :—

> Ενθ'αυ δεινα παθοντες ατασθαλιησιν ενησιν
> Ηρωος νωτοισι κατωκαρα νυσταζοντες
> Δεσμοισιν Κερκωπες αεικελιοισι δεδενται.

(The words underlined are in Pindar.)

> "Then paying for their folly penance due,
> Nodding with head down on the hero's back,
> The Apes were bound with ignominious fetters."

The "Batrachomyomachia" (The Fight between the Frogs and the Mice),

attributed to Homer by the consent of all the authorities, translated by Parnell, and universally believed to be Homer's till the commencement of the hypersceptical period, has been rejected on grounds more absurdly trifling than an ordinary reader would believe were possible. The critics complain of his talking of the crowing of a cock, when in his time there were no cocks in all Greece to crow. As if the device of Idomeneus were not a cock; as if Sophocles did not refer to the well-known sleep-dispelling property of the cock's "shrill clarion," in a period long anterior to the birth of Homer, both in his "Admetus" and elsewhere. "My cock," says Admetus, "used to wake him up" (meaning Apollo) "to go to his work at the mill;" and in another play, the title of which is uncertain, he speaks of "the bird that cries, 'Coccu, Coccu.'" As if many of the ancient heroes did not go by that name; as if Æschylus, twice at least, and Aristophanes—; as if Homer himself did not tell us that world-known story; as if he ever *was* in Greece. But why waste more space upon an objection so wholly trivial? "But the poem speaks of writing

on tablets, therefore it cannot be Homer's." Nay we are expressly told (see Chap. viii.) that Homer *echarasse, i.e.*, used tablets. And besides, being as European as he was Asiatic, he was as likely, when he got to Chios, an island far on the way to Greece, to write on tablets as on parchment. He probably wrote on both, on the system that I have set forth elsewhere. And, indeed, his blindness made tablets well-nigh necessary, if even they were not invented for it.

I think while Homer was drudging his heart out upon the uncongenial brats of a sordid, low-minded fellow, whose name history has righteously declined to record, with temper soured and spirit crushed, his genius may have been under a temporary cloud; much as Shakespeare's was when he wrote his "Troilus and Cressida" and "Timon of Athens." And, besides, neither the sonorous flow of the Greek hexameter nor the sublime genius of our poet are at all suitable for aught so mean as parody. Voltaire has failed in comedy, a branch of literature one would have thought altogether in his line, far more signally than Homer has in burlesque, a branch of literature altogether out of his

line. Indeed, he has not, that I can see, failed at all. The "Batrachomyomachia" is not, it is true, mirth-provoking in the smallest degree; to split the sides of the vulgar was utterly out of Homer's power, even in the brightest hour of his existence, much less under his present distressing circumstances; but it is artistic, entertaining, thoughtful, and improves upon perusal. It is, we are told, a story composed for boys. Beyond all question, Homer wrote it for the delectation of his youthful charge at Bolissus. Certainly Pigres did not write it, for the humour is delicate, not broad, Erasmuslike, not Rabelaisian. Besides the "Batrachomyomachia," Homer is said to have written (doubtless with the same object) the "Arachnomachia" (the Fight of the Spiders), the "Psaromachia" (the Fight of the Starlings), and the "Geranomachia" (the Fight of the Cranes). But surely these were imitations by various hands, when Pigres first introduced the "Batrachomyomachia" at the Carian court, and it became for a time the rage. For attributing the "Arachnomachia" and the "Geranomachia" to

Homer, we have no authority at all, and for attributing the "Psaromachia" we have only the weak authority of Suidas; the words, "And 'the Fight of the Starlings,' and 'the Seven Shearings,'" not being in the original work of Herodotus at all, but having been unwarrantably foisted in by Westermann (see Westermann's "Lives," p. 13, note on line 320). Exactly so, some half-century or so ago, "The Butterfly's Ball" produced a sensation in a small way, and elicited numerous poems of the same description, *e.g.*, "The Fishes' Gala," "The Peacock's Banquet." This last was my own contemplated contribution to the series, when a boy of some thirteen or fourteen. Even to this day I remember a stanza of it, wretched enough I am afraid:—

> "The fishes' gala frolickt o'er,
> Amidst the waves' tempestuous roar,
> Unawed by fear of man;
> The dolphins lept, the Tritons play'd,
> The one provok'd, the other stay'd
> The surge that foaming ran."

But it would be ridiculous indeed for a New Zealand Suidas of the Thirtieth Century to represent the author of the

"Butterfly's Ball" as the author also of "The Fishes' Gala" and "The Peacock's Banquet."

The "Iamboi" contained the "Heptapaktion" (the Seven Shearings), the "Epikichlides" (Fieldfares), and the "Kenoi" (Empty Ones). The book appears to have gone sometimes by the title of one piece and sometimes by that of another, and it is therefore a threefold *bêtise* on the part of Suidas to say, "'The Fieldfares' and 'The Seven Shearings,'" that is to say, his 'Iambics,' . . . . the 'Paignia' (Foolings)"; as if "The Fieldfares" and "The Seven Shearings" were not one as much as the other a portion of his "Iambics," and a portion of the "Paignia," or as if they formed each, or even both together, a distinct poem. Just so, Suidas represents an extempore epigram, hardly worth the pipkin that our poet was paid for it,—"The Potters,"—as a distinct poem, instead of being only one, and that a very unworthy one, of a series of epigrams. Still we are highly indebted to him for mentioning "The Amazonia," and "The Nostoi," which else we should

not have known to have been our poet's. Not one line of the "Iamboi" is now extant, yet, all the same, it supplies Homeric bibliography with a very interesting and important piece of information. "Heptapaktion," or "Heptapektike," or "Heptapaktite," one and all come to much the same as the more common reading, "Heptapektos Aix" (the Seven-times-shorn Goat). But who was the goat; and what is the meaning of his being seven times shorn? Turn we to "Aulus Gellius," and we read that a goat was sacrificed to Homer after his death. And why? Because his earliest poem was entitled "Aix," from the goat which Agamemnon slew in the great hunt before setting out for Troy. Which goat led to the second act of the vengeance of Venus on the house of Tyndarus—the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, the Adultery of Clytemnestra, and the murder of Agamemnon,—the first act of the vengeance being the Rape of Helen, &c. During the earlier years of Homer's career, "The Goat" was probably the most celebrated, as it was certainly the first published, of his productions. Hence, as Dickens

gave himself the name of "Boz," and the authoress of "Moths" has given herself the name of "Ouida,"—and to come more closely to the point, as Scott was known as "Waverley," Butler as "Hudibras," and Swift as "Gulliver,"—so for a time Homer called himself and was known as "Aix" (the Goat). Hence the "Seven-times-shorn Goat" means the poor blind poet that was swindled by Thestorides out of his seven poems—the Pre-Bolissic "Heptabiblion" (p. 260, ll. 1–16) already commemorated.

"Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo."

The title of the poem was naturally no less well adapted to the iambic metre than the subject itself—the denunciation of a piece of rascality so unspeakably vile and treacherous.

The little piece with which the volume concluded, called "Epikichlides, or, the Fieldfares," because the poet sang it to the delighted village lads of Bolissus for the simple fee of some fieldfares they had trapped and killed amongst them, was mainly iambic, as we learn from that passage in Athenæus, in which he tells us

that "the works of Archilochus," which we know were iambic, "and the greater part of Homer's 'Fieldfares,' were similar in point of metrical construction."* And, indeed, their very name, just like "Heptapaktion," suggests iambic treatment. We can even fancy the poet winding up with some such verses as the following :—

"Και νυν αοιδης ενεκεν ω παιδες φιλοι
Τυφλῳ γεροντι δοτε μοι τας Επικιχλιδας."

"And now, dear lads, for his minstrelsee,
Give his Fieldfares to the blind old man—that's me."

But what can Athenæus mean by "the Fieldfares," referring to the passions,—evidently a good-humoured sally for the delectation of a pack of light-hearted peasant lads? Athenæus obviously refers to the "Heptapaktion," which formed the solid *pièce de résistance*, and with reference to which the justly-incensed poet might well have written as motto on the title-page :—

"The Seven Shearings
and other Poems,
by Homerus Melesigenes.
Si natura negat facit indignatio versum.
Anno CCVIII. post Trojam captam Bolissi
Scripsit Bucco."

* Athenæus, xiv. 4.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

We come now to the poems written during the few remaining months of our poet's life after leaving Chios,—the "Margites," the "Kaminos," the "Eiresione," the "Hymn to Apollo," and the "Alieis."

The "Margites" must have been a truly splendid performance. Certain miserable, low-minded, purse-proud sons of Belial, at Colophon, had taunted our poet with having wasted his talents and made no better provision for his old age, to say nothing of his wife and children, and wandering about "without visible means of subsistence," singing catches, with a voice broken by age and want and disease, for half-pence and scraps of bread and meat. But, doubtless, some good Samaritan or other gave him a bellyful of broken meat that the house-dog had declined and a stoup of wine that was beginning to turn sour, and then, like Scott's immortal minstrel, he burst forth into an impassioned blaze of immortal song.

The authenticity of the "Margites" is indisputable. The bill is backed by Proclus,

Plutarch, Anon. ("Lives," p. 29), Lesches, Aristotle, Plato, Hephæstion, Tzetzes, Harpocration, Aristophanes, Allatius, and Bentley.

But how is it that amongst so many that attest the Homeric origin of the "Margites" we in vain look for the venerable authority of the "Life of Lives," the pseudo-Herodotus? And how is it that Suidas assures us that Pigres, not Homer, wrote it, and that the imperial authoress of the "Violarium" abjudicates it? Answer: Because both Pigres *and* Homer wrote it. Because Pigres engrafted his Boccaccioesque obscenities upon the venerable fragments of the true "Margites" only one generation at most before the birth of Herodotus. If Herodotus and the pseudo-Herodotus are, as I firmly believe, one and the same person, then the pseudo-Herodotus must have known this, but durst not avow his knowledge, and therefore preferred to say nothing whatever on the subject.

Nothing could be more unlike than the "Margites" of Pigres, as it appears in Kinkel's "Epicorum Græcorum Fragmenta," and the true "Margites" of our immortal poet, so far as we can judge

from the few truly magnificent fragments remaining of it. Pigres's "Margites" was intended to split the sides of the free and easy Bohemian Court of Halicarnassus with merriment. Homer's "Margites" was as far removed from anything approaching to jocularity as the Sermon on the Mount, or the minstrel's sublime outburst :—

"Oh, Caledonia, stern and wild!"

As will plainly appear from the following outline of the Death-note of the Wild Swan of the Meles that Pigres travestied some four centuries after into obstreperous cacklings :—

An aged man and a divine minstrel, the servant of the Muses and of far-darting Apollo, came to Colophon with a melodious lyre in his well-practised hands. This old man was Homer; this old man was Margites. Homer was fond, we know, of this bitter self-pleasantry. When young he had called himself the "Goat." As we have not one single line of his poem, so-called, I have only been able imperfectly to explain why; but the reason that most commends itself to my judgment is that, just as the children of Belial at

Samaria cried out to Elisha, "Go up, thou bald head," so the children of Belial at Smyrna and Cyme (the Chorazin and Bethsaida of Philo-Homeric hagiology) cried after our poet, "There goes the goat; there goes the blind old billy-goat!"

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

Tattered, squalid, with sightless eyes, staggering gait, and neglected beard, who can wonder that he was an object of wicked derision to these wretched brats? Where the parents were brutal, can we wonder that the children were unmannerly? Where the parents denied him food and lodging, can we wonder that the children should call out after him? Where the parents jeered at his blindness, can we wonder that the children laughed at his beard? The children bawling out after him, and the parents refusing him bread, make two well-matched pictures of the Cimmerian darkness of Calibandom in all the moral obscenity of its demi-savage ignorance, "naked, and not ashamed."

Even so he caught up the ruffian taunt of the Dogberrys of Cyme, and ever after accentuated his name (not Hómeros, but

Homêros), not to signify hostage, as before, but blind beggar. Oh! what an awful day must that have been for him when he was thus twice outraged; and now he caught up the taunt so often hurled against the children of genius by dull commonplace blockheadry, and wrote his "Fool." "This fool," our poet goes on to say, "the gods made neither a digger nor a plougher, nor good for anything in the 'varsal world. He could only keep on singing and begging till p'liceman A bade him 'move on!'" Only that. This is all we have of Homer's portrait of himself at seventy.

Against it he sets the true fool, who knows how to do a great many things, but knows none of them thoroughly. "Jack of all trades, master of none," the most perfect possible antithesis to the poet who knew but one thing, but knew that as no other man ever did or ever will, either before or after him. In other words, the poem might have been called, "The so-called Fool, but really Wise, and the so-called Wise but really Fool." The marvellously wise old man Margites says really clever things with a mock air of folly,—*e.g.*, "Who is the true begetter of a man,

who has the greater part in the child,—his father or his mother?" As we all know, a favourite doubt amongst the ancient philosophers. Polypragmon, on the contrary, the Colophonian Dogberry, says really asinine commonplaces with a mock air of wisdom. The piece ends, of course, in the ignominious overthrow of the grovelling on all fours pseudo-political economy of three thousand years ago.

And now let the very cleverest of my readers ponder on the account given of "Margites" in Kinkel's "Epicorum Fragmenta," pp. 67-69, and summon his utmost power of clairvoyance to bear upon it. Can he reconcile what he finds there? Though he dilates his eyes to their very utmost, I am sure he cannot. In the hands of Pigres, the marvellously wise old man of Tzetzes sinks into the idiotic Margites of Eustathius, his Socratic irony becomes drivelling folly, and the divine minstrel becomes the laughing-stock of the Attic stage for the preposterous lunacy of his second childhood. In brief, the Margites of Homer is a Julian mockingly accepting the ill-bred taunts of the frivolous mob of Antioch only the more effectually

to confute the foes of "divine philosophy" and lash them with righteous scorn. The Margites of Pigres, on the contrary, is a Handy Andy, a Wise Man of Gotham. Homer wrote a "Defence of Poetry," an "Apologia pro Vita sua." Pigres wrote a witty burlesque,—a masterpiece of Boccaccioesque obscenity. No wonder Aristotle and Plato, and those that contemplated only the unmistakably Homeric fragments still remaining, should unhesitatingly pronounce the "Margites" the work of Homer, whilst Suidas and Eudocia, and those who looked rather at the grotesque and plainly unhomeric elements, as unhesitatingly pronounced it the work of Homer's ape, Pigres, the Interpolator. And this is what Lucian means when he mockingly says that Pigres or Tigres was Homer's father, because Homer's "Paignia" — the "Batrachomyomachia," the "Margites," and perhaps others—were thus fathered upon him.

And now we come to the Hymns, three of which, "To Apollo," "To Diana," and "To Ceres," I believe to be Homer's. Of this last only a part remains; for Pausanias has certain lines out of it in his "Messeniaca" that we no longer have. They are all of them worthy of our great poet, and bear strong internal marks of authenticity. The "Hymn to Mercury" is more questionable. It has the irresistible authority of Shelley; and Shelley was not to be imposed upon by any name, however great. He told Byron to his face that his "Deformed Transformed" was the worst thing he had ever written, and borrowed too,—an inferior *réchauffé* of Goethe's "Faust." Nor did he hesitate to pronounce, no doubt rightly, the "Two Noble Kinsmen," whether partly Shakespeare's or not, a wholly worthless performance. But he thought the "Hymn to Mercury" well worth translation, and it is certainly a most agreeable and entertaining performance. Still, as Dr. Ihne observes, it bears internal marks of not being Homer's, and we have four reasons for assigning it to Terpander: (1) Its great excellence. (2) Its being to Hermes, Terpander's god of gods. (3) Its mention of the seven-stringed lyre, Terpander's especial invention. (4) Terpander's direct descent from Homer renders it the more probable that

his *chef-d'œuvre* should be added to his immortal ancestor's works.

And now we come to our poet's last work of all,—"Hymn to Apollo." Homer wrote this hymn previous to leaving Samos for Athens, with a view to recitation at Delos, when he touched at that island on his way thither. Unhappily, unfavourable winds somewhat deflected him from his course to Ios, and there he died, his "Hymn to Apollo" unrecited, his visit to Athens unpaid. The following is the order in which the islands and cities between Athens and Crete come in Homer (of the mountains I take no account):—1, Aigina; 2, Euboia; 3, Aigai; 4, Peiresiai; 5, Peparethos; 6, Samothrace; 7, Skuros; 8, Phokaia; 9, Imbros; 10, Lemnos; 11, Lesbos; 12, Chios; 13, Korukos; 14, Klaros; 15, Samos; 16, Miletos; 17, Cos; 18, Knidos; 19, Karpathos; 20, Naxos; 21, Paros; 22, Rhenaia; 23, between Chios and Corycus, Erythræ, at the foot of Mount Mimas, by implication.

Now, which of these is unworthy of mention? Aigina, the native seat of the Æacidæ, and deriving its name from the sacred Aigis of the god of the Cretan sea,

—Jove, to whom, next only to Crete itself, it was sacred? Euboia, the greatest island in the Aigaian sea? Aigai, that gave the Aigaian sea its name? Peiresiai and Peparethos, rivals in the production of "wine that maketh glad the poet's heart," and inspires his joyous lay? Samothrace, the home of the mysteries of the Cabiri? Phokaia, the theme of the "Phocais"? Imbros, with traditions so similar to those of our own poet's native Smyrna, a harbour of the same name as Smyrna had of old,—Naulochus,—and an eyot in front of it, with a wicked giant, the Typhon of the Ægean, howling beneath its crust? Lemnos, the seat of Vulcan and the love-tryst of Hupnos? Lesbos, the first home of the Æolian emigrants? Chios, Homer's own home? Erythræ, the home of the Sybil, all hospitable welcome to our poet at the foot of Mount Mimas, named from his celebrated Æolid ancestor? Corycus, the native place of the nymph beloved by Apollo, from whom the Corycian cave on Mount Parnassus derived its name, and from whom the Muses, too, were called Corycidæ Nymphæ? Klaros, so prominently connected in the "Hymn to Artemis"

with our poet's birth on the banks of the Meles? Samos, where he was now residing, and from whence he was about to set sail? Miletus, the Alma Mater of Asiatic Greek literature? Cos Meropis, so called because there first Merops, a son of the earth, was endowed with a human voice,—in other words, because there first the gods gave to man the gift of articulate speech? Cos, the seat of the Asclepiadæ, the descendants of him that was the dearest to Apollo of all his children, and through whom, as Pausanius shows, our poet claimed kindred with them thus:—Antideia, the daughter of *Diocles*, married Machaon, the son of Æsculapius, and by him became the ancestress of the Asclepiadæ: hence our poet's reference to the story of Pandareus, of Cos, who pledged Jupiter's golden dog with Tantalus the Bad, and then could not get it back; for which the thief was swallowed up alive like Dathan and Abiram, and the roguish broker delivered up to the torments of his mortal foe? Knidos, one of the two principal seats of Venus,—Knidos, the capital of the Dorian Hexapolis, but founded by Triopas, one of the early Argive kings, many ages before the Trojan

war? Karpathos, that gave name to the Karpathian sea? Naxos, so celebrated in the myths of Theseus and Ariadne, devoted to the worship of Bacchus, and abounding in corn, wine, oil, and fruit, whose eight distinct names alone show its great importance? Paros, celebrated for its marble, on which all the marvels of bygone history were inscribed, and from which doubtless came the marble on which was inscribed our poet's ambiguous epitaph? Or, lastly, little Rhenæa, a chain's length only from Delos,—weasel-less, guineafowl-less Rhenæa, that Apollo loved so dearly?

Could a better selection of names possibly have been given, or possessing greater interest for the Homeric bibliographer? Especially if we reflect that in Homer's time Apollo was the god of wine (as inspiring the poet's lay), not Bacchus. Hence the mention of the principal wine-growing islands,—Peparethos, Lemnos, Lesbos, Chios, and Naxos. Nor will any thoughtful reader be disconcerted by the appearance of the names of mountains of, to us, but little interest or significance, *e.g.*,

* Hor., Od., III. xxviii. 12, 13.

Akrokane, Aigageai, and Mycale, when he reflects what a prominent figure mountains make in the habitat of the gods and their intercourse with man; that on their summits sacrifice was offered to the gods, and in their cool caves the sacred poet mused and sang.

But, above all, note the prominence given to Lesbos and Chios, each occupying one entire line, the former as the ancestral seat of our poet's race, the latter as the place of his abode during the last twenty or four-and-twenty years of his life.

> "And Chios, dear Chios, the fairest by far
> Of all the green islands that lie in the sea,"

needs no remark of mine to emphasise its deep significance. But—

> "And goodly Lesbos, the ancestral seat
> Of Makar, worthy son of Æolus,"

requires a few words.

"Makar founded Lesbos after the flood."* From this Makar, the tutelary hero of the aborigines, the Makar of Homer's date derived his name. The

* Suidas, art. "Makar."

Lesbians called themselves Æoliots or Æoliones, from their ancestor, Aiolos or Piebald, the Æolian being a mixed race. The phrase, Makar Æolion, *may* mean no more than this; but I think it means much more. I think it is history packed very close. When Gras won the great victory that gave to Hellas the seaboard of Asia Minor, he called his new-born boy Makar, in compliment to the aborigines, much as our Edward called his new-born boy Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales. His son was called Aiolos; his son was also called Makar, but to distinguish him from Makar I. with the addition Æolion, double-edged, Græco more, that is, signifying both son of Aiolos, his father, and descendant of Aiolos, as being an Æoliot. Just in the same way Minos called his son Deucalion (as being a Deucalid on the mother's side) and Orpheus gave his son Ortis the surname of Dorion to attest his Dorian origin.

The reader will see the purport of the above remarks further on.

To be brief, the mentions we have of Phocæa, Imbros, and Samos, and the strikingly conspicuous mention of Chios

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> Of Makar, worthy son of Æolus,"

requires a few words.

"Makar founded Lesbos after the flood."* From this Makar, the tutelary hero of the aborigines, the Makar of Homer's date derived his name. The

* Suidas, art. "Makar."

Lesbians called themselves Æoliots or Æoliones, from their ancestor, Aiolos or Piebald, the Æolian being a mixed race. The phrase, Makar Æolion, *may* mean no more than this; but I think it means much more. I think it is history packed very close. When Gras won the great victory that gave to Hellas the seaboard of Asia Minor, he called his new-born boy Makar, in compliment to the aborigines, much as our Edward called his new-born boy Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales. His son was called Aiolos; his son was also called Makar, but to distinguish him from Makar I. with the addition Æolion, double-edged, Græco more, that is, signifying both son of Aiolos, his father, and descendant of Aiolos, as being an Æoliot. Just in the same way Minos called his son Deucalion (as being a Deucalid on the mother's side) and Orpheus gave his son Ortis the surname of Dorion to attest his Dorian origin.

The reader will see the purport of the above remarks further on.

To be brief, the mentions we have of Phocæa, Imbros, and Samos, and the strikingly conspicuous mention of Chios

and Lesbos go far to prove the soundness of our view, and not less do the names that are absent. Thus, the absence of Rhodes and Colophon proves that Homer was born at neither of those places. The absence of Smyrna, the birthplace of our poet, and of Cyme, the birthplace of our poet's mother, testify to the ungrateful neglect with which those two cities dishonoured their prophet. "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that dishonour me shall be lightly esteemed." Phocæa is here and they are not; Phocæa has the "Phocais" written in its honour; Smyrna and Cyme are never once mentioned in the whole range of our poet's works, save Smyrna, once in the "Hymn to Artemis," before she for the second and last time cast him out to wander in want and blindness and beggary over all the coast of Asia Minor, and from islet to islet till he died. But the absence of Ios is even more remarkable still. It could have been brought in so easily in a thousand ways. Thus, for instance:—

"Αστυπαλαια τ' Ιος τε καὶ ευρεσιτεχνος Αμοργος"—

"And Astypalæa, and Ios, and inventive Amorgos"—

which would have been all the more

natural, as the two islands were originally named from two sisters of Cadmus and Europa—Astypalæa and Phœnike.

How then was it not? Had the hymn been written after the death of Homer,—had it been written by any one but Homer, especially the pseudo-Homer,—nay, had it been written by Homer himself a few months later, it must have been. Its absence utterly discredits the account of the pseudo-Plutarchus, Ephorus, and Aristotle, based upon the lying legends of the Ians. Had Homer's mother been born there, or conceived Homer there, or been stolen by pirates from thence, or had Homer, after his weary and life-long wanderings, returned there to die (much like the butterfly after depositing her eggs), and be buried there,—then, again I say, some such line as I have interpolated, must have been found in the hymn. Or had Homer consulted the Oracle as alleged, and learned he was to die at Ios, or had he foreseen it of himself, or even if he had intended to stop there, or had not been driven there by stress of wind, then again—

"Ιχθυοεσσα τ' Ιος"—

"And fish-abounding Ios"—

would have formed the commencement of the last line but one of the list of islands, cities, and mountains, more especially sacred to the god of song.

And now let us turn to the contest between Hesiod and Homer, and there we read:—"And having stayed in the city" (Argos) "a certain time, he sailed to Delos to the assembly, and, standing upon the altar of horn, he recited" the hymn in question.*

Now, the Homer here spoken of by Lesches is the pseudo-Homer. And either he or the true Homer anyhow must have written the hymn. But we shall see, in the course of the next chapter but one, that he could not have written it, therefore the true Homer must have done so.

But I regret to see that the gifted and venerable author of "Homeric Synchronisms"† complains that "the composer of the hymn has no rule or arrangement." But is this so? Most emphatically it is not so, but the very contrary. See here is the map of the Ægean and the cities and islands in it, between Athens and Crete, beloved by Apollo.

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 44.
† Pages 101, 102.

HOMERIC MAP OF THE ISLANDS, CITIES, AND MOUNTAINS CONSPICUOUS FOR THE CULT OF APOLLO, THE GOD OF SONG, AND WINE, AND MUSIC, AND GIVEN OVER TO HIS WORSHIP.

Samothrace.
Mt. Athos. Mt. Tmolus.
Lemnos. *Troy.*
Lesbos.
Peparethus.
Peiresiæ. Scyros nova.
Ægæ. [Scyros]. *Cumæ.* Phocæa.
Eubœa. Chios. Erythræ. *Smyrna.*
Corycus. *Colophon.*
ATHENS. Claros.
Ægina. *Ephesus.*
Delos. Samos.
Rhenæa. Miletus.
Naxos.
Paros.
Ios. Cos.
Cnidus.
Rhodes.
Carpathus.
CRETE.

*** Places conspicuous by their absence are printed in *italics*.

Amongst them are to be seen neither Rhodes nor Colophon, for he was born at neither of those places, and he hated the latter not only as being Amazonian and the cause of his banishment, but also as having blasphemed the God of Song in his person during his recent stay there. Still less do we see Cyme and Smyrna, for they had rejected the God's high-priest the poet, that, as he had been born within the radius of his especial presence at Claros, so was destined to die within the radius of his especial presence at Delos. Neither, lastly, do we see Ios, for neither was his mother from that place, nor could he foreknow that he should die there; nor Troy, where the lot of the schoolmaster amongst its handsome but wanton and idle urchins was a dreary one.

Now, excluding that one line about Scyros, where is the want of "topical continuity"? If we only transpose—

> "Σκυρος και Φωκαια και Ακροκανης ορος αιπυ"—
>
> "Scyros and Phocæa and the lofty mountain of Acrocane"—

from the sixth line to the ninth of the list, the order is so absolutely unexceptionable

that one could fancy the poet had a "Bradshaw" or an "A B C" on the table before him in writing his hymn. Obviously, however, the Scyros here mentioned is not the Scyros in which Theseus, the especial hero of Athens, was treacherously murdered, and in which Neoptolemus, the ruffianly butcher of our poet's infant Astyanax, was born. That Scyros was exactly the one place on the face of the earth that our poet would most studiously avoid mentioning. And, besides, it has no connection either with him or with Apollo, and was wholly out of his route. The Scyros here referred to is, of course, the Scyros of which our poet wrote:—

> "Achilles slept in the corner of the tent,
> And by his side fair-cheek'd Diomede,
> Whom he from Lesbos carried, Phorbas' daughter;
> And on the other side Patroclus lay,
> And by him Iphis, great Achilles' gift,
> When he won lofty Scyros from Enyeus."

Doubtless hither went the children of Achilles by Diomede and of Patroclus by Iphis, and other Asiatic Thessalians, and named it, just as they named Larissa, Magnesia, Cumæ, Arne, and Erythræ from

the Greek towns of the same name. And in all probability it was their descendants that subsequently colonised Cyme and Smyrna. Well, then, may Scyros have been sacred to Apollo in our poet's eyes.

And this is a further proof that the Scyros of the hymn is not the Scyros of King Lycomedes. Homer (the pseudo-Homer, of course), is said to have died at Scyros. Now, nothing more natural than that he should die at the lofty Scyros of Enyeus, in the course of his Phil-Homeric pilgrimages between Troy and Chios. But what should bring him to such an out-of-the-way island as Scyros?

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

But why should Ægæ be especially sacred to Apollo, even though it *did* give name to the Ægean Sea? Permit me to answer this question by another. Why, on the festive day of Neptune, do the poet Horace and his Lyde sing alternately in honour, the one of Neptune and the

Nereids, and the other of Latona and Diana? Next to the mother that bore him, at Delos, the god to whom that island belonged obviously deserved commemoration in an ode to Delian Apollo. Next, therefore, only to Delos should Ægæ be sacred, not so much because it gave name to the Ægean as because there was Neptune's "glorious home, golden, shining, and imperishable."

One last question that greatly vexed antiquity. Which was written first,—the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey"? Lucian says, in "The True Story," that Homer told him he wrote the "Iliad" first. That is, we learn that fact by the perusal of his writings. And so we do. The mental and physical decline and exhaustion of the septuagenarian bard are most palpable in the latter books of the "Odyssey." I cannot, however, see that there is greater unity of design in the "Odyssey" than in the "Iliad." A mere general reader sees no lack of the said unity in the "Iliad," whereas in the "Odyssey" he cannot help being struck with the double proœmium (that in Book I. and that in Book V.) and the double Nekuia (that in

Book XI. and that in Book XXIV.). I am, therefore, led strongly to believe that the first four books after Book I., 1-79, formed originally no part of it, nor the first 27 lines of Book V., nor much, if any, after Book XII. My reasons are—(1) Those already alleged actually conclusive as regards Books I.-IV. (2) The extreme inferiority of Books I.-IV. after the first hundred lines or so and of Books XIV.-XXIII. (3) The sudden flash of fine poetry in the second Nekuia, and "Od." I. 32–43, which are fragments of the Nostoi. (4) The extremely autobiographical character of Books XIII.-XVIII. Till then Homer speaks of himself very furtively, but now his mask is almost off, his drift almost undisguised. And my conclusions are as follows :—

> "Ye all are right and all are wrong,"

as the chameleon says in the fable. Homer wrote "Od." I. 1-79, and from "Od." V. 28, to "Od." XII. before the "Iliad," and the rest afterwards. His audience got weary of the garrulous egotism, as they profanely deemed it, of his decline; and, in spite of splendid efforts in Books XIX.,

XXI., XXIII., and XXIV., he found himself compelled to leave Chios by the forbidding spectre of an empty lecture-room. Indeed, so obvious is that decline that sixteen out of the twenty-four Books of the "Odyssey" are little short of proof positive that Homer wrote. Even to us moderns they are much less interesting than his former poems; to his contemporaries they must have been immeasurably so. The demand for them, therefore, must have been so limited that they must necessarily have perished if not written. They must always, of course, have pleased in the study; but for recitation in those rude times they must surely have been less, much less, attractive than others of his poems, of which not a line is left, *e.g.*, the "Aix" and the "Amphiaraus," or but a few disputed lines, *e.g.*, the "Cypria," the "Ilias Mikra," and the "Nostoi."

So much for his writings. Next, briefly, for the editions and translations thereof.

Zenodotus brought out the first annotated edition, 280 B.C. Aristophanes of Byzantium first devised the present system of accentuation, 200 B.C.

Aristarchus divided the "Iliad" into

24, and the "Odyssey" into 24 books,* 156 B.C.

The oldest MS. (an Egyptian papyrus), containing a certain portion of Homer, was written about the same time.

The oldest MS. of the "Iliad" (Venetus A.) was written in the 14th century.

The works of Homer were first printed at Florence, 1488 A.D., that is to say, just four centuries ago. This was the first book ever printed, except one psalm, and, strange to say, the "Batrachomyomachia."

The best English translation of both "Iliad" and "Odyssey," in verse, are those of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper; in prose, that in Bohn's "Classical Library": of the "Iliad" only, those of Derby and Longfellow in verse, and Lang and others in prose; of the "Odyssey," those of Worsley in verse, and Butcher in prose.

The Cyclic poets are Arctinus, Lesches, Agias, and Eugammon. It is not quite certain whether they wrote, Arctinus the "Æthiopis," Lesches the "Ilias Parva," and Agias the "Nostoi," on the basis of Homer's works on those subjects, or not. But, anyhow, their writing on those subjects is

* Plutarch.

no proof that he did not write on them. It only proves that his previous works had perished. These lasted till the time of Pausanias. Ultimately, however, they too disappeared, and were replaced by the works, in Latin prose, of Septimius and Probus, and in Greek verse of Coluthus, Tryphiodorus, and Alcibiades of Smyrna, commonly known as Quintus Smyrnæus.

Homer is probably the very first writer that enjoyed the distinction of being translated from one language into another. In consequence of the conquests of Alexander the Great, his works were translated, as Ælian informs us, into all the Oriental languages.

Livius Andronicus wrote an "Odyssey," supposed to be a free translation of Homer's, in the third century before Christ.

Homer has been translated into almost all the modern European languages. The best translation is in German, by Voss.

The most valuable scholia to the "Iliad" were edited by Bekker, Berlin, 1825, in two vols. 4to. The most valuable scholia to the "Odyssey" were published by Buttmann, Berlin, 1821.

The most celebrated commentary ever written on any author is that by Eustathius on Homer, in two huge folio volumes.

The best edition of the "Iliad" is by Heyne; the best of the "Odyssey" is by Nitzch.

The best English edition of the "Iliad" is Paley's; of the "Odyssey," Haysman's.

Buttmann's "Lexilogus," and Damm's "Lexicon Homericum," are the best Homeric word-books; the latter as being written in the last century of the positive, the former as being written in the present century of the negative school.

Homer shares with the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson, the highest of all possible literary honours,—a Concordance.

The only complete translation of *all* his works—the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Hymns, Epigrams, and Batrachomyomachia,—is that in Bohn's Library, and even this does not contain the Fragments.

CHAPTER VIII.

DID HE WRITE?

And now we come to the great question of questions, "Did Homer write?"

We have a thousand reasons for thinking he did. All antiquity believed in the primeval discovery of writing. It was theopneustos, Adam scrawled love-songs to Eve on the fig-leaves he afterwards made breeches of. Jove himself wrote on sheepskins. From his brain sprang, long before Cecrops, the bottled wisdom (Metis) of literature, the "dear child" of his weary travels over the then known world. Tritogeneia was seen on the banks of Lake Tritonis, 1796 B.C., in the reign of Ogyges, *i. e.*, writing was discovered in Egypt about that time. Hephaestus begot Apollo upon Minerva—that is, great deeds

were immortalised on brass at the birth of the Higher Speech. It is an idea of which all Ancient Theogony is eloquent. Jupiter, that is, the Higher Speech, bound his father Saturn, *i. e.*, Time, in chains. And when we are told that Rhea gave Saturn a stone to eat, it means that the record of great deeds was carved on stone. Even as Shakespeare has it —

"If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't."

"Möyses primus Hebræas exaravit litteras
Abraham Syras et olim protulit Chaldaicas
Isis arte non minore condidit Ægyptias."*

Abraham wrote I know not what, but presume "My Calling and my Covenant," which the venerable author of the Pentateuch doubtless made use of in his "Genesis" ..... 1921 B.C.

Isis published, after her husband's death, "Travels and Adventures in the Mulberry Leaf" ..... 1528 B.C.

* Anthologia Latina.

Moses wrote his "Laws"..... 1491 B.C.
" "Pentateuch"... 1451 B.C.

When Adam was now a comparatively young man of only 230 years of age, Seth invented Hebrew letters, and, with their help (for otherwise he could not), "The Wisdom of the Egyptians, and the Signs of the Zodiac, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the sun, the moon, and the five planets, and the Septentrions. And to the planets, also, he gave their present names, Saturn, Jupiter, &c."*

So says the venerable John Malala of Antioch. And the Chaldæans, also, from times indefinitely remote, assert that writing was discovered before the First Flood, viz., that of Noah, or Xisuthrus, for which Usher and the Vulgate give the date 2348 B.C., but the immeasurably higher authority of the Septuagint gives the much earlier date of 3246 B.C. "And Old Father Time (Kronos) warned King Xisuthrus to put his books away in a safe place before the rain came down and spoilt them."* Of course this means the study of the heavenly bodies, the principal of

* Malala.

whom his great ancestor had named Saturnus, which, I presume, is Sethese for Time, and the next Zeus, Sethese for the art of writing, by which the dull, leaden tyranny of Time is dethroned. And this is the meaning of the strange saying among the Greeks, above referred to,—"Jove wrote on sheepskins." Of course the reader will understand that this is the Chaldæan way of putting the thing. According to them, Noah foresaw the flood by study of the stars under divine inspiration. And obviously any celestial observations worthy of the name were clean impossible without writing. Obviously the greater involves the less. And the poet distinctly informs us that the first astronomers wrote

> "Πρωτοι δε γραμμησι πολον διεμετρησαντο."
>
> "They first with figured charts mappt out the pole."

But, to say nothing of the star-gazing, sky-supporting house of Atlas, celestial observations were taken as early as 2234 B.C. There must, therefore, have been writing long before then—if we credit the fairly harmonious account of the Chaldæans and of Malala, long before the flood. Even if Adam did not write love-songs to Eve on the fig-leaves that were afterwards the outward and visible sign of his shameful fall from innocence, yet did Seth, according to Malala, invent writing some 3600 B.C., according to our date; some 3500 before Homer, according to the date of the Septuagint. All this may seem, at first sight, mere trifling, but indeed it is a primary object with me to show, wholly irrespective of the truth of this or that world-old legend, that mankind have in all ages been pervaded with a strong instinctive conviction of the extreme antiquity of writing; that just as man, as he develops from the brute, requires speech, so, as he develops from the savage, he requires writing. And it is an objection beyond all words grovellingly contemptible to urge that the proof is undocumentary. The name of God is not written in yonder sky, yet, nevertheless, absolute Atheists are few. The letters of no alphabet are written on the brain, as "ai" was fabled by the poets to be written on the hyacinth, yet the innate love of knowledge, and the lofty aspirations of the super-animal instinct of

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reason, convinced the reverent heathen that the same divine faculty that inspired the lower, inspired also the higher speech, and secured him from the hideous blank of modern hyperscepticism. Surely, as compared with his noble humility, our learned pride seems to retrograde to the condition of our primeval ancestors, and to go on all fours.

Writing, then, was first discovered by Seth, 3500 years before Homer. Xisuthrus stored his library in the Ark 3246 B.C. The Chaldæans took celestial calculations (involving elaborate use of writing, as I have already observed) 2234 B.C. Abraham introduced the Chaldaic character into Palestine 1921 B.C. Writing was discovered in Libye (or Cyrenaice or Egypt, it is not quite clear which) in the days of Ogyges, as appears from the legend of the birth of Tritogeneia, some time previous to the flood of Ogyges, 1764 B.C.

Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyptian, is said to have first re-invented letters in the time of Osiris. But, long before his time, Athotis, in the Second Egyptian Dynasty, wrote a book on Dissection. Hermippus

expounded 2,000 verses composed by Zoroaster in the time of Semiramis.* The Canaanites, flying, as they alleged, before the hideously-grinding oppression of Joseph, during the seven years of famine, about 1702 B.C., carved this inscription: "We are banisht from our paternal acres by Joseph the Bandit."†

And now Tritogeneia, who had long been worshipped in Egypt under the name of Sais, at a town so named, at last came to Greece with Cecrops, and chose Athens for her own especial city. But she would be a virgin, and Vulcan claimed her promised hand in vain; that is, the higher speech was free and unfettered. Written in wax one day, it was blotted out the next with the transverse pen,—the pen of iron, with which Vulcan had brought her into the world. But now he wished to wed her to imperishable monuments of brass, but her time was not yet come. The brazen records were hidden for a thousand years under ground, till the time of the father of Acusilaus.

* Pliny, "N. H.," xxx. 2.

† Müller, "Fragmenta Græcæ Historiæ," art. "Manetho."

The year before the flood of Deucalion, 1503 B.C., died Phäethon, Prince of Abyssinia. He studied astronomy with so much ardour that he was said to have been the son of Helios, and to have borrowed his chariot for a day. He wrote three books on Solar Geography, in which he possibly discussed the causes of the abnormal heat of the year in which he died, and prognosticated therefrom the flood which followed it in the ensuing year. His three books, entitled "Heliades," each with a distinct Heliac title,—(1) "Aigle," (2) "Lampetie," (3) "Phäethusa,"—written under the pleasant shade of some Ethiopian river, absurdly mistaken for the Po, appear to have perished with him. Query, however, may not the work have terminated with a description of the Po, and the amber-dropping poplars on its banks, and the mournful melody of the swans? From Gondar to Milan may well have been as much of the world as was then known; to Calpe doubtless was; and he may have meant to add one more book, but left the work incomplete owing to his sudden death by sunstroke.

King Armais wrote his travels and adventures; and Io, his queen, afterwards deified as Isis, in honour of whom the first letter in the alphabet was called "Ox's head" by the Phœnicians,* published them after his death, no doubt with the figure of an ox's head on the title-page, and the first letter of the first word, "Amun," ingeniously distorted, modern story-book fashion, into the form of an ox's head, some thirteen generations, or about 450 years, before Homer; or, as Ovid prettily puts it, Io made her father acquainted with her calamity by writing her name upon the sand with her hoof; *i.e.*, she sent him a copy of the work with her name on the fly-leaf. Cecrops Diphyes introduced the new discovery into Attica, 1556 B.C. From Agenor, the great grandson of Io, the Phœnicians received the great gift of the higher speech, and called the letters "Phoinikika," from his son Phœnix, and the tree that supplied the leaves for writing, "Phœnix." That leaves were anciently used for writing we know (1) from this; (2) from Virgil's "Sibyl";

* Bachman's "Anecdota," vol. i. p. 73.

(3) from the ekphullophoria (banishment), and petalismos (voting) by leaves of the Syracusans; (4) from all that we know concerning Dares Phrygius; (5) from the usage of the word "leaf" in all languages. A generation later, Cadmus, the son of Agenor, and his cousin Danaus, the son of Belus, introduced the invention of Seth into Bœotia and the Peloponnese respectively; the first 1493 B.C., and the second a little later. Cadmus erected, we are told, a statue of Minerva at Thebes, with the inscription, "ONGA," her name amongst the Phœnicians; and about the same time Moses, "trained in all the learning of the Egyptians," wrote his "Pentateuch." But even before the introduction of the Kadmika or Phoinikika grammata, we read that scarcely had the flood (of Ogyges) subsided when the Pelasgi began to scribble in the rude aboriginal character which, in opposition to the new and improved method, went by the name of Pelasgika grammata. The Pelasgica grammata bore much the same relation to the Kadmika grammata as the Runic arrowheads do to the black letter. Buried with the shapeless Runic, the cuneiform

Assyrian, and the Egyptian hieroglyphic in the excavated *débris* of remote antiquity, they still excite the curiosity of the learned. But they disappeared early from the face of the earth before the Cadmic as did the Runic before the Saxon.

But even if we put them entirely aside, yet from sources entirely different we know that there were letters in Greece long before Cadmus. Even as Philostratus says in his "Heroica," and Tzetzes in his "Chiliades":—"Letters were before Cadmus, as appears from the oracle":—

"Come, listen unto my word, oh Cadmus, son of Agenor," &c.

And the Danaides inscribed under the lion of brass that guarded one of their wells:—

"The Gods made Argos ill water'd,
But the Danaides have made it well water'd." *

Which blasphemy brought on them the certainly not inappropriate punishment of drawing water for ever in Hell in sieves.

* Hesiod's "Fragments."

Long before Trophonius built the magnificent temple of stone at Delphi, 1263 B.C.,—long even before the days "when all was of copper, and there was no iron," and Trophonius built Erechtheus his Apollo's celebrated first temple of copper,—in the golden age, when the gods conversed with man as with a friend, in temples roofed with turf,—in times the most fabulously remote, oracles were believed to have descended from Heaven, and to have been read by the eye of man.

But Phæmonoe was, as Pausanias informs us, the first Delphic priestess. And she was the first that delivered the oracles in hexameters; and her "Doves" were the first collection of oracles.* With her the MS. file of oracles at the Shrine of Loxias, of which Euripides speaks,† doubtless commenced. She lived two generations before Acrisius.‡ That is to say, in the times of the Danaidæ. If, then, writing was known almost from the beginning of the world, and had now been

* Paus., x. 5, § 4, 12, § 5.

† Pleisthenes, Fragm. Inedit., πολλ'εστι πολλα Λοξιου μαντευματα.

‡ Schol. Eurip. Orest., 1,094.

introduced into every part of Greece,—according to some nearly four and at the very least two entire centuries,—how is it possible even to imagine that the greatest of poets and the most gifted of mankind should be ignorant of it? An angel-gorilla were an enormity in the origin of species only two steps more monstrous. Immediately on emerging from savagery, man, looking upwards, invented the higher or mental speech. All antiquity attests this again and again. And if the Pelasgic demi-savage scribbled his barbarous runes ere the earth was yet dry after the Flood, be sure that Apollo's darling of darlings was no "mute inglorious Milton"—mute, we mean, as regards the higher or mental speech.

But even dismissing all primeval legends, and confining ourselves to the broad outlines of universally-admitted facts, Orpheus, Olen, and Linus sang; Endymion, Phäethon, and Atlas studied astronomy; Cecrops Diphyes, Cadmus, and Danaus (with whom the fascinating dawn of Hellenic history commences) introduced the great invention of mental speech into the native lands that they respectively

adopted; Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus made laws; navies sprang up in every port; Jason went with the flower of Greece on a great exploring expedition in quest of the precious metals round the then known world; Dædalus, Palamedes, and others invented all sorts of wonderful things; Bellerophon brought a letter of introduction to the court of Jobates; armour was carved, embossed, and designed in the most marvellous manner centuries and centuries before the time of Homer. Pooh-pooh all this as you will, but there never was smoke without fire, and so much at least remains unquestionable that there was such a progress in the arts and sciences long before Homer as to render the discovery of writing in or before his time highly probable. The shield of Hercules, and the armour of Achilles, the breastplate of Agamemnon, the cunning embroideries of Troy, of Athens, and of Ithaca, showed a vast advance in science beyond mere writing, just as mezzotinto, engraving, &c., do beyond mere printing; and when peace was fully restored, and poetry, to commemorate the great war and its colossal issues, came into request,

Homer was born and the "Cycle" written. A similar mode of reasoning applies to the pictoral letter of Bellerophon. As long as the thing to be commemorated was well known to everybody, such pourtrayals as the Assyrian sculptures and the Bayeux tapestry were all that could be desired; but, for secret despatches conveying information so surprising and instructions so startling, pictures would have been utterly unavailing. The semata lugra could have been nothing but cryptographic hieroglyphics. And given cryptographic hieroglyphics in an age and country so barbarous as that of Jobates, we may fairly assume writing in the age when Homer succeeded Phemius in his school. Given the greater, 1250 B.C., we may assume the less, 980 B.C.

Homer, in a sense, proves the invention of writing, just as Chaucer, Petrarch, and Boccaccio prove that of paper, and Ariosto, Tasso, Shakespeare, and Bacon that of printing. Great wars and great social commotions, when followed by a calm, ever produce great poets and historians; instance France, with its Hugos, its Thierses, and its Lamartines, after the

Revolution, and our own wondrous outburst of song under the Regency. And great needs lead to great inventions, and great inventions, such as those of writing, paper, and printing, awake the Muses.

Could Homer possibly have remembered his thirteen works, containing at least a quarter of a million lines that we are expressly told he wrote, and that, judging from his obvious facility, we should ourselves have expected him to write, even if we had not been told so; or would he have gone on composing, stupid, ostrich-like, without remembering?

But though the higher speech, the speech of civilized man, wherein mind holds converse with mind and soul with soul, had now been known in the world some three thousand years, and in Greece some three hundred, the first appearance of Greek literature was in Thrace, even as Pindar says:—

> "Oh, Linus, honour'd by the Gods,
> For to thee first they gave melody." *

Though we read of a Linus, that is, of a poet, who was the son of one of the Dan-

* Pind. "Fragm."

aides and of Hyacinthus, the beloved of Apollo, and of Triptolemus, the Hesiod of Eleusis,—and though we read of Ephialtes and Otus, that they first worshipped the Muses in times the most primeval, and of Pierus, the son of the said Linus, that he was their father, he cultivated letters so diligently,—still *the* Linus, the protomelodist, brought letters, we are told, first to Greece and taught them to Hercules only two generations before the Trojan War. From this time forth the lamp of song was never extinct, and the evidences of the existence of writing are uninterrupted. Before this there were only the Oracles, but at Trezene, at the court of Pittheus,—the Alfred, the David, the Weimar, the Mecenas of his day,—the lamp shone brightest. There Ardalus invented the flute, whence the Muses were called Ardalides, and there Pittheus himself wrote the first book in Greek prose.* A grammar, we are told, but I fancy it must have been of a very elementary kind, and little more, in fact, than a hornbook. Now flourished Olen, and Pamphus, and Hyagnis, and Olympus;

* Philostratus Heroica.

and Thamyris that contended with the Muses; and Marsyas that contended with Apollo himself in song. But the first poet, the name or subject of any of whose works we know, was Orpheus. He wrote, we are told, "The Bell." And there is every reason to believe that the story of his "Descent into Hell" was nothing but a "Dream" of his, and that the story of the beautiful Narcissus comes from him, that he sang verses to his praise, and is the mock angry lover in Ovid that invokes the vengeance of Rhamnusia upon the too beautiful scion of the House of Minos. After Orpheus, the names of the writers before Homer, both in verse and prose, is legion. Ælian names Oreibantius of Trezene, Melisander of Miletus, and Dares, the Phrygian priest of the temple of Vulcan at Troy, whose poem was in existence even as late as his time, though only a prose abstract now survives of it.* Of him Isidore writes:—"Dares Phrygius, first among profane authors, wrote a history of the Greeks and Trojans, which they say he compiled upon the leaves of palms." And Ptolemy also tells us that the "Iliad" of Dares preceded

* V.H., lib. ii. cap. ii.

that of Homer. Besides these, we are told of Demodocus the Spartan, Phemius of Ithaca, Musæus, pupil of Orpheus, Rhesus, Palæphatus, and divers others already mentioned. Dictys Creticus also, the secretary of Idomeneus, and Sisyphus of Cos, a companion of Teucer,* each gave their version of the transactions of the Greeks before Troy. Syagrus also, Ælian† tells us, was the first to write upon the Trojan War. Phantasia, also, an Egyptian lady, wrote "The Trojan War" and "The Story of Ulysses," based, doubtless, on statements made by Menelaus and Helen, and other travellers at various times. The two works were preserved at Memphis; and Homer, when in Egypt, obtained the MS. from Phanites the Scribe, and based his "Iliad" and "Odyssey" upon them.‡ His acquaintance with Egyptian affairs was indeed singular. His lower world is purely Egyptian, and one of the made-up tales he puts into the mouth of Odysseus is taken bodily from the Egyptian inscriptions. And it is certain that his "Proteus,"

* Philostratus Heroica.
† V.H., lib. xiv. cap. xxi.
‡ Ptolemy, "N.H.," cap. v.

and the sojourn of Menelaus and Helen in Egypt, and the friendly hospitality they received there, are historical, for we read that in the shrinery of Proteus was a Temple of Venus the Stranger, that is, of the deified Helen. The Egyptian monarch would naturally be friendly to those who had broken the power of Western Asia, that had set his mighty ancestors at naught. There were, also, Daphne, the daughter of Teiresias; Helena, the daughter of Musæus, and Eumolpus his son; Palamedes and his follower, Corinnus of Troy, and many others. Though several of the foregoing can readily be shown to have written, not before, but long after him, *e.g.*, the Sibyl and Daphne, who prophesied of him, which they could not have done else; and Thales the Cretan, Lycurgus's great friend; or in his time, as most probably Syagrus (see Chapter III.). Still, doubtless, Homer was not the first poet of Greece, any more than Virgil was of Rome, but only far, immeasurably far, the greatest, according to the Greek epigrammatist:—

"Homer eclipsed the whole crowd of hymn-singers."

Before Priam there were no rhapsodoi. And with such a crowd there *must* have been writing. Palamedes, Musæus, Dares, and Dictys especially, it is almost certain, *wrote*. Dares and Dictys, I shall discuss further on; but now with respect to Musæus. If he had not written, how could Homer have studied and borrowed largely from him, even as Virgil did from Ennius? And how could he have survived for nearly 800 years, even to the days of Peisistratus? Nay, his "Hymn to Ceres" was extant in the time of Pausanias. But the case of Palamedes is yet more striking and instructive. "The descendants of Agamemnon suppressed his works out of evil-eyed malevolence." * But this could not have been in Greece (or Orestes had done it before then), but when they came to Asia, and found the Palamedean version of the "Story of Troy" perpetuated in the hated *Doric* characters that the Nauplian hero had invented in his writings, and in those of his follower, Corinnus of Ilion, throughout all Æolia. And Homer, when he tarried at Cenchreæ, gathering the mate-

* Suidas.

rials for his immortal work—the still-surviving legends of Chrisa, Cylla, and "the fertile soil of Asiatic Thebes, so often fought for by Mysians and Lydians and Hellenes that came after them from Æolis and Lesbos,"*—suppressed them too, or, as Suidas says, "Whilst taking from Corinnus of Troy the whole groundwork of his poem, and putting it into his own books,"† he experienced the same feeling" (of patriotic antipathy), "and made no mention of Palamedes." ‡ From Corinnus of Troy he must have borrowed much of his 24th book, especially "The Prophecy of Poseidon," and may have learned something of that branch of his family that stayed with the Æneadæ at Troy, of which we have a glimpse in Virgil's "Kretheus," of Melanippus of Percote, and so forth. And now for the most striking case of all. "Cadmus, the son of Pandion of Miletus, was the first to write history in prose, a little later than Orpheus. He compiled "The Settlement of Miletus and all Ionia," in four books.§

The monumental inscription of Osy-

* Strabo, lib. xiv. † The "Lives," p. 75.
‡ The "Lives," p. 80. § The "Lives," p. 217.

mandias, "I am Osymandias, king of kings, and if any one wishes to know what I was, let him imitate the smallest of my exploits"; and Sesostris's, "I conquered this country by the force of my arms"; and the inscription on the monument of Belus that Xerxes opened; and that other, "Learn by my fate to reverence the gods": all show the enormous antiquity of writing. Wolf jeers at the love-letters of Ariadne, Helen, and Briseis; but Plutarch tells us of the benevolent forgeries that consoled the hapless derelict of Naxos.* Writing was familiar at Rome long before the birth of Romulus (776 or so B.C.).† How much earlier, then, in Greece, from which Rome derived it?

When Achilles was besieging Pedasus, and despairing of taking it, a virgin of the place being in love with him, took a sheep and wrote on the skin, and threw it into the midst of the Greeks, and upon it was written, "Do not hasten." ‡

The "Theogony," "Katalogoi," and "Eoai" of Hesiod must surely have been *written* works.

* Plut., "Thes." † Plut., "Rom."
‡ Schol. "Il.," vi. 35.

When Hercules was put upon his trial for the murder of his too-irascible tutor, he brought forward a law of Rhadamanthus in his defence,—brought forward *parenenke*. This law must obviously, then, have been written.

When the Athenians were building the temple of Demeter at Eleusis, they found a brazen monumental pillar on which had been written, "Sacred to the memory of Deiope." This Deiope, some say, was the wife of Musæus, and others, the mother of Triptolemus.* But Musæus was the immediate pupil of Orpheus, "a gift of Boreas," that is, he came from the North to Athens after his great master's death, and was buried at Phalerum, one of the harbours of Athens. Herodotus thought him after Homer, and therefore certainly recognised a Homer very far older and greater than he that sang with Hesiod at Delos. His oracles were collected in writing long before Peisistratus.† He first sang after the Trojan War.‡

Dictys Creticus, skilful in the Phœnician letters brought by Cadmus into

* Paus., i. 14. † Westermann's "Lives."
‡ Ælian, i. 21.

Achaia, compiled a diary of the Trojan War in six books of the inner bark of the linden-tree.

N.B.—The inner bark of the linden-tree (philyra) was converted into sheets of writing-paper. The wood also formed writing-tablets.*

Philyra, a daughter of Oceanus, bore to Saturn the centaur Cheiron, and was changed into a linden-tree.† Hence Philyreius heros (Cheiron), and philyreius liber (a book made of the linden-tree). The whole thing is a transparent allegory. Time (Saturn) begets Penmanship (Cheiron), a centaur, *i.e.*, swift as a horse compared with the tedious hieroglyphic system on the nymph of the linden-tree, an exotic imported from over the sea, who, retiring to the Pelasgian woods, brings forth Cheiron. That is, the Pelasgi were the first inventors of writing amongst the Greeks. Hesiod completes the allegory by telling us that Cheiron was the son of Thero by Apollo.‡ And Cheiron, wedding Chariclo

* Ov., "Fast.," v. 337; Plin., xvi. 14, 258; xix. 29.
† Virg., "Georg.," vol. 392; "Il.," v. 153; Hygini, "Fab.," 138.
‡ Hesiod, "Catal. Fragm."

(Love of Glory), begets books, under whose training Achilles, Jason, Theseus, and others grew up to be the heroes we read of, even as one of them himself says in Pindar:—

"Farewell, Chariclo; farewell, Philyra:
At last, at last I quit thy cave, O Cheiron,
Where thy chaste daughters all these years have reared me.
Oh, never shall I cease to prize thy lore." *

And this is also the meaning of Cheiron's dying for Prometheus.

When Hercules had seized and crucified Arbolus, the centaur, he wrote the following verse upon the cross. I give the Latin translation:—

"Non hominum veritus vocem Arbolus atque deorum,
Multicomæ piceæ suspensus ab arbore pingui,
Hicce jacens cœnam longævis præbeo corvis."

"Because I fear'd nor God nor man, you see
Me, Arbolus, on this accursed tree,
Writhing in utter torment to and fro,
A dainty banquet for the long-lived crow."

Ulysses conveys a forged letter, as if from Agamemnon, to Clytemnestra.†

* Pindar, "Fragm."
† Dict. Cret., i. 20.

Achilles receives the letter, sent him by Clytemnestra on the subject, with all a true lover's excitement.*

"Seeing the writing, he wept," says Dicæogenes of one of the characters in his "Cypria."

The Phœnicians invented a marvellous method of engraving letters on brass and gold.†

The Greeks wrote (*egrapsan*) the following inscription upon the wooden horse:—

"Danai Minervæ dono dant."‡

("The Danai present as a gift to Minerva.")

Iphigenia recognised Orestes by means of a letter.

Helen, sailing from Troy, threw a tripod into the sea in compliance with an oracle, and on it the words in Phœnician character, "To the Wisest."§

Nestor had a cup with the words, "Dios Soteros,"‖ embossed in golden characters all round it, as we learn from the comic

* Dict. Cret., i. 22.
† Plato, "Critias." ‡ Hygini, "Fab.," cviii.
§ Aristotle, "Pari Poetices," p. 21, 5. Philostratus Heroica.
‖ Sacred to Jove the Deliverer.

poet in "Athenæus," in the following sparkling fragment of his dialogue between a wealthy simpleton and a sharping friend that has just bought him "a bargain":—

PARASITE.

"Shall I describe the figure of your cup?
In the first place 'tis round and wondrous little,
Old, oh, so old, both handles warped with age,
And letters in a circle."

KNICKNACK.

"Sure, not the eleven
In gold—ΔΙΟΣ ΣΟΤΕΡΟΣ.*

PARASITE.

No, another.†

The above shows how implicit was the faith of the Greeks in the existence of the very most delicate arts of writing long long before Homer's time.

But what we read in Homer, to which the comic poet here refers, is yet more interesting:—

"And the cup which the old man
Brought with him o'er the foam
Studded with nails of gold: too rare
It was to leave at home." ‡

* Meaning, of course, the eleven letters contained in these two words.

† Athenæus, xiv. ‡ Iliad, x. 395.

"Spitted with golden nails," so as to form the above inscription by means of dots and curves, a small golden-headed nail for every dot, and a large golden-headed nail for every curve.

The Golden Fleece is said to have been neither more nor less than a *Liber Aureus.*

Paris wrote "The Praises of Venus."

Diana had a pet stag with an inscription on its collar.

"Who, when he perceived it, having written it all on a skin, sends it to Semiramis by a messenger, and she having read it. . . ." *

For the inscription on the tomb of Semiramis, see Plutarch, "Reg. et Imperat. Apopth."

"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" cried the Chaldæan some six thousand years ago.

Pilpay wrote in Persian his "Fables" and his "Floating Island" (both of which we still have), 2,000 years before the Christian era.

Ani caused his recension of "The Book of the Dead" to be written about 1400 B.C. How long before "The Book of the

* Nicolaus Damascenus.

Dead" was first written, I do not know, but the manuscript of Ani's elaborate recension, with its charming vignettes, survives to this hour.

The ladies of the Egyptian Court carved an inscription, which Ovid has translated,* on the tomb of the first astronomer between fifteen and sixteen centuries B.C.

Hercules honoured the river Alpheus by making Alpha the first letter in the Greek alphabet. Of course, this means that the river was so named from time immemorial, from its course being in that shape. So there must have been writing before the Lyre, because the Lyre derives its name from the letter "lambda," which it in shape resembles.

In the temple of Juno at Hierapolis are two Dionysiac emblems, with this inscription, "These emblems of Dionysus I have dedicated to my stepmother."†

All antiquity, from Dictys and Dares to the Attic tragedians, from the Attic tragedians to Ovid, and the Augustan age, from Ovid, and the Augustan age to Plutarch, Strabo, and Lucian, are full of the antiquity

* Ovid, "Met.," ii. 327, 328.
† Lucian, "De Syria Dea."

of writing. Quintus Smyrnæus alone, in his timidly-servile imitation of the Mæonian swan, is strict non-committal, but Tzetzes makes up for him. From the Trojan war, then, to the Byzantine era, the consensus is uniform. "But Dares," you say, "is a patent forgery, and so is Dictys." Let us consider. And I will use here no recondite work, but one designed for the higher forms of our great public schools,—"Dr. Smith's Classical History." He says: "Eupraxis wrote Dictys in Greek in the time of Nero." He may, or he may not have done so, but that is no proof whatever that Dictys himself did not write long, long before. But grant he did. "Q. Septimius Romanus translated it." But when? We shall see presently. "Æmilius Probus wrote Nepos," in the same sense that Eupraxis wrote Dictys "at the close of the fourth century, in the reign of Theodosius." Now who, I ask, so likely to forge Nepos's name as the man that forged his work? And, making allowance for the fact that Dares is a translation *written in a feigned hand*, that is, made as unlike the author's known work as possible, and that the Nepos we

possess is, as Dr. Smith very probably suggests, in reality an abridgment of the genuine work of the elegant Augustan writer, is it not in the highest degree probable that Probus wrote both? And now turn again to Dictys. What imitations of Nepos, and still more of Sallust, do we find there! Does it not look as if the two wrote at the same epoch, and whilst each writer was equally deep in Sallust, Nepos, Virgil, &c., the one stole and the other forged? The two works, as they are usually published together, have all the appearance of being written together, the one against the other quite possibly in a very friendly intercourse. The one might call himself Nepos, and the other might call himself Sallust, and the dedication of the Dares "Cornelius Nepos Sallustio suo salutem" might have a very double significance. I conclude, therefore, that Eupraxis forged Dictys, and Septimius Eupraxis, and Probus Dares, much as Hermogenes forged Herodotus, and as I have forged Hermogenes, whereby, not without a very solid basis dating from the vague traditions of an almost indefinite antiquity, a curiously non-analysable

mixture of truth and fiction,—of that which is, and that which is not,—in the original authors has been evolved.

The temples of Greece were full of ancient inscriptions, from the time of Amphitryon downwards. Four in particular; one of Amphitryon's after his victory over the Teleboæ; one of Scæas the boxer's; one of Laodamas's; then there was Theseus's celebrated column "on this side Achaia, on that Ionia," Cadmus's donary, the inscription at Amyclæ, the brazen tablet of Pliny, &c., &c. Herodotus, Pausanias, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Diodorus, and Pliny all tell us of them. And who was Wolf that he should coolly pooh-pooh such men?

The descendants of Agamemnon destroyed the works of his kinsman, Palamedes, out of envy.

Diomedes and Ulysses caused a captive Phrygian to write to Palamedes a letter in the name of Priam.

Mutianus, thrice consul, "Sarpedonis epistolam a Troja scriptam in Lyciam ipse legit."*

The learned grammarian, Apollodorus,

* Pliny, xiii. 13.

testifies that Minos *wrote* (egrapse)* the laws, which Plato further informs us were preserved at Gnossus on tablets of brass,† and, if the authority of these twain is insufficient, we have also that of Pausanias,‡ and that of Horace, who tells us in his "Ars Poetica":—

> "To build up walls, § and laws on wood rehearse, ‖
> E'en before Homer sang, ennobled verse;" ¶

and that of Æschylus, in his "Eumenides": a quintuple chain of testimony, against which the waves of hyper-scepticism beat altogether in vain.

And shall we entirely ignore the chronicles of Sparta from Procles, and of Elis from Oxylus, and the long roll of kings, priests, and priestesses at Sicyon, Corinth, Athens, Halicarnassus, and Argos? And yet worse, along with them shall we impiously set at nought the venerable authority of Berosus, Sanchuniathon, and Manetho, the cuneiform inscriptions in the temple of Belus, the "Phœnikika semata," wherein the births, deaths, and marriages

* Bibl., iii. 1, 2.
‡ Pausanias, v. 20.
‖ As Minos did.
† Plato, "Laws," xiii. 13.
§ As Amphion did.
¶ A. P., 391–401.

of the gods themselves were recorded, the sacred scrolls attested by the grey monuments, the marvellous evidences of writing in the far East,—in India and Persia and China,—reaching countless ages beyond the Deluge, and the testimony of all ages and of all the world, from Germany* to China, and from Etruria to Abyssinia?

Sophocles tells us that the ships of the Greeks at the siege of Troy, just as amongst us in the present day, had their names painted upon their sides "in Phœnician characters." Rather, I should imagine, "in purple or red letters." Only the words underscored now survive, but I trust I have filled up the gap not altogether improbably:—

> "Σκαφος δε τόυνομ' εισορωσιν εμφανες
> Φοινικιοσι παν εφηνε γραμμασι
> καλην παρειαν ευπρεπες κορης δικην"—

> "And every ship its name displayed
> In purple letters, plain to see;
> With blushing cheek of love-sick maid,
> All beautiful exceedinglee." †

* Tacitus, "Germania," iii., where he speaks of inscriptions on altars and monuments dating from the Trojan War.
† "The Shepherds," Fragment xx.

And Homer confirms his account. He calls the ships "black," never "black-cheekt"; "red-cheekt," or "purple-cheekt," never red or purple. That is to say, the whole vessel was covered with pitch, to protect it against the water and the air; but its name, as finely embellished with tasteful decorations as might be, was painted in red or purple on its peach-like cheek.

The chest in which Cypselus was hidden was an heirloom of the days of Troy, wrought, like the Bayeux tapestry, to commemorate that event. Nothing later was commemorated. And it was plentifully garnished with epigrammatic inscriptions, of which the most curious,—that on the Devil's door-key,—ran as follows:—

> "By me is lockt the unseen bourne
> From whence no travellers return." *

The legend of the "Apple of Discord," with its inscription, "Detur pulchriori," is, doubtless, as old as the "Cypria" of Stasinus,—that is, if we may credit the legend, as old as Homer himself. The

* Pausanias, v. 19.

undoubted fragments we have of his "Cypria" tend very strongly that way.

Tzetzes and Dictys also abound in stories of the use of writing during and before the Siege of Troy.

When the grave of Alcmene was opened by Agesilaus at Haliartus, there was found in it a brazen tablet with much wondrously-old writing on it undecipherable, though plainly visible, owing to the wasting away of the brass, but the form of the characters was peculiar and barbarous, and very like Ægyptian.*

There was an epigram on the monument of Coræbus, who won at the games of Iphitus (884 B.C.), saying: "Coræbus, first of men, won at Olympia."†

Hierophile the Sibyl, who, Cassandra-like, prophesied before the Trojan War that Helen would be the destruction of Asia, wrote hymns, &c.

The Story of Hyacinthus, a poet-king of Sparta, is significant. Ages before Homer, the letters of woe were noticed upon this loveliest of flowers, and the myth was evolved therefrom.

"Ηειδον μεν εγω, εχαρασσε δε θειος Ὁμηρος"—

* Plut., "Mem. Socr." † Paus., x. 12.

(sings Hesiod, some nine centuries before Christ) :—

> "I sang, and my sainted fellow-minstrel
> Took down what I sang in writing."

This line is not admitted by modern editors among the fragments of Hesiod. It appears to have served as a one-line epigram upon the question, "What Apollo said concerning Homer";* but it has the very ring of Hesiod, and is, doubtless, what he, and not Apollo, said; and comes, as I have placed it, fourth line in that most interesting fragment of Hesiod, Fragment ccxxvii., Goettlingius, p. 303.

Æschylus attributes the commencement of letters to Prometheus.

Hercules, having received an oracle from Dodona, preserved it by writing it down on a tablet which the Scholiast tells us was the customary thing to do.

Albeit we read in Suidas, "Qui olim Apollinem consulebant oracula obsignata accipiebant."

Hercules also used a seal made out of worm-eaten wood, which, we are told, his

* Allatius, "De pat. Hom.," p. 24.

Lacedemonian descendants used for centuries after him.

Euripides attributes the application of writing to the making of wills, the communicating with absent friends, &c., to Palamedes. Some say he invented all the original sixteen letters. But, the authority of Tacitus, Chrysostom, and others notwithstanding, this is mere exaggeration. However, he may perhaps have invented *some*. Hyginus, "Fab." 26, says he introduced eleven, and the Fates five. Servius (ad Virg., "Æn.," ii. 82) says he invented three (θ, ρ, χ) and the rough breathing. But it is certain that θ was a letter of the Phœnician alphabet, and Aristotle doubts his having invented even the remaining two. He probably did little more than introduce an improved system of writing.

After his murder, his brother Æax sent a number of boats to Nauplius, his father, on the woodwork of each of which was written the shameful particulars thereof,—just like floating bottles nowadays,—in the hope that one of them would reach the poor bereaved old man; and he let him know again, I presume in the same

way, when the Greeks were coming over. This is interesting, surely, as the first infant dawn of our present stupendous packet service. Aristophanes pleasantly refers to it, as a household story familiar to every one, in his "Thesmophorusæ."

We have, in Cramer's "Anecdota," * a fragment of the epitaph on poor old Laertes, who died, in all probability, of a broken heart in consequence of the exile of his beloved son; but so corrupt, that we can only gather that it was a very mournful one, as it might well be under the circumstances.

Sisyphus (*i.e.*, Wise-as-a-God) wrote his name inside the hoofs of his cattle, just as we write our names on the fly-leaves of our books, by way of precaution against thieves.

Sophocles is very precise as to the great muster-roll in King Agamemnon's army. Ulysses addresses Agamemnon thus:—

> "Throned on yon chair of state, take thou the roll,
> And see by it if any are not here
> That swore to follow thee to perjured Troy." †

* Vol. iii., p. 507.

† "The Muster of the Greeks," Fragment iv.

And in a fragment of the "Pleisthenes," I think, of Euripides, preserved by Tzetzes in his Scholia on himself, we have the following most interesting morceau:—

> "εισιν γαρ εισι διφθεραι
> πολλων γεμουσαι Λοξιου γηρυματων"—

> "There are, indeed there are manuscripts
> Full of many oracles of Loxias."

What a strange collection of lying prophecies after the event, that of Homer's death at Ios amongst them, must that have been. With so many sheep sacrificed every day, there could have been no lack of sheep-skins to bedaub with them. What a drug in the market sheep-skins must have been at any tolerably well-to-do temple, we can judge, from that curious passage in Horace, where a servant of the priest is spoken of as so utterly sick of sacrificial cakes that he fairly runs away to be rid of them, and get to plain baker's bread.*

Again, all that we are told of Homer's venerable, more than father, Phemius, is an irresistible proof that writing was in familiar use at least one generation before

* Hor., "Epis.," i. 10, ll. 10, 11

Homer. Phemius, the son of Pronapus, the teacher of Homer (Tzetzes, "Chil.," v. 834), is enumerated amongst those who used the Pelasgic letters before the introduction of the Phœnician, and is characterised as a graceful composer of song ("Diod.," iii. 66). According to one of the Scholia, he invented the mode of writing from left to right, now in use, as contradistinguished from the *boustrophedon* and other methods.* What we read, that he came to Smyrna from Athens, corresponds well enough with what we read in the Homeric cypher, that he came from Argos to Thrace. He was, doubtless, far on in middle age when he wooed poor reluctant Kretheis, and wrote Epigram vi. :—

"Hear me, Juno Lucina, and grant that this woman
May refuse the bed of young hare-brained roysterers,
And delight in old fellows whose temples are hoary :
Whose prime's past, but their soul yet feels tender emotions."

Homer *can not* have written it, either at hard upon seventy (still less at ninety), and under the circumstances detailed on

* Smith, "Dict. Gr. and Rom. Biog.," art, "Pronapides."

p. 15 of the "Lives," but he may have remembered it with true filial reverence, and given it a place in his "Ilias Mikra," in his story of Phœnix's father, Amyntor, and quoted it from Phemius as Sophocles afterwards quoted it from him, by no means ineptly. Phemius was doubtless the Phœnix of the "Iliad." From which we learn (1) that he knew Kretheis from Homer's earliest infancy. (2) That he had no children by her. Take this passage :—

1

"And He received me father-like ; and I
Loved you so dearly, you would still decline
To meat with any one but me to hie,
But went in still, your hand linkt fast in mine.

2

"And as for your sweet mouth I carved the bread,
And fill'd the cup, you sat upon my knee,
And oft your wine upon my bosom shed,
As, your arms round my neck, you fondled mee."*

And, observing that "He" is Mæon, who, if not Homer's real father, was at least his father by adoption, can we doubt that this passage refers to Phemius's care of our poet's early childhood ? And after Mæon's

* Il., ix. 485-491.

exile, when the poor boy, his eyes suffused with tears of helpless rage, wanted to take a boat down the Meles to Egypt to fetch his father to punish "the bad, bad men that vexed dear mamma so," * who but the good, kind old man stood by his side, and took him to his bosom with the joyous news that his mother should be vexed so no more,—that he was about to make her his wife, and him his dear boy, as he had no boys of his own, nor was likely to have.† Lastly, that Phemius was Homer's schoolmaster appears from "Iliad," ix. 438-443.

Harmodice, wife of Midas, daughter of Agamemnon, king of Cyme, not *the* Agamemnon, of course, but an illegitimate Asiatic Greek descendant of his, first struck money, as was natural, her husband (the Midas whose epitaph Homer wrote) being so fabulously wealthy, for the Cumæans. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that, coinage having commenced in Asiatic Greece in Homer's time, the token that was struck in Homer's honour (see p. 250) was struck very shortly after his death, the more so, as, after his prize epitaph on their father's tomb, some thirty years

* Odyss., i. & ii. † Il., ix. 493–495.

before, Midas's sons would be only too happy to supply the gold for it. *But this coin contained a figure of Homer with his own immortal "Kuklos" before him.* But, by the way, that monument and the vase that paid for it,—how can we reconcile it with the contempt with which the Cumæans treated our poet? They could not have known then that the Princes of the land were about to honour their poor blind Cinderello so highly. They never dreamt that the epitaph he had sent in would be the one finally accepted. And when it was, he had laid them under a curse, and, either through their malignity or the Princes' neglect, he did not get his reward till his death awoke either their remorse or the Princes' tardy gratitude. Then at last came to Chios the precious vase that Homer (the Younger) ultimately dedicated at Delphi.

Acontius ensnared Cydippe as she was sacrificing to Diana. He threw before her an apple upon which he had written, "I swear, by the sanctuary of Diana, to marry Acontius." She read the words aloud, and Diana held her bound by the oath she had thus unwittingly taken.

Phædra writes her last dying letter to Theseus on a tablet,* the "pugillares ceræ" that Pliny tells us were in use in Homer's time.

Agamemnon writes and seals a letter to go to Clytemnestra.

The Sibyl in Virgil writes her oracles on leaves for want of paper.

The ancient genealogies were based upon brazen records providentially discovered after being hidden for a length of time underground.

The Athenians and Argives dedicated at Delphi a treaty of perpetual amity engraved on a brazen tripod.†

Herodotus, our earliest authority for the introduction of the "Kadmika grammata" into Greece in the fourteenth century (B.C.), declares that he examined numerous undoubted specimens with his own eyes.

The numerous Lives of our poet, dating from the time when Herodotus wrote his "Persian War," and Pigres now imitated our poet, and now interpolated him down to Plutarch and Proclus and Suidas, all

* Eur., "Phædr."; Plut., "Par."

† Eur., Suppl., 1197–1204.

make continual mention of writing in Homer's time.

The father of Acusilaus was the fortunate discoverer of the said brazen records about 565 B.C. As they were little more than Hesiod improved, that poet must have had them before him in composing his various genealogical works some three centuries earlier. Unless, then, we are prepared to accuse the earliest of the Greek historians of a fraud that to the Hellenic mind must have been to the very last degree detestable in its sacrilegious impiety, my point is more than proved. More than a century before the first Olympiad, not only did Hesiod write, but he wrote with copper plates before him of unknown and quite indefinite antiquity.*

The proofs that Hesiod wrote are absolutely irresistible. Others say it of him, *e.g.*, Tzetzes, in his "Chiliades":—

"πολλ' επαθεν πασας δε λεγων ανεγραψατο βιβλους";

and Lesches, in "The Agon," Hes. Goettling, p. 322; and he says it of himself

* Suidas, art. "Acusilaus."

(as we have seen, and shall see) again and again.

The ancients never dreamt of doubting that Homer's poems were written. With such a stupendous flood of song as had come into existence,—Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, and the Cyclic poets,—such an idea was inconceivable.

Lastly, Homer himself, *more suo*, hints at the existence of writing exactly as he hints at the incidents of his own personal history—hints most unmistakably, but only once speaks plainly out, in speaking of the famous letter of Prætus to Jobates. That this letter must have been written, not pictorial, is clearly proved by the parallel case of the letter of David to Joab, sent by the hand of Uriah, two centuries later, but still some twenty years before the death of Homer. And besides, as "Phoinikika semata"="Kadmika grammata," there should be no doubt what "semata lugra" must mean. And only hyper-critical scepticism the most incurably morbid could have mistranslated words so plain as "grapsas en pinaki ptukto thumophthora polla."

But Wolf's scepticism goes far beyond

this. Apollodorus paraphrases the story in Homer as follows:—"He gave Bellerophon a letter to take to Jobates, in which it was written that he should kill Bellerophon. And Jobates having read the writing. . . ." Whatever Wolf may say, mistake here is impossible. Only "epignous" means something more than "anagnous," just as "semata" means something more than "grammata."

Herodian, Pollux, and all the tragic poets (by Wolf's own confession) support this view in the numerous parallel passages to be found in their works; but a very plain passage of our poet, and the yet plainer interpretation, are all-sufficient in themselves, and to adduce parallel passages is mere lily-painting waste of time. The sealed tablets of Bellerophon, all Hellenic antiquity, from Æschylus to Herodian and Pollux, understood as we do; and Apollodorus, Zenobius, Tzetzes, Plutarch, and other writers expressly interpret them by the word, "epistole"; and the "semata lugra" no Greek writer before Eustathius, not even the Scholiast, ever dreamt of explaining by any word but "grammata." How, indeed, could he, with the "Phoini-

kika semata Kadmou" in his mind's eye, and when the poet expressly states that they were written,—that Prætus wrote them (egrapse)?

Nor does our immortal Bentley differ from the countless writers of antiquity before him in saying that Prætus wrote to Jobates. He only says that Prætus's communication "was not an epistle, but a 'Pinax ptuktos' a 'deltos,' corresponding to the Latin 'tabellæ pugillares,' or 'codicilli,'—small leaves of wood covered with bees-wax, and so written on by a pen of metal; and, as soon as read, erased, and the wax smoothed anew, and returned with an answer upon the same wax where the former letter was written." *

But, if we still think Homer's language a little poetically vague, that would only tend to show that Homer, however well acquainted with the art of writing himself, may yet wisely have doubted whether it was known in so preposterously supernatural an epoch and habitat as that of the Chimæra.

And how should Achilles know that the

* Bentley, "Phalaris" (Bell & Daldy), pp. 505, 506. Cf. Eur. "Iph. Aul.," 35–37.

young musician on his shield was singing a song of Linus, if there were not the flower of woe upon it, and "ai" for "ailinon"?

The Speaking Hides I take to threaten the vengeance of Apollo's darling *protégé* upon Thestorides for basely stealing his MSS.

The lot-drawing taken alone may not seem to imply a knowledge of writing more than the long and short straws of savages, the leap-frog of schoolboys, and the forfeits at Turn the Trencher; but, taken in connexion with the devices on the arms in "The Seven against Thebes" and countless such passages in the Greek poets, and Hesiod's "Shield of Hercules," and Homer's "Shield of Achilles," from which it is plagiarized, it certainly does; it certainly indicates a state of society in which writing was in embryo or in a state of suspended animation, if you please, but still there, and which only needed the fostering breezes of the spring of peace to spring out of the icebound torpor of its hybernation into a blaze of song. Homer does not exactly tell us that his heroes wrote, but he certainly tells us that he

did. But, grant the lot-drawing of the heroes *nihil ad rem*, what shall we say of the lot-drawing of the sons of wealthy Castor for his vast possessions? * What legal practitioner would not smile at this being done without writing, and a good deal of writing too? And how could Danaus have distributed his fifty daughters amongst his fifty nephews by lot, as we are told he did, without writing their names down?

Again, the account of the tomb of Ilus is utterly unintelligible tautology, unless there were an inscription upon it. Ovid, whose works swarm with references to writing, even in the earliest times, certainly informs us that the name of the deceased was carved upon his tombstone, usually, if not always, with an inscription exactly as in our churchyards. We have seen this in the case of Phäethon, already quoted, and see it again in the case of Meleager:—

> "They clasp the stone, mark'd with his sacred name,
> In their fond arms, and pour tears on the same."

There is nothing new under the sun. As it is now, even so it was then: unless

* Odyss., xiv. 208, 209.

we have distinct proof to the contrary, a tomb such as that of Ilus *implies* writing.

And, indeed, we have full proof of the above view in the tombstone of Midas, and that of our poet himself, as already discussed, in Herodotus's "Life of Lives," and in that of Laertes a few pages ago. Lastly, how else can we possibly understand those striking lines of our poet:—

> "This stone marks the grave,
> For ever and aye,
> Of a hero so brave,
> Whilom Hector did slay"?

Again, had Homer and Hesiod not known how to write, they would no more have given us their shields of Achilles and Hercules than would Sophocles and Ovid have given us their story of Philomela.

The cup of Nestor mentioned above is, as has already been seen in the course of this chapter, a most unmistakable case of pre-Homeric writing.

Lastly, take Demodocus ("Odyss.," viii., 472-489). He sat in the midst of the banqueters, and ate of the best, both of wine and meat. And when the banquet was over, Ulysses, having previously heard

him sing and play his "Story of Mars and Venus," compliments him very highly, not on that, but on his "Story of the Doom of the Achæans," which Homer has given us nowhere, and requests a third specimen of his powers,—subject, "The Wooden Horse." Demodocus, gratified with the courteous hospitality of his Prince's guest, starting up, lyre in hand,—

"Began with heaven, and then displayed his lay."

And this is just what all the Rhapsodes did, as the reader will see by looking at any of the shorter hymns. They sang a little prelusory hymn, and then fitted the piece they were going to sing on to their wand, set it before them, and began to sing. I mean, if it were a new one, not otherwise. Say, for instance, there were grand recitations at Windsor. One would recite Tennyson, another Macaulay, another Browning, others "Brutus and Cassius," or "Hubert and Prince Arthur," and so on, all without book; but the lion of the evening, under especial orders from Her Royal Majesty the Empress-Queen to sing "that sweet new piece of his," what would he do? Start

up from his chair, perform a little courtier-like kootooing and salaaming, and then, with much parade, produce the piece in question, written in his very best hand. This is what Homer did, *e.g.*, "Sitting in the shop, many being present, he showed them his poetry,—'The Ride of Amphiaraus,' &c."* And again, "But he himself having written each rhapsody with his own hand, and having exhibited it as he went round from city to city, he left it behind him where he slept, to pay for his keep." † And how came Ulysses to commend so warmly a piece he had never heard? Why, because he had done more, —he had read it. Return we to Windsor. When the lion of the evening had done, and Her Most Gracious Majesty had smilingly expressed her approbation, and the bards around, whilst bursting with secret envy, affected to be hardly able to control their ecstatic rapture, would not the happy one, bowing to the ground, lay down his piece at the Regina-imperatricial feet, and back out of the presence? Of course he would; and even so Demodocus had left the

* The "Lives," p. 5. † Reference mislaid.

MSS. of his last new piece, "The Doom of the Achæans," at the feet of Alcinous. And Alcinous had shown it to his guest, and he had read and admired it.

I have not noticed any references to reading or writing in the hymns, but the "Batrachomyomachia" contains one unmistakable recognition of the fact that Homer wrote his poems :—

> "With you I began, oh, sweet quire of the Muses,
> Oh, come to my bosom, and help with the lay
> Which late writ on my tablets I placed on your knees."

The classical reader will not forget Juvenal's,—

> "Propter quæ fas est *genua incerare deorum* ;"

and Homer's own,—

> "These things lie on the knees of the gods," *

which Quintus Smyrnæus amplifies into,—

> "These things are fasten'd upon the knees of the immortals." †

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* Odyss., xvii. 514, and elsewhere.
† Posthomerica.

Note the difference between "lie" and "are fastened," the difference between the petitions on the thin inner skins of goats, in the time of Hecuba, and the "delti" inscribed with, say, "Our daughter is dying: Oh, Jove, hear us,"—the flags of distress, the votive tablets fastened on the knees of the gods as they sat. "Gifts please all, both gods and saints, and men and children," say the poets, from Homer to Horace and Ovid,—whether hecatombs, or robes, or masses, or candles, or ribbons, or toffee, it is all one. This bargaining with the gods has prevailed in all ages and in all countries, even till now. Homer gives us the first example where he tells us of the Trojan ladies laying a fine new robe upon the knees of Athene. Of course, a note written on the best goat-skin was inserted in the pocket of the vestment. And so of other cases. The poet has written his rough slate copy (not his final copy for the publisher, mind!) on the waxed wooden tablets (mentioned by Herodotus): he now entreats the Muses to help him to get them up by heart, and spread them in the ears of all speech-gifted men.

Lastly, there are two mentions of writing

in the "Epigrams," one most unmistakable in "The Epitaph on the Tomb of Midas," one inferential in "The Fisher-lads."

Homer has never once lost the opportunity of alluding to writing where he could do so without gross impropriety. But he had been no true poet had he given us letter-carriers going from tent to tent, and heroes that perhaps could hardly read, puzzling out moss-grown inscriptions on ruined tombs in a foreign dialect. And recollect, a Greek buried in a foreign land *could* have no "sema." As the poet says, "We carved not a line." As we see both in the "Choephoræ" of Æschylus, and the "Iliad" of Homer, they were burnt, and their ashes, when opportunity offered, conveyed home to their friends.

Even so he never once mentions books, because there were no books in the time of the Trojan war, and therefore to have spoken of them would have been an outrageous anachronism. But only mark the unreasonable reasoning of the Wolfians. "He mentions neither reading, nor letters, nor writing; therefore he did not write." "In the Batrachomyomachia he mentions writing and writing tablets most unmistakably; therefore that work is not his." Also he *does* mention reading, letters, and writing, only in language both more forcible and poetical than ordinary. But "Aristophanes first uses the word *anagnonai* in the sense of reading; therefore, according to the Wolfians, there was no writing before him, and Erinna, Herodotus, and the Tragedians are plainly spurious, for they all most unmistakably speak of writing.

"But he speaks neither of money nor of maps." No, nor yet of printing or etching. Certainly money was only first coined shortly before his time, and maps were not engraved till long after his time. Why, then, should he speak of them?

"But from the significant phrase, '*φορτου μνημων*,' it clearly appears that merchant vessels sailed without invoices." Indeed! if I say the learned Dr. Teachwell knows all the rules of grammar by heart, is that any proof that he has not a grammar in his desk? And Homer's compliment, that the purser carried all the cargo in his memory, is just as little proof that he had not an invoice.

Now how can all this immense mass of evidence from Adam to Seth, from Seth

to Xisuthrus, from Xisuthrus to the Chaldæan astronomers, from the Chaldæan astronomers to Abraham, from Abraham to the myth of Tritogeneia, from the myth of Tritogeneia to Amun and Io, from Amun and Io to Cecrops Diphyes, Cadmus, Danaus, and Moses; from them to Pittheus, Orpheus, Olen, Pamphus, and Linus; from them to the Trojan War; from the Trojan War to Dictys, Dares, Eumolpus, David, and Solomon; from them to Homer; and from Homer to Coræbus;—how can all this stupendous interconcatenation of evidence conspire in a gigantic perjury? How can all ancient myths from that of Jupiter and Tritogeneia to that of Latona, and from that of the invention of letters by the Fates to that of the birth of Cheiron, and from Prometheus on his rock to the Golden Fleece, and countless others, all referring to the discovery of the Higher Speech,—how can all antiquity, and all modern times till last century, be thus egregiously mistaken? Do not the countless various readings in the marvellously multitudinous pre-Homeric stemmas, only to be explained by the

partial or total obliteration of letters in the inscriptions from which they were drawn, prove writing many ages before the time of Homer? Does not the infinite multitude of ancient monuments all over Greece, commemorated by Pausanias, prove inscriptions to know which was which? Could Kensal Green Cemetery have been by any possibility laid out by a people that could neither read nor write? Do not the innumerable catalogues of innumerable names, from Acusilaus to Apollodorus, prove records? Could the immense multitude of facts that even yet survive the ravages of time in the annals called—falsely so-called—pre-historic of Greece have been possibly preserved without writing? Even the facts in this one book could not; how much less, then, the facts in the whole, now, alas! cobwebbed and moth-eaten library of the Ptolemies? Is the "Ye are liars all' of foolish Leontes a fair reply to the laborious investigations,—to the passionate strivings after the truth,—of so many gifted children of Hellas, from Lycurgus to Photius? Is not such ungenerosity to the dead a sign of degeneracy in the

living? Is not all History worthy of the name perishing from amongst us because of it? Has it not absolutely robbed us of the two first, and incomparably most interesting, volumes of Grecian history?

It is certain that writing (like printing, chess, and other inventions) travelled from East to West, — from China with its Tsiang figure characters, invented by Tchang-ki 3000 B.C.,— and India, the sacred books of which in Sanscrit (the Shasters) were written even earlier still, to Phœnicia and Egypt, from thence to Greece, and from thence to Italy. However we may laugh at the book of Enoch; the laws written on tables of stone by Bak, the Arabian prototype of Bacchus; Adam writing love-songs to Eve, at the malign instigation of the Snake of snakes; and Seth studying the mysteries of astronomy; still we cannot deny the extreme antiquity of writing, from one end of Asia to the other. Admitting, then, for argument's sake, that writing was practically unknown in Europe before the Ols, all the same is it well-nigh certain that Homer wrote his "Cycle" some centuries earlier, both by reason of the greater

precocity of the East, where he spent all his life, and also of the greater facilities of writing there.

Against all this cloud of witnesses the Wolfians can only produce a Jew heated with controversy and embittered with national vanity — Josephus contra Apionem. "There was no written poetry among the Greeks before Homer," says he. Possibly not. "And he appears to have been born *after* the Trojan War." Only *appears!* What human being ever thought he was born *before?* "And they *say* that even he did not leave his poem behind him in writing." The mere hearsay of such a witness,—hearsay that even he himself, at the height of his anger, does not attach credence to, but only puts forth for what it is worth as an extreme opinion, not required by his argument, —of what worth is it? Of such *on-dits* the French saying does indeed hold good: "*Les on-dits ne sont jamais vrais,*" especially as the whole tenour of the passage, and the middle clause particularly, shows that, though so learned a man, Josephus is here speaking on a point of which he knows very little indeed.

Grammatology shows us the great antiquity of writing. The great letters were undoubtedly employed in ancient times as the easiest, even as autotypists have found, and village lads find them nowadays. If, then, inscription-carving came long before ordinary writing, the small Greek letters should have been derived from the great ones, which was by no means the case.

Homer has nothing of the air of poetry specially designed for recitation only. It is much more difficult to get up by heart or to retain than "Nursery Rhymes,"—than "Horace," or "Juvenal," or even than "Virgil."

The strange and sudden change that converted the unsubstantial fairyland of Mythology into the solid ground of real History after the labours of Hercules,—a change caused doubtless by the potent influence of the learned Court of Trœzene,—proves that the art of writing was now becoming well known. And the fact that from this time we have many exact dates and minute particulars utterly beyond the toothless gums of unwritten tradition, tends to prove the same thing.

Etymology, too, is on our side against the Wolfians. Every known language confirms the obvious view that the leaves of trees were the first writing-material. The English *leaf*, the French *feuille*, the Italian *folio*, and the double meaning of *liber*, and the various meanings of the Greco-Latin *lego*,—(1) gather, (2) say, (3) read,—give us a brief epitome of the whole history of leaf-writing.

A book in those days must have been a mean, untidy thing to look at; something like the nest of a caddis-worm, and a wonderful contrast to the splendid morocco-bound, richly-gilded, scarlet-margined, gorgeously-illustrated *éditions de luxe* of the present day. But from such small beginnings all great things spring. Rome was once a few shepherds' cottages; Liverpool a few fishermen's huts. And they must have a strangely-mean idea of the poetic nature who think it can be precluded from pouring forth its conceptions into the ear of eternal memory by such petty obstacles. Shall natural instinct teach every idle urchin to be-scribble every school-desk, every wall, every bridge he has access to; every love-

sick youth, from Paris to Medoro, to fill wood and grove with the name of his fair Amaryllis; and shall not the superhuman instinct of genius teach a Homer what trees are good for? This is indeed to degrade the poet much below the female butterfly. Cicero's letters, written on wood a thousand years after Homer, fill several volumes. There was at Thebes, in the time of Pausanias, a leaden *édition de luxe* of the great national poet. This has been insolently jeered at by Wolf, but we read in Suidas that the ancients used formerly to write on plates of lead called "elasmoi." For pencil and paper to note down their first rough ideas, the Horaces of old used chalk and wall. Venantius tells us how the barbaric runes of our ancestors were painted on wooden tablets of boc (beech-tree).* As early as 872, "boc" meant a written document; what it means now, we all know. And when Homer the younger recited his great Master's celebrated "Hymn to Apollo" at Delos, — *i.e.*, about 882 B.C., — the Delians wrote the verses down on a

* So probably were the Pelasgic runes; hence "grapho" originally meant, "I paint."

tablet whitened with gypsum, and dedicated it in the temple of Artemis. But whether Homer himself wrote his works on papyrus obtained during his sojourn in Egypt, or on sheep-skin,—so commonly used for writing in Eastern Asia (where he was born, and where he spent the whole of his dreary life), that in Cyprus a schoolmaster was actually called a sheep-skin-dauber,—or on philyra, I do not know; but that he wrote them on something, I do know. Even the most barbarous age the world ever saw must have possessed the necessary materials for writing,—something to scratch with, and something to scratch upon,—in superabundance, whether leaves, or shells, or stones, or lead, or brass, or wooden tablets (whether whitened with gypsum or daubed with wax), or philyra, or papyrus, or sheep-skins, or goat-skins. And Homer's was no such age. The Wolfian theory betrays an ignorance of the primary elements of human nature the most astounding. It supposes in one and the same man, and at one and the same epoch, the sublime genius of a Shakespeare and the crass stupidity of a

Hottentot. Homer *must* have written. Any copious poet that has been kept a year or so without pens, ink, and paper, as ill at ease as an unmilked cow; any printer who knows how important a part the printing-press plays in clarifying the muddle-headed bard's ideas; any autotypist, any actor, any physician, any philosopher knows, or should know, the utter untenability of the Wolfian theory. From the bright-eyed school-boy to the grey-haired clerk, it shocks the common sense of all mankind. Nature does nothing in vain. Why, then, should she bestow such amazing memories on us poets? She is too just to do any such thing. She reserves them for those that have no ideas of their own. Medwin tells us that Byron knew all his own poetry by heart; but every author, from Newton to Carlyle, can tell a widely-different tale. Every author knows the agony of reproducing a lost work. Whatever Byron may have made Medwin believe about his "Deformed Transformed," he no doubt threw it on the fire, but either quietly took it off again or had a rough copy of it. Every author knows that to

deprive us of pens, ink, and paper is to limit us to slight effusions. But when you come to actual cases, how miserably you break down. What about Ossian? Did not that prove an arrant fraud? The works of Orpheus, Linus, and Olen,—what of them? The whole sum of our traditional unwritten literature,—nursery rhymes, popular songs, proverbs, and riddles,—how very small a volume they would make!

"But many rhapsodists and others knew the whole 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' by heart." Even if they did, it proves nothing. It does not touch the main difficulty. But did they? They may have got up every book at one time or another, but not at the same time. And this is exactly what happened. One reciter knew up such and such books, and another such and such; but none of them knew all of them. But even if they did, as I have just said, it proves nothing. A clever rhapsodist having nothing else to do is one thing; a poet with a brain crowded with all the learning of the real, and the fancy of the ideal world, is quite another.

Nor should I even imagine that Homer would have found any insuperable difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of sheep-skins and goat-skins for his one author's copy of his works, if nothing else would serve. What with singing at the temples, where sheep-skins and goat-skins must have been so dirt cheap, and reciting at the luxurious private mansions of the Phæacians of Chios (if we may judge by his own words in the "Odyssey," where he speaks of the multitude of sheep and goats killed for culinary purposes), he would probably have carried off, as his legitimate poet's perquisite, as long as he only gave satisfaction, a plentiful supply of bare, wool-less hides.

Without writing, Homer, alike with or without eyes, would have been blind all his life,—a blind man in a dream. A Demosthenes cannot orate with his mouth full of pebbles, and a Homer cannot versify with a load of thirteen poems upon his brain. Could Homer have remembered,—I mean could he have kept continually in his brain,—even the twenty thousand lines of his "Iliad" alone? Impossible! The "Iliad" might possibly

have been *got up by heart;* it could not possibly have been *composed* by one man without the help of writing. Still less the "Odyssey" and the other poems we may feel sure Homer wrote, even if we were not told he did. For, given a Homer,—just as Voltaire has written nearly a hundred volumes, and Cicero and Lopez de Vega so many,—he must have composed many myriads of lines in a style so simple and easy. For, simplicity and ease,—though possibly acquired with difficulty,—when acquired, imply copiousness.

A certain philosopher, whilst gazing intently upon the stars as he walked along, fell into a ditch. Even so it fares with the credulous incredulity,—the *insaniens sapientia* of modern pseudo-criticism. It marvels at the ruins of Tiryns, the tunnels of Copais, the sculptured lions of Mycenæ, and yet cannot believe that Homer in all his travels could have found the materials for one poor copy of his immortal poems. It believes that tradition handed down, for there is no saying how many centuries, 50,000 hexameters at the very least (I believe five or six times that quantity); it utterly discredits its handing down the

merest outline of the lives of the mighty heroes to whom the said hexameters owe their birth. "But Homer says nothing about it." So he says nothing of Orpheus, nothing of Musæus, nothing of Palamedes, nothing of Smyrna and Ios, next to nothing of Bacchus, Hercules, Theseus, Thebes, Argo, nothing of the Ionic emigration, the Dorians, or the Amazons. In other words, nothing of what did not concern his hearers, nothing that did not fall naturally into his poem, nothing that from pride of race he did not choose to speak of. He had a fine organ of secretiveness. It is probable enough that not many of the William Deloraines on either side could either read or write; and, even if they could ever so clerklily, he does well to say nothing about it. How little does Shakespeare say of reading and writing in his "Henry VI." and "Richard III." He knew the barbarising effects of a war that absorbs all a nation's energies. And so did Homer. Even his sagacious Ulysses is affected by them as seen by his outrageous treatment of the suitors. Literature was beginning to bud here in Chaucer and Gower. The Wars of the Roses blighted

it for two whole centuries. Literature was beginning to bud in Greece, in Orpheus, Olen, and Linus. The Trojan war blighted it for about an equal period. The Wars of the Roses produced Richard III.; the Trojan War, Neoptolemus. "The traditions lack documentary evidence." But they have all the evidence that from the nature of the case they can have. Let us be content with that. Even the evidences of that, of which as being of the most supreme importance, both here and hereafter to us all, we are fairly entitled to demand such proof as may satisfy all but wilful incredulity,—even the evidences of Christianity do not *force* belief. Why, then, expect our belief to be *forced* in a matter of mere otiose opinion? We of the present day treat them of the olden time as the foolish irreverent son treats his aged father's prophetic experience but failing memory; but, believe me, in religion, in history, in everything, *the scepticism of a fool is even worse than his superstition.* And as all other faults punish themselves, so does this. He that is deaf as an adder to the most cogent proofs, is fooled by his own chimeras. "It was all recitation; there

was no reading public till long after Homer." Doubtless, scarcely any one but the poet himself and his rhapsodists could either read or write in the days of the Cyclic poets, just as in the theatre now, only the manager and his taster, the poet and the company have read the play. Doubtless, there were very few copies of the "Iliad" in the days of Homer, possibly only one, just as there was only one copy of the "Law" in the days of Josiah. But there was one copy we know which Homer bequeathed to Creophylus on his death-bed, and which Lycurgus afterwards found in the possession of the posterity of Creophylus. "And he eagerly caused it to be copied out for him, and made a complete collection of the several parts of it, with the view of bringing it hither [to European Greece]. For there was already a certain dim celebrity of the poem amongst the Greeks; but not many had copies of the whole, but certain portions were carried different ways, some hither, some thither, as chance directed. But Lycurgus was the first that made it generally known," * by bringing it into

* Plut., "Lycurg.," p. 82. (Trübner.)

Europe "in complete form (αθροα)." * "But 'he wrote it' (εγραψατο), merely means he took home with him some rhapsodes who knew it by heart." (Merely that; what a probable interpretation, to be sure!) "It is a known fact that his laws were unwritten." † Quite so, I can imagine many good reasons for his not choosing to commit his simple code to writing. But the poems of Homer were a very different matter; and the mere fact of his forbidding his laws to be written shows that writing was common in his day. The fact, therefore, that his laws were unwritten, lends no support whatever to a misinterpretation more outrageous than the most laughable of Squire Peter's in Swift's "Tale of a Tub." And why call them in particular Rhetra, if all laws in his day were so?

Well, Homeric literature down to Solon's day, was in a state of constant ebb and flow, and—just as the Pentateuch was, humanly speaking, on the verge of being lost in the days of Josiah; just as the expiring light of writing had to be perpetually restored between the days of the Flood and those of Palamedes, and between the

* Ælian. † Wolf, "Proleg."

days of Palamedes and those of Homer; just as numerous remains of antiquity, even after the full establishment of writing, have hardly escaped destruction by a single copy—even so, from Creophylus to Peisistratus, the works of Homer were with the utmost difficulty preserved by the efforts of rhapsodes innumerable and successive copyists and collectors, even as Diomedes the Scholiast on Dionysius the Thracian says :—

"Once upon a time, the poems of Homer had perished, either by fire (the temple of Delphi was destroyed by fire, 548 B.C.), or by earthquake (Sparta was convulsed by an earthquake, 464 B.C.), or by inundation (may not this refer to the immeasurably most important of all, the Creophylian copy in the hand-writing of the poet?); and the books having been scattered about in different directions, some this way, and some that way, and lost at last, one was found having, perhaps, a hundred lines of "Homer," and another two hundred, and another a thousand, and another as many as luck would have it, and the marvel of ages was on the point of being consigned to oblivion. But Peisistratus devised the

following plan: he sent criers all over Greece, requesting that he that had any of Homer's verses should bring them to him at a fixed price per line. And when he had got them all, he summoned seventy choice and learned grammarians to put them together, each arranging them apart from the rest, as seemed best to him. And when they had done, they all declared unanimously . . . ."

The obvious fable based on that of the Septuagint; the copies destroyed by fire, earth, and water; the awful blunder about the date of the earthquake at Sparta, which the Scholiast evidently believes happened in the *second* Messenian War; the garbled plagiarism from Plutarch; the obvious *réchauffé* from divers Gospel parables; the ridiculously small scraps that the less fortunate Rhapsodes had, and seventy copies of 40,000 lines each produced instanter, and seventy first-class grammarians in one city that the day before had not a single copy, all tend to discredit the above account. The account of Ælian is much more accurate: "Peisistratus collected and published the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey'; and that of Suidas: "Homer was compiled

and arranged by many, and especially by Peisistratus." * The—

> "I did collect the tale of yore,
> That was sung scatteredly before,"—

of the Greek epigrammatist, is mere Court-poet's humbug. Cicero's guarded statement, "disposuisse confusos antea *dicitur*," I do not dispute. Even as we read in the "Anecdota": "It is said that the poems of Homer were stitched together by Peisistratus, and put in order, which before were read scatteredly, and as chance would have it, owing to their correct arrangement having been wrenched asunder by the lapse of time"; up to the time of Psammetichus (671–617 B.C.) on the prepared inner bark of the linden-tree, and after that time on papyrus, the minstrels attached (hence they were called "rapsodoi," stitch-songs) to the laurel wand sacred to their tutelary deity, and called rabdos= rabodos,† that on which the lay was sewn. Hence Pindar speaks of the "Homerid minstrels of stitcht-on lays ‡"; and Calli-

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 28.

† From *rab*, root of obsolete 2 aor. of *rapto*, "I stitch."

‡ N. 2. 2.

machus says, "And the lay woven on my wand, I sing continually, even as I received it." * And Hesiod says, "Having stitched minstrelsy on to new hymns." And Pausanias says it was held on the lap† like a roll of music now-a-days. And we learn from Homer that it was "stitcht on" to the rabdos just like a wall map to the roller.‡ And Lycurgus tells the Athenians, in one of his orations, that their ancestors provided by law for the recitation of Homer's poems as early as the time of Tyrtæus (B.C. 685). And later still, Solon ordained by law that they should be recited by successive rhapsodists, the one going on where the other left off, according as was prescribed by the Master of the Ceremonies,§ exactly as Callimachus says.

If, in spite of all this, Homer was still on the point of being lost, this says volumes on the impossibility of his poems being preserved by oral tradition during the three or four preceding dark centuries. Furthermore, it appears, even from the Scholiast on Dionysius Thrax, that long before the age of Peisistratus there had

* Call. "Fr.," 138.

† Paus., ix. 30, § 3.

‡ Il., xii. 294–297.

§ Diog. Laert.

been various copies of the works of Homer, viz., that of Homer himself, bequeathed to Creophylus about 955 B.C.; that of Lycurgus, about 870 B.C.; that of the Homeridæ at Chios, and others; but that they had been lost by various casualties, and that the books of Homer were now only to be found scattered about hither and thither. This would be, to a certain extent, the natural result of sparse, perhaps no reading, and incessant recitations. Each "aoidos" would take his portion away, and in time there would not be a complete copy left. Of course, the Scholiast's account is much exaggerated. The notion of one minstrel having a whole book or more, and another barely a rhabdosful, is simply ludicrous. Still, no doubt, a recension worthy of the literary metropolis of Greece was now highly necessary. Cicero's guarded expression implies no more. And Suidas's, whilst identical in expression with the rest, contains an additional phrase that tells us exactly what all this collation, this putting together, this collecting into one whole the confused and scattered *disjecti membra poetæ* means. "Homer was compiled and arranged by

many, and especially by Peisistratus." Just so. There was the Recension of Argos, the Recension of Crete, the Recension of Chios, the Recension of Cyprus, and how many more I cannot say, and, lastly, the Recension of Athens. That Peisistratus did more than this, we have not a shadow of argument against the Atlas of proof the other way. That what he did was nothing unique appears from the fact that the Alexandrine critics do not even notice the Peisistratus Recension among the many before them. They name especially other MSS. (of Chios, Massilia, Sinope, &c.), but not the MS. of MSS. Furthermore, Plato tells us that "Hipparchus was the *first* that brought the poems of Homer into Attica." (Whatever, then, becomes of the claims of Peisistratus?) "And compelled the Rhapsodes to go through them in order, one after the other, at the Panathenæa." In other words, to do as had been already twice enacted in the time of Solon and Tyrtæus before him, exactly as if Peisistratus had never existed. Lastly, neither the Parian Chronicle nor Eusebius says one word touching this most important matter. Neither, I venture to guess,

did Syncellus, or any of the universal historians, from Josephus and Zonaras to the Byzantines—Cedrenus, Melala, and Glycas. And, indeed, if we reflect that, in the time of Peisistratus, the stupendous Cyclic series was complete,—plus the thirteen works of Homer, plus the sixteen of Hesiod, plus the Orphic Cycle, plus lyric poems innumerable, with Egypt and its papyrus beds now thrown freely open, and literature a regular source of subsistence to a distinct profession, the same as now,*—is it possible to conceive that there were no MSS?

Doubtless Solon, Peisistratus, and Hipparchus all did something. Solon provided for regular recitations of our poet's works from a certain number of copies, complete enough originally, no doubt, but split up amongst the Rhapsodes just as my MS. work is amongst the printers, my MS. play amongst the actors. Peisistratus collated it as others did, elsewhere if not at Athens itself, before and after him. And Hipparchus brought to Athens from abroad a true and genuine first-proof copy. How small a matter all this is, appears from this

* "Anth. Lyr." (Bergk.), p. 17, C.C. 43–82.

one consideration. Naumachus collected the laws of Solon just as Peisistratus collected the works of Homer, yet no one doubts that Solon wrote his laws.

Obviously Wolf collapses entirely. He does not prove his point in the least, and, even if he did, even if there were no copies of Homer at Athens in the time of Peisistratus, what argument is that that there were copies nowhere else, especially in Ionia, the sacred cradle of the "Cycle" and the region where writing was commonest?

As to the Kochlys and the Lachmans, that would split the "Iliad" into twenty songs, just as the monk in "Ingoldsby Legends" splits up one broomstick into twenty broomsticks, one devil into twenty devils, which of the two is the greater wonder, that if Arctinus wrote a continuous poem of 10,000 lines, Homer should write one of 30,000; or that instead of one marvel of nature, one Homer, one sun, we should have twenty marvels, twenty Homers, and twenty suns?

CHAPTER IX.

THE PSEUDO-HOMER.

THERE were many distinct Homers; this is an admitted fact. Xenophon, in his book, "De Equivocis," says there were several;* the pseudo-Archilochus counts eight;† Proclus counts three;‡ all different from Archilochus's, and says there were many more who took the name out of admiration of the original Homer. But especially there were two: (1) Homer, the son of Euphron, (2) Homer, the son of Kretheis. So there were two Theseuses, three Æthras, and two Phalarises, to the sore confusion of the phil-Homerist, the mythologist, and the philologist; three Kretheuses, two Amphions, three Æoluses,

* Allatius, p. 287. † Allatius, pp. 288, 289.
‡ Westermann's "Lives," pp. 47, 48.

and two Cadmuses. So there were two Ascaniuses, two Æneases, two Cinyrases, two Musæuses, two Neleuses, two Europas,—one the ocean nymph, from whom Europe derived its name, and one *the* Europa; three Atyses, and two or three Mæons. So there were two Alcæuses,—*the* Alcæus, and Alcæus of Messene; two Terpanders,—Terpander of Phocæa, and *the* Terpander; two Archilochuses, two Suidases, two Theocrituses, two Agamemnons; two Stephanuses,—Stephanus Byzantius, and *the* Stephanus; two Demodocuses,—one of Lacedæmon, and one *the* Demodocus; two Phemiuses,—one Homer's more than father, and one Phemius of Ithaca; two Nonnuses,—Nonnus the poet, and Nonnus Abbas. So there were two Penelopes,—one the daughter of Callisto and mother of Pan, and one the *chaste* Penelope, defamed by her namesake's irregularities. So there were three Trophoniuses,—all the sons of Erginus, *i.e.*, workman; three Linuses,—Linus the son of Amphimarus, Linus the son of Apollo and Calliope, and Linus the son of Ismenius; two Tantaluses,—one the King of Egypt, and grandson of

Neilus, and *the* Tantalus; two Typhons, —Typhon, King of Egypt, and *the* Typhon; two Hesiods,—one the poet, and one of whom we know nothing but that he was murdered; two Melissuses,—one the descendant of our Melissigenes, one an Athenian admiral; two Lycurguses,—one the lawgiver, one the orator; five or six Pelasguses, twelve Herculeses, six Apollos, eight Simonideses, about the same number of Bacchuses, and any number of Helens; ten Bions, all poets; four Theons, all philosophers, besides four Theons, all sophists; and three poetesses, all rejoicing in the distinguished cognomen of Fly (*Muia*). Manetho is a remarkable name enough, yet there were two Manethos. Oreibantius is yet more remarkable, yet there were two Oreibantiuses. There were even two Hyrnethos. And so on, and so on. Considering that all these names, or nearly all, occur in this one little book, it may easily be imagined that once afloat on the limitless sea of ancient literature in Great Russell Street, unless we take the utmost possible care, the mistakes we make are innumerable. And all early Greek history is a

scene of the very wildest confusion if we thus confuse Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith; St. George of Cappadocia with St. George of England; Hercules of Greece, that slew the Hydra, with Hercules the Tyrian, whose dog discovered the dye that gave him that surname by champing up a lump of sea-snails and so dyeing his jaws a brilliant purple; Iasus, the father of Io, with Iasus, eighth king of Argos, or either with Iasus, our poet's grandfather; Endymion, the great ancestor of the Ætolians, with Endymion the Dreamer,—

> "That, waking, pray'd to know the name of God,
> And heard it in a dream, and woke no more;"

Keats's Endymion, or either Endymion with Endymion Porter; Narcissus, the Erectheid, that Epopeus slew, with Narcissus, the beautiful youth that Orpheus loved and was scorned by; Orpheus's Alexis, in fact; or either Narcissus with Narcissus Luttrell; Carey, the translator of "Dante," with Mother Carey; Tom Jones, the foundling, with Davey Jones, or either Jones with the great Oriental scholar. All this terrible confusion arises

mainly from the ancient Greeks having so to speak, only a Christian name (which naturally kept on recurring in the family stemma) and not two or three names as we have, but partly also because they employed certain very celebrated names generically in writing of the so-called pre-historic times before the Fall of Troy. Thus any poet was called Orpheus, any musician Linus, any schoolmaster Cheiron, any prophet Teiresias, any knave Sisyphus, any hero of the Cid order Hercules. So we are told that Minos drove Ganymede to suicide just as Demetrius drove Democles to avoid his unnatural embraces. But the Ganymede of Minos is not *the* Ganymede, but only a beautiful boy, name unknown. So Horace calls the unprincipled seducer of another man's sweetheart Enipeus, meaning, not a reproacher, as Naucke most ridiculously supposes, but even, as we say, "A gay Lothario." To confound, then, the Herculeses, the Helens, the Demetriuses, &c., is as inexcusable in Greek as it is to confuse the Henrys in English, the Ptolemys in Egyptian, the Louises in French, the Philips in Spanish, the Johns in Papal, and the Charleses in universal

European history. In other words, to confound Homer, the son of Mæon, with Homer, the son of Euphron, is hardly less absurd than to confound John Bunyan with John Milton, Tom Macaulay with Tom Paine, Richard Pigott with Richard Webster, though in our feeble grasp of the Hellenic nomenclature we are, clairvoy as we may, but so dimly conscious of it. Be it our task, therefore, in the present chapter to unravel the commingled threads of the two strangely interconcatenated lives with all the delicate manipulatory skill at our command.

Homer the Younger lived in Hesiod's time, and was the son of Euphron, the Phocian.* He appears to have been descended from *a* Melanopus, possibly a descendant of *the* Melanopus, but the name Melanippus or Melanopus was so common in Asia Minor that one cannot be at all certain on the point. And through him he claimed descent from Orpheus, and through him to Atlas, but the names in the stemma from Melanopus to Orpheus are so obviously Bunyanesque as to carry their own condemnation with them. They

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 47.

are as follow:—Melanopus, the son of Thoughtful (Epiphrades), the son of Sweet-voice (Euphemus), the son of Fond-of-Music (Philoterpes), the son of Fitz-Harmony (Harmonides), the son of True-Glory (Eucles), the son of Ortis, of the race of Dorus, the son of Orpheus, all in the poetical line you observe, and altogether unreliable.*

He was either named Homer at the font, after his illustrious predecessor, or took the name very early, as no hint of an alias, so far as I am aware, has come down to us. He was educated by *a* Creophylus, I presume a grandson of *the* Creophylus, though for all I know *the* Creophylus, now an old man of eighty, may have superintended his studies. As was natural in the pupil of Creophylus he was a devoted Homerid, and, as a collector of Homer's works, obtained the name of Collector. He came over to Greece to spread the Gospel according to St. Homer, arriving at Ios about 884 B.C. There he put up the inscription in honour of Homer, which the pseudo-Herodotus truly says was *not* written by Homer (*i.e.*, Homer the Elder), but long after, and

* Lesches, "Contest between Homer and Hesiod."

the "Contest" says, not less truly, *was* written by Homer (that is, Homer the Younger),—the celebrated inscription of which I have said so much already.

From thence he went to Delos, where, for the first time, he met his father's first cousin, Hesiod.*

"At Delos, first sang we, then, I and sweet Homer,
Stitching newly-made hymns to the branch of the laurel,
Him Latona brought forth,—golden-sworded Apollo: †
I sang, and sweet Homer he plough'd with his reed
On the wax-besmear'd tablet the verses I sang." ‡

Homer the Collector was naturally only too happy to copy out the lay of so eminent a bard.

From thence the pseudo-Homer appears to have proceeded to Athens, where we are told he recited epigram 5 and was fined for publishing a profane book,—"The Iliad." § The writers who say this took place in the Archonship of Medon con-

* Westermann, p. 35, line 51.
† Hesiod, "Fragm." ccxxvii., Goettl., p. 303.
‡ Schol., Pind., and Eustath., "Il.," vi. 14.
§ Heracl., book ii., Diog. Laert.

found the Homer of Crates (born 1104) with the younger Homer. I spare the reader here a lengthy disquisition upon the many sages, heroes, poets, and patriots,—the Theseuses, the Homers, the Miltiadeses, the Cimons, the Aristeideses, the Themistocleses, the Anaxagorases, the Antiphons, the Pericleses, the Socrateses, and the Phocions that Jerusalem on the Ilissus fined, imprisoned, ostracised, and murdered. Suffice it to say, that Homer the Younger "shook off the dust of his feet as a testimony against them," to whom every reader will remember St. Paul addressed those words of mild disdain, "Oh, Athenians, I perceive that you are in all things too superstitious"; and singing his namesake's "Margites," mighty appropriately after the usage he had just received at Athens, as he went,* he proceeded to Bœotia. Here he doubtless renewed his acquaintance with his father's cousin, Hesiod, and, becoming intimate with him, showed him and allowed him to copy out all the poems of Homer of which he had before enjoyed but the snatches of pass-

* Westermann, p. 35, lines 52-54.

ing minstrels, their visits in that rude, boorish region being, as Milton says:—

> "Like angels' visits—few and far between."

Here, too, he composed his "Thebaid," and after flattering the patriotic ardour of Thebes by reciting it at the Kronia, a musical contest there in celebration of the triumph of Learning over Time,* he proceeded to Delphi, where the oracle gratified him with the celebrated reply:—

> "Oh, happy and unhappy, for you are born to both," &c.

The people there pretended that it had been delivered some seventy years before, but it was certainly a prophecy after the event, and probably made up very recently out of information that our poet's high priest had let drop during his stay in Bœotia, and quite possibly put into hexameters that very day.

Having engraved this lying imposture, little thinking how terribly he was bewildering all posterity thereby, on a marble pillar at Delphi, and recited his own Hymn

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 22.

to the Pythian Apollo (Hymn ii.), the pseudo-Homer went on his way rejoicing till he coming from Delphi and Hesiod from Ascra, they met at Aulis, in Bœotia, and from thence probably sailed over together, singing as they went, to Chalchis in Eubœa. And both the poets having contended there in a marvellous manner, Hesiod won the prize; and having received a brazen tripod with handles to it, he offered it up to the Muses, having inscribed the following upon it:—

> "Hesiod this hath dedicated
> To the Heliconian Muses,
> Having conquer'd sainted Homer."

This epigram is most indisputably genuine. We have for it the quintuple authority of (1) the Anthology; (2) Varro; (3) Aulus Gellius; (4) Chrysostom; (5) Hesiod himself, as we shall see presently.

But surely neither Hesiod, nor any one there, seriously believed that, like Jacob at Peniel, he had prevailed over a semi-divine bard, but only over a mere man like himself. The epithet, "divine," Hesiod applies half-playfully to the great poet's homonym, his cousin Homer, the

son of Euphron, though the poems he was reciting were his very own, much as Macpherson was doubtless often spoken of as "Ossian" by the critics, even when discussing poems that were admittedly his. We must not, therefore, credit Paneides with the wretched taste of preferring Hesiod to the true Homer. The pseudo-Homer only recited his own verses here, which doubtless *were* considerably inferior to those of the author of "The Works and Days." I am, of course, well aware that Lesches represents the matter otherwise; but though the prologue and epilogue of his "Agon" (the work of a bungling editor many centuries after him) is history, albeit wretchedly garbled and unreliable, the "Agon" itself, which alone is his, is the purest fiction possible.

But not for a moment must the reader be led by the perverse ingenuity of the pseudo-learned to doubt that there *was* an "Agon." Plutarch, in his "Banquet of the Seven Wise Men," and again in his "Symposiacs," book v., distinctly accredits it. So also do Lucian, Proclus, Philostratus, Themistius, Libanius, and, of course, the writers already quoted as authorities for

the epigram. The arrogance, therefore, of the modern pedants that venture to dispute it, is simply monstrous. Especially as we have the authority, not only of the above countless august names, but also, as I have already said, that of Hesiod himself, in the following most certainly genuine passage of the "Works and Days": –

"Ενθα δ' εγων επ' αεθλα δαϊφρονος Αμφιδαμαντος
Χαλκιδα τ' εισεπερησα· τα δε προπεφραδμενα πολλα
Αθλ' εθεσαν παιδες μεγαλητορες ενθα με φημι
Ὑμνῳ νικησαντα φερειν τριποδ' ωτωεντα
*Ὑμνῳ νικησαντ' εν Χαλκιδι θειον Ὁμηρον."

This passage was obviously interpolated by the excited poet shortly after his victory. The line to which I have affixed an asterisk he probably suppressed in a cooler moment. The translation is as follows :—

"Whence to the Games of Sage Archidamas,
I sail'd to Chalchis, and his brave sons proclaim'd
A prize for each form of merit. There I was
Victor in Song [victor o'er Homer] named.

Unto the Nine to whom I owed my skill,
The prize I won on that eventful day
I consecrated on my native Hill,
Where you may see it, should you go that way."

Further, it appears from the pseudo-Homer's second hymn to Venus (Hymn vi.)* that he was engaged in many such contests; we may even say that such contests were usual in his time :—

"Oh, laughter-loving Queen, my soul inspire,
And grant me victory on 'the living lyre.'"

He wrote his Thebais in Phocis and Bœotia, and his Epigoni in Attica and Achaia. But when he got to Argos, once more changing his theme to suit the popular taste, he recited book after book of the "Iliad." And the Argives honoured him with costly gifts, and set up a brazen statue of The Poet; and voted to sacrifice to him both daily and monthly and annually, and every fifth year to send an especial offering to Chios. And under the statue they wrote as follows :—

"See here divine Homer,
Who adorn'd with his Ditty,
Greece and Argos that sackt
The God-builded city."

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* Venus talks in it of Otreus (the son of Orpheus), mythological ancestor of the pseudo but not the genuine Homer, a clear proof that the former and not the latter was the author of it.

And having stayed a considerable time at Argos, he sailed to Delos to the Great Festival. And there standing on the altar of Horn, he recited the hymn to Apollo, which Homer had left behind him when he died, of which the beginning was "Let me remember,"—the first line of the hymn as it now stands. After the hymn had been recited, the Ionians made the inspired evangelist of the new divinity a citizen, and the Delians having written the poem down on a Leucoma, a tablet covered with gypsum, the Latin album, they dedicated it in the Temple of Artemis, probably adding thereto Homer's fine hymn to that goddess. And when the festival had broken up the collector sailed away from Greece, 882 B.C., to Creophylus, at Samos. He died possibly at Scyros,* and possibly at 90.† His pseudo-stemma from Orpheus to Melanopus we have seen on page 393; his connexion by marriage with Homer the Elder, on pages 207, 208; and his true stemma to the Terpander we have also seen on page 208. His daughter, whose name we do not know, married

* Leo Allatius, "De Patria Homeri."
† John Tzetzes, "Chiliades."

Stasinus, to whom it seems not improbable that he may have communicated the few surviving traditionary lines of the lost and stolen Cypria, which that poet embodied in his own poem, and because he chanced to be a Cyprian, it came to be thought that the poem derived its title from that altogether irrelevant fact.

From Hymn VI. it would seem that he came to Cyprus to take part in a musical contest. Here most probably he first made acquaintance with Stasinus, his future son-in-law. On the occasion of the marriage he probably wrote one of the Epithalamia Suidas speaks of.* He also wrote Hymns.* Two of the Homeric hymns certainly. And this is pretty well all we know about him. Come we now, then, to the question of his date. We have a multitude of proofs that he was born about 913 B.C.

(1) He was a descendant in the fifth generation from Charidemus, the founder of Cumæ (1033 B.C.), which certainly harmonises very well with his being born about that time.

(2) Solinus, in telling us that Homer

* Suidas, art. "Homer."

died at Ios 913 B.C., as good as tells us that he saw an inscription there, or elsewhere, *Homeros ho poietes gegone*, 913 B.C., but that he confounded the two Homers, and translated *gegone* by "vixit" with Nepos and the other Latinists. That is, in telling us that Homer (the Elder) *died* at Ios, 913 B.C., he virtually tells us that Homer (the Younger) was *born* there or rather at (Ch)ios, 913 B.C.

(3) He was born in the reign of Agesilaus I., therefore not earlier than 930 B.C., and probably not much later, as the reign of that prince was a short one.

(4) He was ten generations, plus the age of his mother at the time of his birth, from his illustrious ancestor (?), Orpheus the Argonaut,* And 913 plus 333 (length of ten generations) plus 25 (age of mother), about equals 1225 (the date of Argonautic Expedition).

(5) Hesiod was born about 100 years after Homer (the Elder), which would make him born either 944 (according to Aristotle), or 915 (according to the true date), in the archonship of Megacles, about 937 (according to the Parian Marble).

* Westermann's "Lives," p. 35.

And, again, the first and third of these calculations harmonise very well with the pseudo-Homer being born about 915 B.C. About that difference of age may be supposed between the son and the cousin-in-law of Euphron the Phocian.

(6) We are told that Hesiod was born at the beginning, and Homer at the end of the same archonship, which again would make Hesiod born about 937 and Homer about 921, at the conclusion of the archonship of Megacles.

(7) The Parian Chronicle says, "Homer, the poet, appeared 907 B.C."

And now with respect to Lycurgus. To begin with, he was tenth or eleventh from Hercules,—that is, being interpreted, he was between ten and eleven generations from Hercules. Three generations, recollect, gentle reader! make one century, exactly as twelve inches make one foot. Hercules, therefore, being born 1261 B.C., this makes Lycurgus born about ten and a half generations, or 350 years after 1261. This gives Lycurgus born 911 B.C. Another author says in the [ ] eighth year after the Fall of Troy,—that is, 915 B.C., exactly harmonising with Cicero's

wavering testimony: "Lycurgum cujus temporibus Homerus fuisse traditur" ("Tusc.," v. 3), and—

"Non infra superiorem Lycurgum fuit" (Brut., c. 10).

Again, Lycurgus was Regent at the birth of Charilaus, 884 B.C. (as Eratosthenes says: "His Regency commenced 885 B.C."*), and was sought with infamous suggestions by the wicked queen-mother in marriage, and, in conjunction with Iphitus, arranged the Olympic Games that same year; all which he could not well have done, had he been born much later.

Tercentenary of the Fall of Troy!	
Celebration of the Great Triumph of United Greece at the Olympic Games, revived after interval of over three centuries!	884 B.C.
Sunakmazousia of Hesiod and Homer the Younger!	

I believe this to be the very meaning of the loose language and round figures of Herodotus. "Homer and Hesiod," not Homer alone, "were 400 years before

* Flach., "Parian Marble," p. 39.

me,—that is, their era was 400 years before my time." This was a date Herodotus could not well help knowing. To a literary Greek it was, indeed, a most interesting one, and excuses a slight inaccuracy of statement.

The Olympiad of Olympiads, so to speak, the Tercentenarian Olympiad, from 887 to 883 B.C., was precisely the period to publish the great epic of the Trojan war through the whole length of Hellas. And naturally, in the dim ages that followed, the first great publisher got confounded with the actual poet, especially as he was a poet himself, and distant from the poet, in point of birth, only the space of just a century. On the other side of the Ægean, that is, but never in his own native Æolis and the strip of Asia that owned its literary sway,—never in Lydo-Caria, where the veritable Life of Lives was written.

Next we read that Sosibius finds Homer's name in the Spartan archives in the eighth year of Charilaus, the Eurypontid. That cannot mean that Homer (the Younger) died 876 B.C., for then his daughter was not of marriageable age,

perhaps not born. What does it mean, then? Why, the great Homeric find, to be sure. Plutarch is himself, and leaves his readers, in great doubt whether Lycurgus did or did not see the Great Collector, the proto-Bibliomaniac, Homer (the Younger); but whether he did or not, he certainly found the works of Homer (the Elder) in the possession of the *apogonoi* (grandchildren) of *the* Creophilus, Homer's friend, and, possibly, the very aged superintendent of the pseudo-Homer's boyish studies, about 876 B.C. Up to this time the works of Homer were very imperfectly known at Sparta, and, in all probability, Macpherson was generally confounded with Ossian, the Collector with the Poet, the Minstrel that had been defeated at Aulis by Hesiod, with the greatest Minstrel of all times. So the discovery of a complete copy of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" was a supremely important literary event, and very well worthy of record. And this explanation of the date in question very neatly dovetails in with what the venerable Bishop of Nicomedia tells us in another place,—that Lycurgus legislated in the second year of Thespius

and the thirtieth of Teleclus, *i.e.*, 875 B.C., by which he must mean that Lycurgus returned home with the works of our poet and commenced his work as legislator at that date.

Eratosthenes, Apollodorus, Thucydides, and Strabo, all confirm the above dates; Eratosthenes, Apollodorus, and Timæus say Lycurgus lived many years before the first Olympiad; Thucydides, that it was somewhat over four centuries since Sparta set out on the route of law and order, to conquest, and honour; Strabo puts him in the fifth generation from Althemenes, the eighth from Euclus and Procles; and Timæus says he lived in the time of Homer, meaning, of course, Homer the Younger.

But an idea of the utter muddle caused by confusing the two Homers may be formed from the following passages, amongst others, taken from Westermann's "Lives":—"And he" (meaning Homer the Younger) "was born fifty-seven years before the first Olympiad" (that of Corœbus; that is, he was born 941 B.C.); "but Porphyrius, in his 'Philosophical History,' says he" (meaning Homer the

Elder) "was born 132 years before, *i.e.*, 1015 B.C. Suidas and Porphyry are both right, but talking of different persons. So again, "Some say that Homer was born 160 years only after the Fall of Troy." So the elder was. But Porphyrius says 275 after, *i.e.* 908 B.C., meaning the Younger. And so he was. Lastly, "And he, Hesiod, was older according to some (those that made his date 944 by subtracting 100 from the Homeric date of Aristotle), and according to others (those that made his date 915 by subtracting 100 from Homer's true date) the same age as Homer." (Yes, as Homer the Younger.) "But Porphyry and very many others reckon him a hundred years younger" (Yes, than Homer the Elder), "and only 32 years before the first Olympiad." That is, 915.

And yet, date apart, it is marvellous how any one could confuse the two Homers, and not perceive that they were two. The one surnamed Auletes, the other surnamed the Collector. The one an Æolid all over, the other an Ionian of Chios. The one singing of Diana and Simöeisius and the rushes of the Meles, the other tracing his

blood through Mæon the Adventurer, and the Amazons to Orpheus (whom the true Homer never once names), and from him to Atlas. The one a blind strolling beggar, the other a well-to-do citizen, as wholly oblivious of his pretended blindness as any begging-letter impostor. The one the Homer of Herodotus's posthumous work, the other the Homer of Lesches's "Agon," and of the pseudo-Plutarchus. The one most certainly the son of a Phocian and the grandson of a Bœotian, as appears quite clearly from the stemma from him to his descendant Terpander, the other most certainly an Asiatic Greek. The one a contemporary of Hesiod, as appears by that poet's own distinct statement, the other most indubitably long before him, as appears by his quoting, adapting, amplifying, supplementing, commenting upon, and making a text of him,—in a word, dealing by him just as the Cyclic poets did, and just as we deal by the Bible and Shakespeare. The one *flourishing* in the archonship of Archippus,* the other

* Baletta, "Life of Homer," p. 20.

appearing in the archonship of Diognetus.* The one receiving a silver phial for a six-line epigram,† the other singing for pipkins, fieldfares, coppers, and hunks of bread. The one with a frouzy ragged Sancho-Panza to lead him about in his blindness—Bucco, whom Tzetzes pokes fun at; the other keeping a swell Grosvenor-square footman named Scindapsus, with a hundred guineas or so in his purse. But why insist further upon a matter so obvious? Only compare the genuine life of Homer by Herodotus with the spurious life by Suidas and the "Agon" of Lesches, and you will see the difference.

Still they *were* confused; and the causes of the confusion I have now last of all to investigate.

And first as regards Solinus.

Solinus very probably had access to two sources of information. One quite modern, say at Ios, and replacing the now long-vanished tombstone:—

"Homer," meaning the elder, "died (humanis rebus excessit) at Ios, ετη λνγ (953 B.C.);"

* The "Parian Marbles," p. 16; Euseb., "Chron.," vol. ii.

† Westermann's "Lives," p. 43.

and another, no matter where, containing the words "Ὅμηρος, meaning the Younger, γεγονε, 270 years after the Fall of Troy," or words to that effect. Understanding, then, both inscriptions to refer to the same Homer and not to two entirely different ones, he could only interpret Ὅμηρος γεγονε in the latter with the whole Latin school by "Homerus vixit." Homer died 1183–270=913 B.C.

And in this error he would be strongly confirmed if in the course of several years the nu (ν) had been blurred in the first record into the appearance of an iota (ι) whereby the first record came to signify "Homer died 913," instead of 953 "B.C."; in other words, came to signify the same as the second record.

But just as Solinus was fatally betrayed into translating gegone, which really means "was born" by "vixit," *i.e.*, "died," so Astyanax was no less fatally betrayed into translating εφανη, which means "appeared," by "was born."

If you only read the account in Lesches of Homer's reception at Delos,* you will admit that nothing could be more su-

* Westermann's "Lives," pp. 44, 45.

premely probable than that the Delians should put up an inscription to commemorate that most interesting occasion when the poet solemnly consecrated himself to the service of his tutelary divinity in the following words: "Homeros ho poietes ephane." Homer the poet appeared 302 years after the Fall of Troy, which he immortalised in his song, *i.e.*, about three years after he came to Ios, two years after the great Tercentenary,—in other words, 882 B.C.

I say Delos on the authority of this passage of Westermann's "Lesches," but any city (Argos, for instance) would do as well at which he "appeared" 302 B.C. And surely somewhere or other some such an inscription is an absolute certainty. Now, what I maintain is, that the passage in Flach's "Chronicon Parium," p. 16:—

"Homeros ho poietes ephane,"

is simply a quotation from this inscription. For his own most mistaken date for the Fall of Troy being 1209 B.C., by subtracting 302 from it he obtained 907 B.C. as the date of the *birth* of Homer. Of the *appearance* it could not be, as it was

perfectly notorious that *he appeared* in Greece, 884-882 B.C., to take part in the commemoration of the grand-grand-grand-Tercentenary.

The following is the stemma of the pseudo-Homer from Melanopus, sixth from Orpheus:—

MELANOPUS.*

Apelles †.....	Dius I.	
Mæon I. ‡	Perses.	
Homer the Elder...	Dius II.	Mæon II.
	Hesiod.	Clymene (married Euphron).
		Homer II.

* Not *the* Melanopus, but, presumably, a near kinsman of his.

† Corrupted from Aphelles, *i.e.*, "Come from Greece," as Melanopus was from Melanippus, and Kritheis from Kretheis.

‡ Homer's kinsman, and father by adoption.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

Homer the Elder born	1015-14
Homer the Elder died [between 953 and]	943
Hesiod born	944-937
Homer the Younger born...	913-915
Lycurgus born	911-915
Homer the Younger at Ios	885-4
Lycurgus Regent	885-4
Lycurgus celebrates the Tercentenary of the Fall of Troy at Olympia...	884
Homer the Younger leaves Greece ...	882
Lycurgus discovers the works of Homer at Chios, has them copied out, and brings them with him to Sparta	876
Lycurgus commences the work of legislation	875
Hesiod becomes conspicuous,—that is, dies, and the celebrated *édition de luxe* on lead of his great work, "The Works and Days," is published by his admiring countrymen in the seventh year of Alcamenes, that is...	854
Lycurgus "establishes his laws" * ...	843
Lycurgus goes into voluntary exile... ...	842
Death of Lycurgus...	831
Death of Homer the Younger, aged 90 (?)	823-5

* Eusebius, "Chronicon," vol. ii.

CHAPTER X.

OUR AUTHORITIES.

BUT what authority have we for all these things? (1) The "Lives" published by Westermann; (2) Numerous scattered notices in Pausanias, Diodorus, Plutarch, Herodotus, Athenæus, Ælian, Ptolemy, Tzetzes, Eusebius, Suidas, Stephanus Byzantius, the "Anthology," Müller's "Fragmenta Græcæ Historiæ," the "Anecdota," the "Scholia," and the "Lexica"; (3) Allatius, "De Patria Homeri"; (4) Baletta's "Life"; (5) Wolff's "Prolegomena"; (6) The labours of Welcker, Smith, Grote, Mure, and the venerable author of "Homeric Studies."

But incomparably the most important of all these is the "Life" by Herodotus, diligently compared with and illustrated by the entire works of Homer, *i.e.*, the

"Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Batrachomyomachia," the "Hymns," the "Epigrams," and the "Fragments." If we wish to form a fair estimate of this truly valuable work, we have only to compare it with the works of the pseudo-Plutarchus, of Suidas, of Lesches, and of Tzetzes. From beginning to end, I can follow the work of Herodotus with the most absolute and implicit confidence, whereas the works of those three other authors literally swarm with the most monstrous blunders and contradictions of every possible kind. Frightful, indeed, is the muddle that Tzetzes makes whilst confusing the Homer of Crates that "lived in the time of the wars of Thebes and Troy" with the "seven-fathered, seven-citied" Homer, that "was born at Smyrna" (for even he, in the midst of all his blunders, holds fast by that one cardinal truth), but "wandered all over Greece"; whereas the true Homer never came to Greece at all.

"But the work is not a genuine work of Herodotus." It is, and it is not. Learned divines are agreed, I believe, that Matthew wrote his Gospel, not in Greek, but in Hebrew. Is, therefore, the Gospel we

now have not genuine? Again, are my chapters based on the "Life" genuine? They are a garbled version of the "Life," but are they not, therefore, genuine?

Now turn to the "Life." What does one see at the first glance? It does not even profess to be the Life that Herodotus wrote (any more than my three chapters profess to be It), but only an abstract therefrom. Just as I have the "Life" before me, so the author of the "Life" had some yet earlier work before him, and I undoubtingly believe a very ancient work written by Herodotus, or which at any rate he honestly believed to be so. "But why has he not reproduced it?" Because it would not have suited his purpose. Exactly, gentle reader, as I have not reproduced the "Life." There are three all extremely obvious reasons why the original work may have been unproducible. (1) The lapse of time between Herodotus and Adrian may have reduced the work to a mere series of fragments in the last stage of corruption. (2) It may have fallen behind the times and have been, in many vital respects, unsuitable for the highly controversial purpose that the editor had in

publishing it. (3) There are the very strongest reasons for believing that it was written, not for Greek, but for Carian readers, and was, therefore, written in Carian Greek, or the native Carian whatever that may have been. I should be mad (should I not?) if I published a "Life of Homer," professedly a translation from "The Life," but really varying from it wherever it suited my purpose. And the editor would not have been one whit less mad had he tried to pass upon the world as Herodotus a work that any schoolboy, —any one with the smallest tinge of Greek,—can see at a glance is not Herodotus. *Pas si bête.* He does nothing of the sort, as any one of the smallest critical acumen may perceive. Only notice the changes of the tenses from the past, where he is giving his author's own words to the present, where he is giving a mere abstract or introducing controversial matter of his own finding or explanations that he deems advisable, and you will admit that he is serving Herodotus exactly as I am serving him. That he had something genuinely Herodotean to work upon there can be no reasonable doubt. For (1) If you look

them out in your "Liddel and Scott," you will find the words marvellously Herodotean. (2) The chronology, with its frightful blunder as to the time of the Fall of Troy, is Herodotean. (3) Its great defect,—inadequate information on, perhaps, the most interesting question of all, the works of Homer, — is eminently Herodotean. Almost any modern, with Herodotus's advantages, would have given us twenty times the information on early Greek literature that he has done. (4) Its second great defect; its strange, absolute ignorance of all Chian affairs, even those most intimately connected with Homeric story, is unintelligible except in a very early writer, whose native land had not long emerged from Asiatic barbarism, whilst his full knowledge of all that the Ionians and Æolians had to tell shows us how close by them he was. (5) The general tone of thought, the colouring, the method, the simplicity, the love of the marvellous, are all eminently Herodotean. (6) Of its honesty (where it knows nothing, saying nothing), of its intense probability, of its absolute reliability, I have already spoken. Of its many

touches of that self-proof of which Paley makes such skilful use in his "Horæ Paulinæ" I lack time to speak. I will content myself with two only. (*a*) Tychius, of Tyche Smyrna, reappears a thousand years afterwards as the Tychicus that was St. Paul's amanuensis in writing to the Ephesians. And who knows not the intimate connexion between the Ephesian Dianolaters and the Amazono-Smyrniotes? (*b*) Herodotus tells us of the never-dying curse our poet laid upon Cyme; and Stephanus Byzantius informs us that the inhabitants of Cyme were universally jeered at for their stupidity. (6) Eustathius and Tzetzes admit its authenticity. (7) Suidas copies out a large portion of the work into his own as being of undoubted authority. (8) Lastly, the proof from history is very strong. After Artemisia's return to Caria an ardent Homeromania, led by her brother Pigres, set in at the Carian Court. The Peisistratid copy may, as Welcker supposes, have been brought from Athens after the capture of that city by the Persians. Pigres was just the man to take it; and it certainly was never seen or heard of

afterwards. Herodotus, then a tiny schoolboy, may have caught the blessed infection, and a little work in the native Carian or in Carian Greek, may have been one of his earliest efforts. Nor is the difference of date anything. Only Herodotus took, in Caria, the old Ionic, and in European Greece, the modern Delphian view.

I consider, and the reader has partly seen, that there are five eminently Homeric epochs in the history of Hellenic literature. (1) The time of Homer himself; (2) that of Homer the Younger, Hesiod, and Lycurgus; (3) that of Herodotus; (4) that of Alexander the Great, beginning with Aristotle and ending with the Alexandrine School; (5) that of Adrian. This renders it additionally probable that "The Life" was written in either period 3 or 4. But in period 4 the two Homers were utterly confounded, therefore it was written in period 3, beginning with Pigres, and ending with Dioscorides. This was a period of great literary activity on the Western Asiatic coast, from Chios to Halicarnassus, and, what is more, of great activity in Homeric literature, to say nothing of Panyasis,

and other writers of general literature. Then Pigres first introduced the works of Homer into Caria; interpolated them with his trochaics, burlesqued them in his "Margites," and imitated them in the "Psaromachia," the "Arachnomachia," and the "Geranomachia,"—that is, he and others did. Then Melissus, a descendant of Homer, and contemporary of Herodotus and Dioscorides, of Chios, born at least before his death, commented upon Homer's works; and Herodotus wrote, as I believe, and, as is certainly highly probable, the "Life of Lives." And if Melissus, the son of Ithagenes, was the descendant of Melissigenes, two of whose ancestors bore that very uncommon name, we may be sure that in the time of Herodotus, the well of orthodox Homerology, that in the time of Adrian reached its very nadir of corruption, was (as, indeed, we find it in "The Life") pure from all debasing alloy of pseudo-Homeric or hyper-sceptical heresy. And we have already noted Demodamas, palpably a descendant of the son of Demasagoras, as one of the authorities upon the works of Homer that Herodotus, his countryman, consulted, in

writing his "History." What more probable than that he borrowed largely from him, as well as from Melissus, in writing his "Life"? What better authorities could he have? And Dioscorides may be supposed to have written some years after to correct the patent defects of the book,—its utter want of philosophical insight, its somewhat meagre literary information, and the absence of all reference to the Chian portion of the life,—a deplorable hiatus, which Dioscorides, as a Chian, was, doubtless, well qualified to supply. And who more likely to have written "The Life" than he that in prose celebrated the triumph of Greece over Asia, even as He did in verse?

But the barbarous dialect in which "The Life," addressed, as it was, mainly to the countrymen of Herodotus, was originally written and preserved for some six centuries, may account for its being so completely overlooked during the classical period of Greek literature. But, as time went on, the two Homers got more and more confounded, and every form of heresy obscured the pure gospel of Homeric orthodoxy. At last, in the

time of Adrian, when that emperor inquired of the birth and native place of our poet, the Oracle answered him thus :—

> "Ithaca was his native seat, his sire
> Telemachus, and Nestor's daughter fair
> By mournful Chloris—Epicaste—bare
> The siren bard of whom you here inquire."

And now an anonymous writer took it upon him to publish Lesches's brilliant and delightful idyl, "The Agon, or Contest between Homer and Hesiod," with introduction, conclusion, and connecting remarks of his own, in prose,—much like Croker's on Boswell's "Life of Johnson,"—and, amongst the rest, the lately-received so-called oracle from Delphi.

Heterodoxy could now go no farther, and Aristeides of Smyrna stepped forward in the cause of orthodox Homerology, and wrote his "Monody," &c. And at this time it is in the highest degree probable that Herodotus's "Life" was edited from the original work by one Hermogenes. Dr. J. Schmidt propounds this view with considerable diffidence, but it commends itself to my judgment as in

the highest degree probable. Hermogenes was a physician of Smyrna, author of "Smyrna," in two books; "The Wisdom of Homer," in one; "The Country of Homer," in one. He was, in all probability, the Hermogenes that was the physician of Hadrian, of whom Dio Cassius speaks.* He would naturally be offended, as a courtier, at the absurd insult the aged emperor had just undergone. For insult it surely was. The god had already spoken, saying :—

> "Ios is the native land of thy mother," &c.

a thousand years ago, and this answer had been inscribed on a marble pillar within his shrine. "Who was Adrian, that he should ask the same question again that Homer himself had put before him, 884 B.C. or thereabouts?—a vain pedantic poetaster. Answer, then, that golden ass according to his folly. Fill his mouth with chaff, and his ears with bosh. And, for his impertinent sirens and sphinxes and the rest of it, give him an 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' version of Hermesianax's trash."

* Lib. xix. 21.

Thus argued the god, and thus he answered the prince. Now, could a more tempting opportunity offer for exposing his too-long-tolerated humbug? According to the sacerdotal myth, Homer having no fatherland, and his motherland being Ios, and his mother's grave and his own being at Ios, and his bones being at Ios, —oh, these bones! (the ancients thought no end of these wretched bones),—albeit born at Smyrna (even the oracular impudence of Oriental priestcraft and Tzetzes, in the midst of his astounding blunders, never dared gainsay *that*),—Smyrna had forfeited every claim upon him,—he was every inch an Ian. And if an Ian, then the god's, no less as man than poet, as the following remarks will serve, I trust, to prove. In fabulously-remote times, Phœnician sailors came to Ios, and called it "Phœnike." May not these Phœnician sailors have been Cadmus and his little band, seeing that Ios is in as straight a line as crow ever flew between Bœotia and Phœnicia? We all know the Myth of Apollo; but we do not all know that it, like that of the Birth of Minerva, is merely a beautiful allegory. But so it is. Leto, *i.e.*, Darkness, being

with child by Omniscience, leaning against a palm-tree, brought forth the God of Song. The palm-tree (*Phoinix*) is the great Phœnician discovery of the Higher Speech. Not before the Higher Speech, but after, did Adam chant his first note of love to Eve. Not before the Higher Speech, but long after, did Homer chant his "Iliad." And Ios was the first point of Hellas the Phœnician Columbuses came to. And here, first, did Hellenic eye gaze upon the Great Discovery. Therefore was Ios peculiarly sacred to Delian Apollo, hardly less so than Rhenæa. And their three gods were the same: Jove, with the goat upon his shield; Pallas (as we see by their coinage); and, above all, Apollo. And these were Homer's three also, as we see in divers places throughout his works and in the legend (see Vitruvius and Suidas) of the punishment inflicted upon Zoilus, the blasphemer of St. Homer, by Olympia, Egypt, and Smyrna; the first sacred to Jove, as the seat of his games; the second to Tritonis, as her native land; and the third to Apollo, as his poet's birth-place. And the secondary, if not primary, meaning of his poem, "The Goat," was the

scheme of the goat-nurtured god for the destruction of the Heroic world, with its dismal refrain found in the "Ilias Mikra," and repeated therefrom in the "Ilias Magna":—

> "And the will of Jove was accomplished."

But this is not all. Delos had many *aliases*, all of which connect her with Paros and Ios. (1) Pelasgia, *i.e.*, she was of Pelasgic or Arcadian origin. (2) Ortygia, from her quails; Lagia, from her hares; Cerrha, from her horned animals; and Cynæthus, or Cynthus, from her dogs (Mount Cynthus, in Delos, contracted from Cynæthus, merely means "Dog's Rise")—in a word, a veritable Arcadian island. And we have seen how Homer addresses the Ian fisher-lads as "Arcadian huntsmen," and the reader will remember that Paros, the contiguous island, from which beyond all doubt Ios was peopled, was colonised by Arcadians. Nor will he forget the close intimacy duly recorded in the "Hymn to Hermes," between Apollo and that deity. Nor that Rhenæa, Apollo's "happy hunting-ground," was "weasel-less." Again, Paros, and therefore Ios, was peopled from

Crete, the birthplace of Jupiter, and therefore all three islands were especially sacred to that divinity. Lastly, we read in Lesches's "Agon," that when Homer the Younger was at Ios, "The Ionians gave him the citizenship, and the Delians copied out the "Hymn of Hymns," which he had just been reciting, on gypsum, and consecrated it in the temple of Artemis. And this, again, shows with what propriety Delos was called Lagia, Cerrha, &c., and, what is more germane to the matter in hand, that Ios was half Ionian, half Delian; in other words, under the exclusive patronage, in secular matters, of the Goddess of Athens; in spiritual matters, of the God of Delphi:—

> "Oh, Pan! God of sweet Arcadee,
> And guardian of the sacred places,
> Companion of the mighty She,
> And sweet care of the holy Graces,"—

sings Pindar in one of his finest fragments; and it was a Pan or Satyr, according to the legend of Ios, that was Homer's father. This appears clearly from the passage in Aristotle, quoted by the pseudo-Plutarchus, in which the sage of Stageira

speaks of him as a Deity of the species that dances with the Muses (τινος δαιμονος των συγχορευτων Μουσαις). He means nymphs, but he says "Muses," because Kretheis was the mother of Homer, and he was said to be the son of the Muse Calliope, and who the divine beings were that danced with the nymphs we learn from Horace's—

> "Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori";

and that Homer's mother was a nymph, we read in Lucian and others. Ios was, therefore, no less Arcadian than Delos, as we see yet further, from the fact that Homer's pseudo-mother fled in her shame to Ægina (Goatby), and from the further fact that the goat was sacrificed at Homer's tomb at Ios. From all this we may infer the identity of blood, as we have already that of religious feeling, between these four interesting and closely-contiguous islets,—Delos, Rhenæa, Paros, and Ios,—and that the last was not mentioned in the "Hymn of Hymns," not because it was not sacred to Apollo, but because, previously to the death of Homer, it was utterly insignifi-

cant and unknown,—a mere petty dependency, in fact.

To strike, then, at the Ian legend was to avenge the insulted emperor upon the haughty Pythoness. Just what Hermogenes would wish to do as a court-physician. It would also be to vindicate the faded glory of the Ionian cities, and especially of Smyrna. Just what Hermogenes would wish to do as a patriotic Smyrniote. And, lastly, what he was fully able to do as the author of the three works already spoken of. Also those two *criticæ cruces*, "Strobilos" and "Konos," in the twentieth section of "The Life," are just a physician's touches. And Galen makes mention both of him and them, doubtless in reference to this well-known passage. We may, therefore, infer Galen's authority for Hermogenes being the editor of "The Life." Lastly, the Greek epigram congratulates Aristeides on having put an end to the dispute amongst the cities of Ionia concerning the birthplace of Homer, and established for ever the claim of Smyrna to that high distinction. But surely Aristeides's feeble performances do no such thing, but the previous works of

Hermogenes, and above all, "The Life," may well have done so, albeit the prudent and courtly physician (Aristeides being a very great man) was willing to let him have the credit and the brunt of it, priest matched with priest, Vulcan with Phœbus. Query, by the way, is it not highly probable that Hermogenes himself artfully wrote this most undeservedly adulatory epigram?

What renders the above theory yet more probable, is that Galen, who was born about the same year as Aristeides, went to study at Smyrna under the celebrated physician, Pelops, about 150 A.D., in whose house he resided some time to attend his lectures, and those of Albinus. This, of course, might well bring him acquainted with Hermogenes.

So much for the life of our poet. Next, as regards his works. We cumber Shakespeare with Titus Andronicus, Pyrocles, and the two first parts of "Henry VI.," though Titus Andronicus is certainly not Shakespeare's, and only a small residuum of the two Henrys. How is it we pursue so different a course with respect to the disputed works of Homer? Even ad-

mitting the "Batrachomyomachia," the "Hymns," the "Epigrams," and the "Fragments," to be none of them his, still they are so small in quantity that they would not appreciably increase the size and price of the volume. And though I believe that Homer the Younger, Hesiod, and others, wrote all the "Hymns," but three or four at most, still I have very little doubt that the three or four are at least partly his. Nothing can be well conceived more utterly trivial than the arguments adduced for pronouncing this or that ancient work spurious. Thus, in spite of the overwhelming mass of evidence in its favour, one "learned writer" pronounces the "Margites" "undoubtedly spurious, because the word *epistato* found in it is Attic Greek." Yet Plato quotes the passage with approval, and without even a doubt of its authenticity,* and Homer himself writes—

πασιν γαρ ηπισταο μειλιχος ειναι.†

The absurd grounds on which the "Batrachomyomachia" has been "abjudi-

* Alcib., ii. p. 147a.

† Il., p. 671.

cated," the reader has already seen in Chapter VII.

But, as word-catching pseudo-criticism is the great snare of the learned, so the sacred apophthegm, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the great snare of the unlearned. I take up Homer's "Hymn to Hermes." I cannot but recognise its exceeding beauty. I remember also that Shelley, a severe, and at the same time exquisite, critic, has thought it worthy of translating, and translating very charmingly. I read the first fragment of "The Cypria." It unquestionably surpasses the prelude of the second book of the "Iliad." And Virgil had it vaguely in his mind when he wrote his magnificent description of the "Bay of Carthage at Midnight." Am I to infer then that that splendid piece and this splendid morceau are Homer's? Not necessarily. Shakespeare never wrote a finer scene than "The Death of Beaufort," or a sweeter madrigal than "The Passionate Shepherd," yet both are now universally admitted not to be Shakespeare's. On the contrary, shall I pronounce the Fragments of the "Ilias Mikra" spurious in defiance of the distinct

assertion of "The Life," and the obvious quotation of Aristophanes, because of their flatness and insipidity, or the "Batrachomyomachia," because, owing to the character of the theme and of the metre, and of the genius of Homer himself, it is hardly worthy of him? Certainly not. Horace's Odes to the Gods are not worth the paper they are written upon; and "Pyrocles," though undoubtedly Shakespeare's, is utterly worthless.

Again, when a poet lives long, and has a chequered life, and travels far, and thinks deeply, reads everything, and converses with "all sorts and conditions of men" to be found between Smyrna and Iberia, we must expect his later to differ most materially in an infinite variety of points from his earlier works. The arguments, therefore, drawn from any such discrepancies, were they thrice as great as they are against the authenticity of the "Odyssey," and the Homeric "Hymns," are utterly frivolous. And they are even more stupid still as against the authenticity of the later works of Hesiod. His life naturally divided itself in two dissimilar portions, the ante-Homeric and the post-

Homeric period. Only pedantic conceit, the most pigheaded, can doubt that every line in the edition of Goettlingius is the emanation of the self-same brain, and has the very ring of true Hesiodic coin. But the intense study of that encyclopædia, of all the learning of his time,—the works of Homer the Elder,—added to the carefully-hoarded fruits of his own reseaches and wider experience of men and cities, no doubt more and more largely coloured his later works, from his first making acquaintance with the pseudo-Homer in 884 B.C. to his death, which, according to my interpretation of the language of Eusebius, would seem to have been about 854 B.C. I gather from that venerable writer that he became distinguished about ten or twelve years before the legislation of Lycurgus, that is 854 or 856 B.C., and I presume that about that time he died, and the celebrated *édition de luxe* on lead of his great work was published in commemoration of him by his admiring countrymen.

An Englishman does not cease to be an Englishman by being born in India, and spending three-fourths of his life there, and Homer was not the less a Greek

because he never set foot in Europe except in the course of his voyages. All his blood was from thence; all his vast stores of knowledge were from thence; his heart and soul were there; the sacred bones of his godlike ancestors, from Kretheus to Deucalion, from Danaus to Inachus, from Theoclymenus to Amythaon, and from Mæon to Orpheus, were all there. That was the true native land, and the glorious deeds of its heroes the history, alike of the poet and of his audience, go wherever he would. So, when Dr. Ihne says, "Homer, if his works had first originated in Asia, would not have compared Nausicaa to Artemis walking on Taygetus or Eriman thus" ("Odyss.," vi. 102), he talks as groundlessly as if he were to say such and such a letter could not have been written by one Englishman in India to another if it spoke of the wood overhanging the sea at Weston, or King Bladud's pigs, or the school on the Malvern hills where he meant to send his boys. He might just as well argue that Horace could not have written the twenty-first Ode of his First Book, in which he speaks of Diana's habitat precisely as Homer does. A

learned New Zealander might just as well argue that Wolff and Co. never existed. I have indeed written this Life to very little purpose if the reader is not prepared to admit that Homer, being what he was, may very well have known so much of the goddess that with her own sacred hands brought him into the world.

Another fruitful pretence for making the most terrible havoc upon the works of our venerable one, we unhappily owe to the critical exegesis of the Stagyrite. But I no more believe that either the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are complete works, and entitled to special admiration as such, than I believe in the now happily exploded dramatic unities. They have both magnificent beginnings, but no true conclusions that I can see, any more than Byron's "Don Juan" or Ovid's "Fasti." "Paradise Lost" has, and so has the "Æneid," but they have not. They are simply two splendid instalments of one vast, uncompleted whole, beginning with the egg that Leda laid and ending with the fish-bone that made Telegonus a parricide. I should not care to advance a view that so many will pooh-pooh as quite

untenable, but for the mischievous use that Ihne and his likes have made of the received view as most innocently handed down from the Stagyrite. I am quite willing to admit them to be as complete as you please, if you will only not cut pieces away from them to make them completer. But rather than you should do that I will abide by my heresy, which at worst is far less heinous than yours. The traveller was wrong, perhaps, in complaining that Procrustes's bed was too short for him, but Procrustes was certainly wronger in cutting his legs off. I like not Zoilus, but Zenodotus I like even less. Heracleitus was bad enough, but Ihne is worse still. The Chorizontes were more damnable heretics even than the Platonists.

Again, some critics even think it enough to say Stasinus wrote the "Cypria," Pigres wrote "The Margites," inferring, as a matter of course, that Homer wrote neither work. But it is not by any means a matter of course. Hesiod, Thestorides, Cinæthon, Diodorus of Erythræ, Ion, and Homer all wrote an "Ilias Mikra." Stasinus, Hegesinus, and Homer all wrote

a "Cypria." Arctinus the Milesian, the pseudo-Homer, Antimachus and Statius, all wrote a "Thebaid." Eumelus, Arctinus, Telesis of Methymna, and Musæus, all wrote a "Titanomachia." Epimenides, Orpheus, Apollonius, and Valerius Flaccus, all wrote an "Argonautica." And so on, and so on. It cannot have escaped even the most careless and forgetful reader that the whole epico-tragic cycle from the War of the Giants to the death of Ulysses, formed, and still forms to this day, the theme of poet after poet without end. Even as Juvenal sings,—

"Hæc eadem accipies a summo minimoque poetâ."

"From Trinity to smallest beer,
These self-same things you still will hear."

Still Tennyson sings to us of Teiresias, and Browning of Agamemnon, and Morris of the Argonauts, and Swinburne of the Great Caledonian Boar Hunt.

The loss sustained by literature from the rash judgments of the learned, mainly on one or other of the above grounds, is simply terrible. Sophocles chances to quote one of Homer's Epigrams. Athenæus at once

assumes that Sophocles wrote it himself, and that it has been wrongly ascribed to Homer. This of itself would not matter; the Epigram is, perhaps, Homer's very worst, and, indeed, I am happy to think, is *not* Homer's. But, unfortunately, from this trifling incident the inference has been drawn that the Epigrams, as a whole, are of the very most doubtful authenticity. On such worthless grounds are we told that Euryphon wrote "Medea"; Iophon, "Antigone"; Bacon, "Shakespeare"; and Pigres, "Homer"; that "Henry VIII." is not the work of Shakespeare; nor "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides.

Oh, why should the life of a man be so sacred, and the life of all that is most precious in man,—his words, his thoughts, his writings, his lifework, and his history,—so wretchedly cheap! The most precious of lives and the remains of the greatest of poets, the hyper-sceptical school has done all it can to kill, on grounds the most ludicrously trivial. The venerable events of the early history of mankind, from the time of Inachus to the Wars of the Roses, are perishing beneath its felon hands by shoals. Like Saturn of old, a veritable literary

Dragon of Wantley, it has swallowed up a thousand years and more of Greek history, and all the materials for a "Life of Homer" collected by antiquity with such an unwearied infinity of reverent toil, and left nothing but Dead Sea ashes.

Half-knowledge is better than no knowledge. The positive historian that reproduces history from materials the most worthless is worthy of immeasurably more honour than the negative historian who only enters the sacred garden of history to poison all its lovely flowers with the mephitic breath of his hyper-scepticism. The one is a bee extracting sweet honey even from the nettle, the other a spider seeing in the gayest children of Flora only props for his dingy fly-trap. Any little street Arab could smash one of the windows in Aladdin's magic palace, but all the king's treasures and all the shops of the jewellers could not fill up the gap. So it is easy work to strike hundreds and hundreds of lines out of Homer, in defiance of Lucian's "They are all his,"—meaning, "There they are, and there let them be, lest, in rooting up the tares, you root up the wheat also"; but all the learned combined have been

unable to patch up the four commencing lines of the "Cypria," even decently. Good and evil, tares and wheat, will ever grow up side by side in this world; but we are not to gather up the tares, lest we root up also the wheat with them. And, therefore, Lucian says, "They are all his,"—meaning, "There they are, and there let them be, lest, in striking out that which is spurious, you strike out also that which is genuine."

In conclusion, unquestionably to many individual hyper-sceptics the literary world is highly indebted; still, in the school they belong to, there are the four following most reprehensible "marks of the beast."

1. Its terrible depredations upon the vast store of knowledge that our forefathers have bequeathed us. Through it we know much less of Homer and Shakespeare, for example, than we did as boys.

2. Its overweening arrogance in setting the mere *ipse dixit* of one poor generation of Teutons, thousands of miles away, both in point of time and space, from the living sources of knowledge, against the unanimous opinion of all the ages, based upon the absolute certainty of

the ancient Greeks that drank their fill thereat.

3. Its unfair application of the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, "If you believe that Homer wrote,—above all, that he wrote the 'Hymn of Hymns,'—we will cast you out of the Synagogue, we will strike your name off the list of the Learned Ring."

4. Its dishonest reasoning in a circle. "Herodotus's 'Life of Lives,' in Westermann *passim*, Hesiod's 'Fragments,' and Homer's 'Batrachomyomachia,' are against us, therefore they are spurious and valueless, and so are those passages in Plutarch's 'Moralia,' that are liable to the same objection."

5. The utterly insufficient grounds on which it has abjudicated some fourth or fifth part of the venerable remains of antiquity, and largely adulterated the rest, at its own sweet will and pleasure.

6. Its sterilising influences upon even the finest intellects, as manifested in the astounding misreadings with which it has marred the Parian Marble almost more than Time has, in utter defiance both of printer and stonemason.

7. Its scandalous injustice to a noble race. It tacitly sets down the Greeks as a nation of the most consummate liars; for, unless they are not to be believed on their oath, even when they have nothing to gain by perjury, it has absolutely no *locus standi.*

8. Its disenchanting tendencies. I quite acquit it of being dangerous to religion. A school-boy will as soon upset the Monument with his penny popgun as hyper-scepticism will upset any creed whatever as long as the people remain attached to it. People will be cheated out of nothing they really care for, so lightly; and the success hyper-scepticism has had in the domain of learning shows, alas! how cheap we hold it. Still, its tendency is to take the delicate bloom off the peach,—the chaste aroma off all that is sublime and venerable. Hence, doubtless, the valiant stand against it of the gifted author of "Homeric Studies."

CHAPTER XI.

ADDENDA.

PROCLUS and Suidas agree in stating that the "Kuklos" was attributed to our poet by pre-Aristotelian antiquity. It comprises the "Cypria"; the "Aix"; the "Ilias Mikra" (Part I., from the sailing of the fleet to the death of Palamedes; Part II., from the death of Palamedes to that of Achilles, subsequently enlarged to the "Iliad," and the "Amazonia"; and Part III., from the death of Achilles to the fall of Troy); the "Nostoi"; the "Odyssey"; and the "Telegonia."

We have already seen (page 172) that the "Telegonia" was actually a part of the "Odyssey"; exactly in the same way the "Amazonia" was a part of the

"Iliad," the first two lines of it (all we have left) being originally, as we learn from the Scholiast, the last two lines thereof. Whether Homer ever enlarged Parts I. and III. of his "Ilias Mikra," as he enlarged Part II., we have no means of knowing. But a careful study of pages 34, 36–7, and 49, 50, of Kinkel's "Epicorum Græcorum Fragmenta," and what I have myself advanced here and in Chapter VII., should satisfy the thoughtful reader that the Homeric "Kuklos" was a carefully-constructed, closely-interconcatenated whole, and wholly disabuse him of the Aristotelian fallacy that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are two distinct epics, each complete in itself, and not merely the two most important sections of a vast cyclic poem that Homer left unfinished.

The Iliadean "Kuklos" ended with a display of extraordinary power:—

"The torches were lit, in each hand lifted high,
And, mingled with smoke, the fire redden'd the sky.*

* * * * *

Torn from the nurse's breast, the babe doth fall,
Held by the foot, and flung down off the wall,

* Ep. Gr. Frag., p. 74.

And to the ships, to shudder in his bed,
Tear-blind Andromache grim Pyrrhus led.*

* * * * *

"In vain Achilles and fierce Ajax died;
'Tis wise Ulysses, and he only,' cried
The King of Men, 'that lit yon tow'ring flame,
And earn'd himself and us immortal fame:
His myriad wiles, by Pallas taught, have ta'en
The God-built city they assail'd in vain.'"†

A noble passage quoted by one ancient author after another,‡ and alluded to by Homer himself in the poem it so neatly introduces—the Odyssean sequel to the Iliadean "Kuklos."§ And compare with it the language of the Epigrammatists:—

"Thy plaint we still hear, O Andromache;
Troy from its base uprooted still we see,‖
And as the God-built city, drown'd in fire,
You sing, O Homer, on your sacred lyre,
Its dismal fate we pity, it is true,
But its immortal fame we envy too."¶

And can we doubt that the Anthologists refer to this passage, *i.e.*, recognise Homer as the author of *an* "Ilias Mikra," though

* Ep. Gr. Frag., p. 46. † Ibid., p. 73.
‡ Strabo, i. p. 47, Polyænus Pref.
§ Odyss., xxii. 230. ‖ Alphæus Mitylenæus.
¶ Anthol. Planud., iv. 304.

certainly not that of Lesches, Thestorides, Diodorus, Simmias, Stesichorus, and I do not know how many more? And note further, that the last six lines, anyhow, are undoubtedly Homeric, and quoted by Alexander the Great as such.*

Unquestionably, also, the various scraps now ranked as *Incertæ Sedis Fragmenta* belong mostly to the lost portions of the "Kuklos," and also many lines in the amusing "Agon" of Lesches.

Lastly, the "Epigrams" were not the impromptus Herodotus represents them, but snatches of song jotted hastily down upon our poet's tablets as he tramped along. Three of them, Epigrams ii., v., and xii., wear the air of quotations, the former from the "Amphiaraus," the two latter from the "Ilias Mikra." Take them so, they are spirited enough; otherwise they are most flat and insipid, and the third absolutely unmeaning. Combine Epigram ii. with Epig. Gr. Frag., p. 71, Frag. 3, and we have some idea of the poem in which Homer takes quite the view of Statius and Æschylus. Amphiaraus in the Epigram longs to take wings like a

* Stobæus, ii. p. 343.

dove away from the tents of the profane and impious, and in the Fragment he cries :—

> "The just are meek and gentle ; but the wicked—
> The unjust to man and impious to the gods—
> Yon dying cannibal shows what they are."

Seeing in a prophetic vision, before the earth swallows him up as a willing sin-offering for his people, the awful doom of Ugolinic Tydeus and lightning-blasted Capaneus. So, at least, I fill up the Fragment :—"ἤπιοι ὅι γε δικαιοι."

In Epigram v. he taunts Thestorides with some lines out of the poem he has stolen, and, by the way, the known fact that the "Ilias Mikra" was attributed to Thestorides is clear proof that it was Homer's. Only six, *at most*, of the Epigrams,—Epigrams i., vi., xi., xiii., xiv., and xv.,—strike me as having been recited, and of these only Epigram xiv. was really an impromptu, and worthless as all impromptus are. Herodotus, by representing the matter otherwise, gives his narrative a most unfortunate air of *invraisemblance*. Two of them,—Epigrams iii. and xii.,—

were attributed to others, the former to Cleobulus, the latter to Sophocles ; but this merely means that those poets quoted them.

Just one more bit of Homeric autobiography. Is not the following an unmistakable portrait of his poor faithful Bucco ?

> 1
>
> "And him you love so follow'd, lady dear,
> With his belongings hurrying on board,
> A marshal something older than his lord :
> What sort of man he was I'll tell you here.
>
> 2
>
> Round-shoulder'd, swarthy, with shock head of crow,
> Upon Ulysses' errands he went amain
> With huge splay feet, the dearest of his train,
> For what was wanted of him he did know." *

Poor worn-out old Sancho Panza! there's a fine parting testimonial for you, let Tzetzes gibe as he will!

I might have strengthened my argument for the extreme antiquity of writing from so common a book as Whitaker's Almanac. For if Tchang, king of Loyang, China, calcu-

* Odyss., xix. 244–248.

lated the exact number of degrees, minutes, and seconds, in the obliquity of the ecliptic, as Whitaker tells us he did, nearly a hundred years before Homer, he could not have done it without writing, and an infinite amount of writing, too. And, indeed, Pliny expressly tells us that the Chaldeans wrote their observations of the stars on flat tablets of baked clay, *coctiles laterculi.** By the way, I should have named Pliny, on page 235, as one of my authorities for Homer's being born at Smyrna; for of that city he says that it "rejoiced in the river Meles," which can mean nothing else. He also tells us of the Salt Pool, where once the gardens of Tantalus bloomed—a schoolboy's holiday excursion from Smyrna,†—from which we see clearly where and how Homer picked up his Tortures of Tantalus.‡

The statement of Solinus, on page 107, is evidently a mere translation of the last three lines of the tombstone on page 121, when, having faded to etesi diakosiois . . . konta geg . . . Homeros, they were con-

* Pliny, N.H., vii. 56. † Pliny, N.H., v. 29.
‡ Od., xi. 582–592.

jecturally filled up: etesi diakosiois [hebdome] konta geg[onen] Homeros. This, I think, renders the reasoning on pages 416 and 417 simply irresistible. The law enunciated at the conclusion of Chapter III. is, indeed, of the most paramount importance in deciphering ancient inscriptions, as I could instance past all dispute did only space permit, *e.g.*, Roehl, "Schedæ Epigraphicæ," p. 5, epigraph 3, concerning a later Tychicus Smyrnæus, all comes out if you allow only just thirty-three letters per line.

In addition to the authority of Euripides and Pliny on page 354, backed by that of Homer and Herodotus, for the use of tablets in writing, we have elsewhere the express statement of Dionysius Halicarnasensis, that the historical records of Italy, from the primeval times when the Arcadians introduced the recent discovery of letters, were preserved in writing on the sacred *deltoi.*

A study of Apollonius Rhodius has further satisfied me not only that the Hymns to Apollo and Artemis were written by Homer, but that they were written on a special occasion. The voyage

to Athens *viâ* Delos was, as we learn from Horace, considered very dangerous.

> "Oh, shun, beloved friend, the dangerous seas
> That rave between the shining Cycladees."

And the Argonauts,* bound on a dangerous voyage out, are very civil to the goddess of the tide-controlling moon, and sing many fine hymns to Artemis Neosöos, or Söonautes, when the sea is rough. Much more, then, would the Poet of poets have a hymn ready, when bound on a voyage at once so perilous as he, indeed, alas! found it, and through seas under her especial jurisdiction. How completely they were so I have surely already proved *ad nauseam.* The extreme probability of Homer's writing his Hymn to Artemis for, and reciting it on, this voyage, I will only prove by two arguments. First, turn to the nineteenth section of Lesches's "Agon,"† and read how, after the pseudo-Homer had recited at Ios the Hymn to Apollo, which his wife's great ancestor had intended to recite at Delos, the Delians wrote it down on a leucoma, and

* Argon., i. 569–574.

† Westermann, "Lives," pp. 44, 45.

consecrated it in the temple of *Artemis.* Next turn to Roehl's "Imagines Inscriptionum Græcarum," page 50, Tituli Parii, and we see they are all sacred to Artemis. And the second and the third in two records, in four elegiacs, the dedication of a statue to the virgin goddess by a shipwrecked couple in accordance with a vow, and in grateful recognition of her preservation of themselves and their family and substance.

Athenæus, speaking of myrrhs, throws some additional light on Homer's first voyage from Smyrna to Egypt with Mentes, the merchant. "Smyrna," he says (that is, the myrrh of Smyrna, hence its name), "was taken to Egypt, and from thence shipped over to Greece;"* partly, I fear, from a fraudulent motive (just as I am told German and Dutch goods are taken first to this country), Egyptian unguents having a great name, and partly to avoid the notorious perils of the Ægean route. And Homer was doubtless the person whose memory he extols so highly.

Suetonius, too, confirms my view that Aix (*goat*) was originally a self-adopted

* Deipn., xv. 39.

nickname. "Scanty hair, none atop, the rest of him shaggy," says he, in his description of Caligula, which is so far, doubtless, that of our poet, "so much as to mention the word *goat* in his presence, was accounted a capital offence." *

I have said that all the countless Homeric tales we have can only be perfectly reconciled by fixing our poet's *helikia* at twelve. If the reader still questions the date thus obtained, he will, I trust, doubt no longer when I tell him that the dates of Antilochus, Eratosthenes, Aristoxenus, Iamblichus, Lycon, and Porphyrius can only be perfectly reconciled by fixing Pythagoras's *helikia* at the same age. As Christ was called at twelve, and Samuel at twelve, so Homer was called at twelve, and Pythagoras at twelve. Between twelve and thirteen, in the precocious East, the human bud opens to the dawn of physical puberty in the vulgar many, and of spiritual puberty in the sacred few.

Just as the chemist calls his wares odonto, kalidor, cutisora, &c., and as the muse-inspired grocer calls butter margarine, sugar saccharine, and tea the Seric

* Caligula, iv. 50.

leaf, so the principal article in his cargo when he went as merchant's clerk to Egypt, so commonplace was it naturally enough in *his* eyes, Homer calls not myrrh, but rosolia.

Besides the letter-cup of Nestor (pp. 335–337) that the comic poet Alexis mentions, the tragic poet Achæus brings upon the stage a cup with *Dionuso* embossed on it; and that the merry god had drunk out of a cup of which it was an exact facsimile, he and all his audience believed, we may be sure, most unquestioningly.

One final word on the "Hymn to Artemis." It was unquestionably a Stesichorean palinodia offered to the only too justly offended goddess, in close connexion at once with the Apaturia that he had just been taking part in (see pp. 79, 80), and with his contemplated voyage. That in his "Phineus" Apollonius depicts Homer as under the divine displeasure, I am absolutely certain.

The explanation of Eumæus's story of the daughter of Arybas, on p. 197, is plainly incomplete. Further reflection, however, enables me here to conclude it. Aristotle's story and Homer's are plainly

the same, except in one important particular, that the child was not the woman's own, but her master's; that the child was not Homer, but a changeling. But who was this changeling? The change of but one letter enables us to read the Homeric cipher here. Just as by changing M into R we get Rugby as the true *locale* of Dickens's "Mugby Junction," and by changing *n* into *g* we get Argeios, the true name of Homer's literary rival; so by changing E into C we get Cumæus from Eumæus, and by changing *t* into *l* we get Clymene from Ctimene (a most absurd and impossible name, by the way), and the riddle is solved. The stolen boy (call him Ormenus, so named from his grandfather) is received kindly by his new master Onyres, who adopts him, renames him Homer after his own father Homer of Smyrna, and brings him up with his own little daughter, Clymene (Od., xv. 365). Thus *E*umæus, *as far as this story goes*, is no other than Homerus *C*umæus (Homer of Cyme), the adopted brother of Clymene, our poet's grandmother. And see how admirably dates all chime in. Ephorus calculates that Homer of Cyme was born 1056, and if we

suppose the little heir of Ctesius Ormenides to have been about ten when he was stolen, in the year of the Ionic Apœcia, that would be about his true date. And his adopted sister Clymene, presumably a trifle younger, would be a very good age to be the mother of Kretheis, born, as we know, 1033. Is not all this simply wonderful? And in the face of it will any critic presume to deny that the poet of poets had a double, nay, treble, share of the poet's never-failing characteristic,— irrepressible self-communicativeness?

Undoubtedly Peisistratus in his last and worst tyranny found literature at a sadly low ebb. But what of that? Four centuries lay between him and Homer, half glimmering starlight, and half Egyptian darkness. So writing may, quite possibly, have been scanty and backward in the sixth century B.C., and yet plentiful and forward enough in the tenth.

The following is a much more satisfactory way of reconciling Aristotle's date with the true one than either of those already given. The author of the indisputable statement that Apollodorus found on some venerable monumental relic

"Homer died two hundred and forty years after the Trojan War," took the commencement instead of the conclusion as the true date thereof. This premised, supposed age at death is the sole cause of discrepancy, thus :—

952	1192	952	1192
+91	240	+63	−240
1043	952	1015	952

Age at death 91 necessarily gives 1043 as date of birth, and 63 gives 1015, and *vice versâ*.

FINIS.

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CHAPTER XII.

NOTES.

Note 1 on Page 5.

Of Theseus, the founder of Smyrna at the time of the birth of Homer.

This was not *the* Theseus, but the youngest son of Hippasus,* third in descent from Eumelus, the Kretheid. Here our author's statement is confirmed by that of the anthologist where, speaking of the pier and embankment at Smyrna, he declares that the architect had "surpassed Theseus and Pelops in his buildings."†

Note 2 on Pages 8 and 9.

Whence Homer derived his name.

Homer derived his name, not from an incident that happened some forty years after his birth, but from

* Mueller, F. H. G., vol. i. p. 36-79.
† Anthol., ix. 670.

one that happened some three generations before. He derived his name from his mother's grandfather, Homer of Smyrna, who was so named because his father was given to the Colophonians as a hostage* about the time of his birth; a pretty reason this for a fond wife and mother naming her babe, and as probable as the other is improbable. Just so Autodorus, the historian of Cyme, was so named because he was born in his parents' old age, when they had long ceased to pray for a child. And just so the author of the Parian Chronicle was named Astyanax because his father was elected mayor of Paros at the time of his birth; but his parents could no more have baptized him Euryanax or Polyanax then than they could have baptized him Ahab or Judas now. Such names as Ichabod and Benjamin in Scripture, and Odysseus in Homer himself,† tell us how common a practice it was in the East (common as natural) to name children after some striking event at or immediately preceding their birth, but only to modify their names from anything that might happen afterwards. Thus Abram, Sarai, Saul, no more changed their names than Homer did, but Abram was modified into Abraham, Sarai into Sarah, and Saul into Paul, just as Hómerus was into Homêrus.

Note 3 on Page 40.

The proofs of his blindness.

Besides the almost unanimous testimony and belief

* Suidas, art. Homer.
† Odyss., xix. 405-409.

of all antiquity, we learn it most unmistakably from our poet himself: (1) from his Thamyris in the Iliad; (2) from his Demodocus in the Odyssey; (3) from the blind old man—beyond all reasonable question Homer himself—in the hymn to Apollo; (4) from Epigram IV., lines 15-17, where he distinctly specifies his blindness:

> "Nor will I any longer stay
> In thy holy streets, oh Cyme;
> But to an alien people go,
> *Blind as I am*, oh Cyme, oh,
> Since thus you do deny me."

(5) Epigram VII. distinctly implies blindness, since otherwise it is the rankest silliness; (6) lastly from his broad hint in the Odyssey:

> "Even *a blind man* might full easy know
> How much the farthest did Ulysses throw,"*

meaning, of course, that the writer of the Odyssey—the discerner of the surpassing merit of the hero thereof—was a blind man.

Note 4 on Page 64.

Homer and the dogs of Glaucus.

This adventure evidently made a strong impression upon our poet. Hence Priam sighs as he contemplates the coming catastrophe of Troy:

> "Me, last of all, the dogs that I have fed
> With dainties from my board will fiercely rend,
> And my raw flesh devour when I am dead,
> And lap my blood, and my vast empire end."†

* Odyss., viii. 195, 196.
† Il., xxiii. 66.

A grand passage, but one which perhaps we owe to Glaucus's curs, and our poet's tatters. It is, perhaps, worth while also to observe that of the only two antecedent poets that Homer names throughout his works, Thamyris and Linus, in naming the one (the poet whom the offended Muses punished with the loss of eyes) he was certainly thinking of his own blindness; and in naming the other (the poet that, like Thasus and Actæon, the dogs tore in pieces) he was quite possibly thinking of his own narrow escape from the same dreadful fate.

Note 5 on Page 99.

Homer's poverty not only notorious, but proverbial.

Not only have we a well-known couplet in which it is referred to as such, but it even passed into a gambler's bye-word; and the unlucky throw, Chios, was so called in reference to him (probably with some side allusion to Ios, one:—the constant confusion between Chios and Ios the reader has seen in more than one passage of this work), just as the lucky throw (*hexeites*) was called Cous, in reference to Simonides, of Cos, perhaps the only Greek bard that ever accumulated capital.

Note 6 on Page 108.

Homer's age at time of death.

The doubt quite possibly entertained by Aristotle that Homer's tombstone was not set up for some

eight or nine years after "the nymphs had anointed him with nectar, and buried him under a rock by the sea shore,"* need not surprise us when we reflect that precisely the same thing happened to Shakespeare. The monument in his honour was erected seven years after his private interment.†

Three things in this very difficult point are certain:

(1) Aristotle believed, on the testimony of the record at Ios (whether on our poet's tomb, as I have conjectured, or elsewhere, no matter), that the tomb was erected in Homer's honour 240 years after the Trojan War; and consequently allowing, as in the case of Shakespeare, about 10 years between interment and tombstone, and the poet dying at 90, according, I presume, to the native tradition, he must have been born about 1044 B.C.

(2) Apollodorus, unfortunately reading *gegone* instead of *gegraphe*, believed on the very same testimony, that Homer was *born* 240 years after the Trojan war, thus hopelessly confusing the true with the pseudo Homer.

(3) Solinus, long after the original inscription had perished, found another based upon it, and exactly coinciding with the account of Aristotle, which, of course, the Ians all eagerly caught at, making out Homer, as it did, at any rate, *conceived* at Ios, if not

* Anthol.

† Ulrici, "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," Book II., chap. v.

actually *brought forth* there. Homer died at Ios, 953 (ϡνγ). But the ν having been slightly rubbed away, he unfortunately read ϡιγ, *i.e.*, 913, B.C. Unquestionably then the orthodox date of inscription was 953, and of death anywhere you please between 953 and 943 B.C. Consequently the divergency between Aristotle's date and the true date is simply the difference between his age at death according to Aristotle, and his true age according to Herodotus, *plus* the number of years which Aristotle erroneously imagines to have elapsed between his death and the erection of the tombstone and the vainglorious inscription upon it, as improbably ascribed to him as was that on Shakespeare's tombstone to Shakespeare. Reading as I do *kalupse*, not *kaluptei*, I believe with Apollodorus that the date of death according to the tombstone was 943, not 953. But we are not bound to accept this as the exact date. Homer the Younger came to Ios from 60 to 70 years afterwards, and all that the oldest inhabitant could possibly tell him was that the sacred stranger came to Ios and died there when he was a mere lad. Consequently the pseudo Homer set the date down in the roundest of round numbers, as two hundred and forty years after the era of eras, he being totally unable to arrive at anything approaching to exactitude. The true Homer died two generations of men before the arrival at Ios of the pseudo Homer. Of this we may feel absolutely certain. So much the oldest inhabitant could safely say. He could safely say that his grandfather was

about the same age then as he himself was now, and so much the husband of our poet's great-grand-daughter might have guessed of himself. In a word he was probably about 67 when he died. The facts before us render it highly improbable that he should have been either much older or younger.

This I believe to be the *vel ipsissima veritudo.* The indulgent reader must kindly pardon the various flounderings and flummerings and flutterings and fumblings after it that I have made, in the course of this work, in the troubled water of conjecture, before at last catching the pretty butterfly on the *terra firma* of certainty.

Note 7 on page 151.

*Why Eumæus curses the whole race of Helen.**

He does so because the Penthelids were not descended from Helen, or her yet more accursed daughter Hermione, who drove their ancestor into exile, and made his father's house a hell in revenge for his strange and touching fidelity to his poor mis-begotten offspring. Hence the hatred of the Penthelids to the race of Helen, and hence Eumæus's curse; and all the more because one of Tyndarus's three vile lecherous daughters had brought the hitherto undreamt of contamination of adulterous leipandria to the very confines of Ithaca. And Homer's entire treatment of the relations between Atreus and Thyestes, both alike

* Odyss., xiv. 68.

ancestors of the Penthelid princes, and also those between Orestes, Agamemnon, and Clytemnestra may all be traced to the same source—our poet's heartfelt loyalty to the princely founders of his native Æolis.

Note 8 on page 173.

Of Homer's Wife.

Of our poet's wife, Eurydice, we hear not one word after his death. We know from the Odyssey* that she survived him, and that is all. It would seem that her friends wished her to marry better.† And as she brought him some little money‡ which he dissipated, and was much better born than he (being legitimately born from the legitimate Kretheids, whilst he was illegitimately born from the illegitimate, and her stemma had no bar sinister whilst his had three),§ and had but a poor taste in poetry,‖ and was hardly as wise as she was kind and beautiful,¶ it is probable that Homer and she had their fair share of the bitters of married life. Else why did he leave her, as he must have known at his age, for ever? He left her in love and peace it is true, but still he did leave her.

Note 9 on page 186.

Of Ulysses, Homer's double.

That the mythical ill-usage of Ulysses at Ithaca is taken from the real ill-usage of our poet at Chios, I

* Odyss., xxiii. 247-287.
† Odyss., xv. 16-18.
‡ See page 140, ll. 9-19.
§ See Stemma.
‖ Odyss., i. 336-358.
¶ See Odyss. (*passim*).

have already indicated. And that the picture of Ulysses' personal qualities, of which he could not possibly have known anything, is based upon his own, is still more obvious. The description of Ulysses as speaking like

> "Some mute inglorious idiot passion fixt."*

is doubtless that of his own earnest but ungraceful delivery. So Shakespeare and Schiller and Sophocles were but poor reciters. So Moses and Paul were not eloquent men of fiery words, but slow of speech and tongue. Ulysses is spoken of in the Iliad, as short but strongly built,† and in the Odyssey he is taunted as a fat, lazy, gluttonous pig (*molobros.*)‡ And in Lycophron, Cassandra spitefully taunts him with being a dwarf (*nanos*).§ Polyphemus also speaks of him as a little man, and so does Homer himself.‖ And Ulysses too says:—

> "For indeed there is such among men-folk,
> As a feeble body hath had,
> But God crowneth his spirit with beauty,
> And they that behold him are glad."

All this corresponds with the little that we learn of Homer, either from himself or his biographer. In one variation of the last line of Epigram I. he tells us that he was a little man, and the whole story upon which Epigram XII. is based shows unmistakably that, like

* Il., ii. 216-223.
† Il., iii. 192-194.
‡ Odyss., xvii. 219, xviii. 268. Cf. Lycophr. Alex., 777-8.
§ Lycophr. Alex., 1544.
‖ Odyss., ix. 513-516.

Ulysses's, his soul was a jewel of great price in a homely casket. How thoroughly indeed the ancient Greeks identified our poet with his hero appears from this one amongst a thousand proofs. We have Homer's own authority for deriving his hero's name from the verb *odussomai*, I am wroth; but the later Greeks derived it absurdly enough from *hodos*, a way, and *eimi*, I go, alleging that Ulysses was prematurely brought forth on a journey, obviously merely to identify him with our poet, who really was brought forth under very similar circumstances. So in Lycophron, Alexandra calls Ulysses a crow, simply because the school of critics Lycophron belonged to believed our poet to have lived to 90.* To conclude: Neither Homer nor anyone else could have known how long Ulysses wandered, and how many years his wife repelled the suitors; still less his personal appearance, method of delivery, age at death &c., it is only reasonable, therefore, in all such matters, to believe that he is drawn from Homer, and not Homer from him.

Note 10 on page 189.

Homer no 'laudator temporis acti' as Nestor was.

All the heroes that fought at Troy were superior to their fathers, save only where those fathers were the sons of Gods, and so justified the angry boast of Sthenelus:

* Lycophron. Alex., 784.

"Our sires 'tis plain we far excell,
For we took Thebes 'fore which they fell." *

But in the Trojan War the race of heroes is destroyed in accordance with the profound design of offended Heaven, and their sons are all mere mortals and far inferior to them. But subsequent poets from Hesiod to Horace, when they talk of the continuous degeneracy of the human race, are not at all in touch with Homer, however they may think they are.

Note 11 on page 194.

The Date of Homer.

The following are further proofs in addition to those already given, that Homer lived long after the Trojan War. The animated passage already given on page 178

"Accurst be he, and banisht long and far,
That loves in kindred states to kindle war,"

very probably, and the dialogue between Jupiter and Juno at the commencement of the Fourth Book of Iliad,† most certainly, refers to the desolating character of the terrible Civil War, so euphemistically called the Return of the Heracleids, which, coming as it did after the Trojan War, and being indeed a direct consequence of it, was followed by such a midnight of comatose utter exhaustion that

* Il., iv. 405-409.
† Il., iv. 39-67.

it took European Greece several centuries to rally from. Lastly that significant passage:—

Mæon, the son of Hæmon, like the immortal Blest:
Him, and him only, Tydeus on his homeward path let go.
The rest he slew, but him, I say, he spared with pious breast
Obeying the awsome prodigies, Heav'n's will that did foreshow *

points unmistakably to the strangely adventurous career of the House of Mæon from their banishment from Thebes to the birth of Homer.

Note 11 on page 156.

Homer's Stemma.

Every member of his stemma, so far as the nature of his poem permitted it—that is from Krethon to Deucalion, and from Chloris to Antiope and Tantalus, on his mother's side, and from Iasus to Melampus on the side of his father Dmasagoras—receive conspicuous mentions; and the fortunes of themselves and their families form the subject of very nearly all the bye-play throughout both the Iliad and the Odyssey; only something more is given to the beloved family that founded his native Æolis. The bye-play that we cannot connect either with our poet's family or personal history, or with his two heroes, is utterly insignificant—is as scanty as it well can be. Our poet does not even mention the greatest of his predecessors—Orpheus.

* Il., iv. 394.

Note 12 on pages 234 and 236.

Authorities in favour of Smyrna.

Long as is the catalogue of authors I have given in these pages, that directly or by clear implication admit that Homer was born at Smyrna, it is still by no means complete. To it we must add Hippias, Pliny (else what can the phrase "Smyrna *rejoicing* in the river Meles" mean?), and Timomachus.* And though an anonymous Greek writer, presumably Diodorus the Scholiast, claims him as an Athenian (according to Aristarchus and Dionysius the Thracian): if Moschus, writing in Egypt of his lamented Bion (*i.e.* Mæon), a lineal descendant in all probability of our poet, claims him as the dear deceased's fellow citizen by birth, we may be sure his tutor Aristarchus and the whole school of Alexandria thought so too, *i.e.* believed him a Smyrniote, though doubtless *Athenis oriendorum vel oriendissimus.*

Besides all this there are the multitude of poets, Hipponax, Anacreon, and the Anthologists, that plainly imply their belief that Smyrna was the place where he was born, though they do not precisely say so. And if Pausanias had not the courage of his opinions, that was only too natural. He durst not say what he knew of the Mæonian bard, the Lydian flute player, lest he should be ungenerously taunted with his Lydian birth.

* Westermann, "Lives," p. 276.

Note 13 on page 255.

Homer's birth at Smyrna proved by the map and register.

Now in the first place fancy him amongst the ruins of the ancient capital of Mæonia, and by the Salt Pool, where the gorgeous gardens of Tantalus once bloomed, storing up the materials for those two striking myths, with which every classical reader is familiar.*

Read Il., xx. 382-392 and cf. Lycoph. Alexandr. 1351-1361 and the various scholia which tell us that the lake of Gyges was the same as Ascania in Lydia, on the confines of the mountains of Aryma.

* * * * *

And again :—

> "The bold Mæonians from Tmolus led
> Mesthles and Antiphus, a lovely pair.
> The sons of grey Talæmenes, and bred
> Beside the lake of Gyges."†

Between Mount Mimas on the west and Mount Tmolus and the Gygean lake on the east, and between the river Hermus on the north and the river Cayster on the south, lay the Holy Land of our poet's nativity, the Mæonia from which he derived his name. Else why does he alone of poets name the geese and

* Pliny, N.H., vii. 56. Also Od., xi. 582-592.
† Il. xvi., 485.

swans of Cayster* when those of Mæander were so much more celebrated? Or why does he alone of poets call Apollo the God of Mæonia,† when Apollo was only the God of Mæonia because his poet of poets was born there?

But now let us pass these sacred boundaries, all so amply celebrated in our poet's song, and cry out with Clazomenian Hipponax to the eloquent grandson of Atlas, the cunning parent of "the wryneckt fife."

> "To Smyrna with what speed you may,
> Hurry, scurry, on your way;
> Through the Lydians on to us,
> Along the tomb of Attalus;
> And Gyges' barrow by the lake,
> That its name from him did take;
> And the rune that still appears
> On the pillar, worn with years,
> Of the King with Phrygian cap,
> That disguised his ears' mishap.
> Belly to the setting ball,
> Candaules whom the Mæons call,
> Dog choking, thievish Mercuree;
> Come hither, and make sport with me."‡

Here we have the story of the Homeric epitaph on the long-eared king fully confirmed, and the whole thing Homer all over, as if the poet, being in his native place, spoke as it were in his name.

* Il. ii, 461.
† Hymn ii., ll. 2.
‡ Hipponax, I., Fr. 15 and 1.

And now we are at Smyrna, the Golden City, the holy city, as one of the Anthologists calls it.* And here is Hyle, of which so much has been said already, and Bêssa† (so named from Bêssa in Locris),‡ a village hard by, of which the Anthologist says:

"Having enriched the parcht soil with water
Of the ancient nymph Bêssa, King Tmolus's daughter."

Surely this Bêssa is the Smyrnean Arethusa, of whom the Scholiast tells us§; and the beacon the work of the Asclepiads;‖ and the Healtheries,¶ which may possibly have led Homer to return to Smyrna, that El Dorado, as we learn, on other grounds, of the faculty, if possible to find a cure for his eye-disease, contracted presumably in Egypt, and which may still more probably have led his descendant Creophylus the Younger to write his "Æchalia": the Asclepiads, as we know, having headed the contingent to Troy therefrom.** And the harbour, and Orpheus's Head, of which also we have heard so much, and Crow's Rock,

"The rock of Corax, by Arethusa's well,"

and surf-lashed Naulochus, and Ship-Hill, and the beds of the nymphs, and Aryma.

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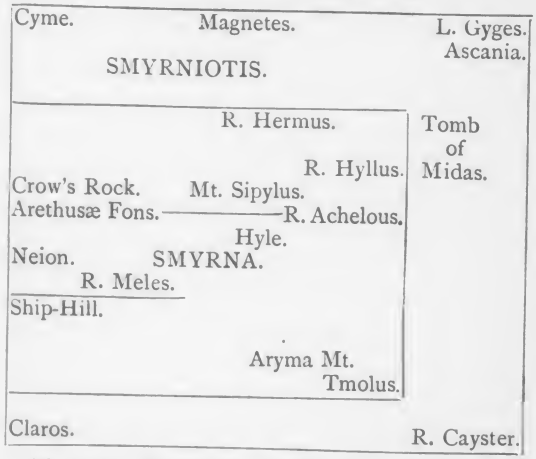
* Anthol., Appendix, 130.
† Anthol., ix. 678.
‡ Il., ii. 532.
§ Schol. Odys., xiii. 597.
‖ Anthol., ix. 675.
¶ Anth., ix. 642-4. Roehl.
** Il., ii. 730.

MAP OF MÆONIA AND SMYRNIOTIS
(illustrative of the foregoing remarks; with the places in them mentioned in Homer).



Of course Smyrniotis is, for convenience sake, drawn on a much larger scale than the rest of Mæonia.

Here we see, within a radius of about a couple of miles, fourteen proper names of places mentioned in our poet, and twenty within a radius of seven or eight miles. And yet we are told he was not a Smyrniote. But of the other six contending cities, Colophon is not even named, and within a two or three mile radius of none of the other five do we find so much as one other name

mentioned by him. Troy, it is true, and Pheræ, the native seat of his maternal ancestors, and Ithaca, and the Sacred Route from thence to Dodona are of course highly favoured. But within a two or three mile, nay, a seven or eight mile radius, even of them will you find anything like an equal number of Homeric proper names of places? Only mention any one city in Bekker's by no means extravagantly long topographical index anything like equally favoured by our poet, and I will admit him, if you please, to have been a Hottentot or a Dutchman.

Lastly how well do all the names we come across in the epigraphical works of Boeck, Roehl, and others harmonise with the view that Homer was born at Smyrna. Take for example C.T. 3155! Here we have the temple to Diana at Ephesus rebuilt, and amongst the wealthy contributors, one Me[la]nippus, and one a son of Dorion, both Homeric family names. So in Roehl's Schedæ Epigraphicæ* we have a younger Tychicus Smyrneus. And of the very few women of the name of Smyrna (that is Smyrniots of the Smyrniots) we find one a priestess of Argos (just what compatriots of our poet would most wish to be), and one the wife of Mæonius.† So in St. Paul we find a third Tychicus, his amanuensis to the Ephesians, and how identical the

* Sched. Epigr. p. 5. Epigr. 3.
† Boeck, Corp. Inscr. 1100.

Ephesians are to the Smyrniots, save that they lack the Phriconid element, we all know. And what is Menelek the Abyssinian, but a direct descendant of Dmasagoras, alias Menelachus or Melemachus, Homer's mysterious father?

Note 14, on page 278.

The Apotheosis of Homer.

The Apotheosis of Homer took place in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, 164 B.C., and in the literary censorship of the celebrated Aristarchus, the tutor of one of Ptolemy's sons and of his predecessor, Evergetes II; and the execution of the well-known sculpture called the Apotheosis of Homer was no doubt principally due to his all-powerful court influence. And in it we have the figures of the Iliad and the Odyssey kneeling beside our poet's seat, and the frogs and mice creeping in and out, like the dancing lady's feet in Suckling's charming poem, under his footstool. After this, can we doubt that the Batrachomyomachia was deemed indisputably Homer's, from the earliest dawn of letters until now? From Lesches to Herodotus, and from Herodotus to Suidas, and from Suidas to Tzetzes, who all three acknowledged it; and from the palmiest days of criticism—the days of Aristarchus and Zenodotus—when it figured in the Apotheosis, to the introduction of printing, of which it was, strange to say, the very earliest offspring; and from the days of Dacier, Pope, and Parnell, to those of

Bohn's Classical Library, who have, one and all, deemed it worthy of translation, it was never disputed till the commencement of the present century, and then only on the most trivial grounds possible.

Note 15, on Chapter X.

The inscriptions attest the immense antiquity of writing.

We all know that the Greeks visited Samothrace on their way to Troy, and we find there the following inscription, containing the names of three of them,

AGAMEMNON TALTHYBIUS EPE[IUS]*

Note 16 on pages 431-438.

Hermogenes, the Editor of Herodotus's "Life of Homer."

That Hermogenes *was* the editor has, I think, been more than sufficiently proved. But now arises the question—who was Hermogenes? He was a physician of Smyrna, author of "Smyrna," in two books; "The Wisdom of Homer" in one; "The Country of Homer" in one; beside seventy works on professional subjects, one for each year of his life, as we read on his epitaph, "Hermogenes, the Son of Charidemus, wrote a book on the art of healing for every year of his life."† Also, Charidemus, his father,

* Roehl. Imag., Insc. xvii., 31.
† Boeck Corp. Inscr. 3393.

being the son of Bion, i.e., Mæon,* Hermogenes was presumably a descendant of our poet through Homer the Younger, the more so as Charidemus (incorrectly written Chariphemus), the founder of Cyme, figures very conspicuously in the Stemma of the latter. This, of course, would be an additional incentive to him to write about Smyrna and Homer, and to edit the Life of Lives, as I believe he did. Lastly, Smyrna was just now the literary centre of Asia, and had been so for three generations, as the following stemma will show :—

Nicetes (tutor of
Scopelinus (tutor of
Herodes Atticus (coeval

with Polemon, Hermogenes, Galen, Aristeides, and Theon). Eight distinguished men, all of one city, except Galen, who only studied there! Could anything be more probable than that such a galaxy of talent should have vindicated the honour of their city against the absurd misrepresentations of the pseudo-Lesches? And when Smyrna was at its zenith in mathematics, criticism, science, and philosophy, was this a time, and was Smyrna the place, for so vile and impious a forgery? And was Hermogenes the man for it? Can any reader think it probable that the writer of as many as seventy scientific works, besides three other works to which he devoted his leisure hours,

* Boeck, Corp. Inscr. 3311.

should have been guilty of forging the life of his great ancestor—that the most pious of men should have been guilty of putting other men's bones into the coffin of the Venerable One?

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE ABOUT THE FRAGMENTS.

A SEARCHING analysis of the Agon of Lesches has so much enlarged my knowledge of the precious Fragments of our poet, that Chapter XII. (on his writings) will have to be very considerably enlarged in all subsequent editions of this work. I print here the additions that will appear in a second, for the benefit of the purchasers of the first edition.

The Agon is a little poem of about 100 lines, with which it is highly probable that Lesches won the prize from Callinus.

There is a large Prologue and Epilogue in it, in prose, by a worthless author, in the time of Adrian, to whom the poem itself is commonly, but most mistakenly, attributed. Some of the lines are, of course, from Hesiod, and some connecting lines are

also, of course, by Lesches; but the bulk of this very interesting poem is genuine Homeric gold; a little of it from the other poems, but the greater part of it from the Ilias Mikra, possibly as much as five-and-forty lines. And yet Lesches, the reputed author of the Ilias Mikra, assigns them to Homer. How is this? There would be no point in the thing, if the lines were all out of the Ilias Mikra of Lesches. We know for certain, that some thirty-five lines, or about one-third, of the poem are from either Homer or Hesiod, and it is unreasonable in the extreme to suppose that Lesches falsely represents these too to be Homer's. How is it, then, that we have so many lines from the Ilias Mikra? Simply because Lesches did with Homer's Ilias Mikra, just as Stasinus did with his Cypria—based his work upon the fragments still remaining from that glorious "feast of reason"; and this is his highly ingenious way of advertising himself and his poem.

It is a final proof that Homer wrote the Ilias Mikra, that Thestorides wrote it. He did write it in the Wolfian sense; he got Homer to write it for him, and then bolted with it. But besides the Agon, every one of the ten lines, or fragments of lines, that are classed as *incertæ sedis fragmenta*, have all the appearance of being from the Ilias Mikra. Their genuineness has never been questioned. And if not fragments quite arbitrarily lopped off the greater Iliad by Aristarchus and others, of which there is not the

smallest sign or trace, much less proof or evidence, they *must* be from the less.

With the help of these precious relics of antiquity, I shall now give a fuller account than I have done of such poems as are quoted in it.

1.—THE APES.

"Alcides, with his arrows having slain
The giant brood that the Phlegrean plain
Had long infested, did from's neck unstrap
His bow and arrow for a noonday nap."
Lesches, ll. 22-23.

The Apes that he gives such a bad character to in the fragment preserved by Suidas, I presume, finding him asleep, stole them, with the result recorded by Pindar, see page 273.

The poem is unquestionably as harmless as harmless can be, but I hardly know what would be said to a private tutor in the present day who should entertain his pupils with a comic poem, the humour of which turns, exactly like that of the Dragon of Wantley, entirely upon a portion of the human anatomy that, in these nice modern times, is certainly never mentioned in drawing rooms.

2.—THE RIDE OF AMPHIARAUS.

"For man on earth the happiest fate
Is never to be born at all,
And the next happiest doth befall
Him that first passes Hades' gate."
Lesches, ll. 3, 4.

This harmonises very well with the fragments of the Amphiaraus that I have discussed elsewhere.

The remainder of the Homeric lines in the poem, except one bit from the Iliad and one from the Odyssey, are all from the Ilias Mikra.

One passage is plainly travestied from the contest between Ajax and Ulysses :

> This man is of a war-like sire,
> And an unwarlike spouse;
> For to all women war's a dire
> Task Nature disallows.

The very passage, obviously, that Aristophanes also quizzes.

Another passage :

> "Upon the burnt out ashes, dinner done,
> They gather'd the white bones of Jove's dead son,
> High-souled and god-like Lycian Sarpedon"

is evidently a parallel passage to that in the Iliad, containing the funeral honours paid to Sarpedon.*

A second passage :

> But when her maiden crown, by marriage,
> Was laid in childbed low,
> Diana, wroth at her miscarriage,
> Smote her with silver bow
>
> Lesches, ll. 28-29.

* Il., xvi. 453-457.

is as evidently a parallel passage to that in the Iliad where Nestor tells of his victory over the Arcadians.* And a third passage :

> "Then to Colchis they came, and Æetes they flee
> For unjust, and to strangers unkindly was he."†

is a parallel to the Argonautic passage to Odyssey, xii. ll. 69-72. One passage, and but one in the Ilias Mikra, and one and but one in the greater poem, where the Arcadian war is spoken of; and one and but one in both, where the Argonautic expedition is, looks like what I have observed elsewhere (and the funeral honours of Sarpedon in both look more like it still), that the one poem was the basis of the other. Hence the ancients quoted continually from the Ilias Mikra believing that they were quoting variations of the Iliad, and that the Ilias Mikra was by Lesches, as most of it may have been, but not that little that repeatedly quoted for its excellence has thus defied the ravages of time.

But by far the greater part of the scanty remains of the Ilias Mikra of Homer are from the noble conclusion which I will here present for the admiration of the reader in as perfect a state as I can manage to stick the several fragments together.

> It was the middle of the silent night,
> And Cynthia's orb 'dark thro' excess of bright.'‡
> Mid the bright starry world in yonder blue,
> With virgin face did its due course pursue.§

* Il. xvi. 453, 457. † Lesches, ll. 41-42
‡ Tzetzes on Lycophr. § Van Gent Epist. Crit. Pind., p. 7.

On thy plain, Simois, we, sitting down,*
Kept watch, all eyes fix't on the sacred town.†
When word came to the army‡ "Troy is ta'en.
Its gates stand open, and its guards are slain.
Now hasten from the ships, upon your shoulders.
The swords and spears affrighting all beholders."§
Oh jocund was that word unto us all
As morn in spring to cattle in the stall,‖
Or to the mower the declining sun,
In autumn when his weary toil is done.¶
Then with glad haste the chosen youth did land,
Dragging out from the surge with stalwart hand
The sea worn craft, upon the Trojan strand.**
Oh, dreadful was the fray when we pour'd in,
But round king Priam loudest was the din,
Who, wildly tilting with age-palsied hand,
Fell at the altar, neath the dripping brand
Of savage Pyrrhus,†† who, his helpless prey
Mangled with hideous stabs, and tore away
His soul out of his body. There he lay,
His body all one gaping wound, the ground
Bedabbled with his blood him all around.‡‡
Such was the end, unburied, undeplored,
But not unsung of Troy's once mighty lord.§§
Then on the flesh of oxen did they feast,
And necks of horses from the car released;
For they were weary of the deadly fray
Which they had mingled in since dawn of day.‖‖
But the libations made and quaffed the wine
Upon the well built ships was their design.
Upon their homeward way to cross the brine,
And as Atreides raised the goblet, he
Prayed none of them might perish in the sea.

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* Lesches, l. 35. † Barnes. ‡ Æschin contr. Timarch.
§ Lesches, ll. 37, 38. ‖ Hippocr. de articulis, ii. p. 784.
¶ Dion, Halic de Hom. poesi. Plut. Morals, p. 377, e.
** Lesches, ll. 39, 40. Aristot. Polit. 21, p. 1457^{b} 13sq.
†† Virg. Æn., ii. and Juv. Sat., x.
‡‡ Aristot. ap. Schol. Ven. ad. Il. xxiv. 44.
§§ Virg. Æn., ii.
‖‖ Lesches, ll. 17 and 18. Aristoph Pac., 1282-3.

And thus he spake upon that glorious day,
"Come eat and drink, and drive dull care away;
And oh! may none of you war-broken men,
To his dear native land come home again,
By shipwreck spoil'd of all so hardly won,
But may ye reach home safely, every one." *
Thus all day long they feasted without cost,
But Agamemnon, king of men, their host.†
But when their fill of wine and bread and meat
They had all taken, each one left his seat
And donn'd his armour, and with wild uproar
Outside the walls like summer flies they pour.‡
But soon inside the walls a different scene
Did they enact, led by the wicked queen.§
And the new King of Asia "What," cried he,
"The power of life and death now rests with me.‖
O'er all the land, and shall we spare their lives,
That have so long divorced us from our wives?
Each torch was lit, in each hand lifted high,
And mixt with smoke the fire illumed the sky;
And all the horrors of a plundered town
Were perpetrated 'ere the sun went down.
Torn from the nurse's breast the babe doth fall,¶
Held by the foot, and flung down off the wall;
And to the ships, to shudder in his bed,
Tear-blind Andromache grim Pyrrhus led.**
"Unshorn Apollo laid Achilles low
With the wing'd arrows of his silver bow,††
And Ajax found a quicker depth of sadness
Mid slaughter'd sheep self-slaughtered in his madness.
In vain for all their valorous deeds they died,
'Tis wise Ulysses, and he only," cried

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* Lesches, ll. 43-49. † Lesches, 30, 31.
‡ Aristoph. Pac., 1286-7. § Dryden's Alexander's Feast.
"Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy."
‖ Aristot. Polit., iii. 14 p., 1285a.
¶ Crates (Bergh. Anth. Lyr. p. 129.)
** Tzetz. on Lycophr, 1263. Cf. Paus. x 25-9.
†† Bachm Anecd., vol. ii., p. 287.

The King of Men, "that lit yon tow'ring flame,
And earn'd himself and us immortal fame:
His myriad wiles, by Pallas taught, have ta'en
The God-built city they assailed in vain."*

A noble passage quoted by one ancient author after another,† and alluded to by Homer himself in the poem it so neatly introduces—the Odysseian sequel to the Iliadean "Kuklos."‡ And compare with it the language of the Epigrammatists:—

"Thy plaint we still hear, O Andromache;
Troy from its base uprooted still we see.§
And as the God-built city, drowned in fire,
You sing, O Homer, on your sacred lyre,
Its dismal fate we pity, it is true,
But its immortal fame we envy too."‖

And can we doubt that the Anthologists refer to this passage, *i.e.*, recognise Homer as the author of *a*, though perhaps not *the*, Ilias Mikra? And Philostratus and others hold very similar language. What a mass of testimony is all this. And is it possible that a few fragments of so insignificant a writer as Lesches should have been so diligently studied and so incessantly quoted by all antiquity?

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* Ep. Gr. Fr., p. 73. Stob. Flori.
† Odyss., xxii. 230.
‡ Strabo, i. p. 47, Polyænus Pref.
§ Alphæus Mitylenæus.
‖ Anthol. Planud., iv. 304.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"Blind Melesigenes ought to be satisfied now. You have the whole thing, place and date of birth, ancestry, boyhood, travels, adventures, schoolmastering, occupation as wandering minstrel, last sickness and death, and the inscription on his tombstone, 'with copious dates,' and all in a little volume that will go in a coat pocket."—*Scotsman*, October 14th, 1889.

"For 2,842 years had Homer been waiting for a biographer. He had been criticised, commented upon, edited, translated; his head sculptured, his existence denied; cities had contended for the honour of being his birthplace; he had been by turns a divine poet, a strolling ballad-monger, and a solar myth; but it is only now that his complete life has been written, and it is to the honour of English scholarship that it is this country which has produced the complete biographer. Well can we imagine the feelings of baffled rage with which this monument of patient industry and critical acumen will be received in Germany, and the execrations which disappointed pedants will hurl on Mr. F. A. White, B.A., who, in one little volume, has set at rest for ever the controversies of centuries. This life of lives contains full particulars of the birth, parentage and ancestry for ten generations of the poet; the various incidents of his boyhood and manhood; his exile, voyages, and adventures by sea and land; his death and the inscription on his tombstone; together with an elaborate critical discussion of his works; in short, a complete *dossier* of the man and an exhaustive bibliography of his writings. It might be expected that a book of such profound research would be caviare to the general, though of the deepest interest to the student; but it is not so. Mr. F. A. White, B.A., wears his weight of learning lightly as a flower. Not only does he embellish the book with appropriate passages from his own poems, but he condescends to the vernacular; and allusions to current topics cannot fail to attract the attention of the frivolous and the unscholarly. His denunciation of those 'ill-natured busybodies who are ever ready with their miserable gossip to smooth the upward path with the treacherous ice of their sour-eyed charity' is extremely forcible; and in the whole range of English literature, it would be hard to find a passage which can compare with the following animadversion on the Chians, for their neglect of the poet while he lived and the honour they paid him when dead:—'The finest soul God ever breathed forth they had, with their cold-blooded heartlessness, driven from its frail tenement of clay; and now of that

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poor, time-decayed, wrong-and-sorrow-flawed, death-broken hovel they would make a temple. . . . Methinks I see his widow beating her breast and tearing her hair. Methinks I see his two daughters crying, "Oh, father! oh, dear father! why have we not even thy ashes to mourn over?" What can be more pointed than this description of that 'right bad egg, Thestorides,' or of the 'one-eyed, many-tongued scum of Asia Minor'; or happier than the comparison of the 'calm of a life' to the placid Thames at Mortlake?"—*St. James's Gazette*, November 11th, 1889.

"To evolve order out of chaos, to unearth the authentic story of Homer the Great from beneath the vast pile of legendary and fabulous lore accumulated by the miscomprehensions and unwarrantable assertions of chroniclers, new and old, is an ambitious undertaking. Mr. White has done wonders in the difficult and delicate process of the enumeration and verification of the facts, dim with the dust of ages, from which he constructs his complete narrative of the poet's life." The critic here points to a defect, which he goes on to say "sadly mars the beauty of an otherwise almost perfect treatise, an argument at once elaborately learned and lucidly conclusive, a statement well calculated to clear up and consolidate the very hazy and speculative ideas most people have on the origin, the execution, and the true character of poems so marvellous as the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.'"—The *Whitehall Review*, November 30, 1889.

"This work has been exceedingly well spoken of in the critical notices which have appeared in the papers. It shows very wide reading and extensive erudition on the part of the author, and gives, in very brief space, a mass of information not accessible to ordinary readers. As the world's earliest great poet, there must always attach to him great interest. His is a personality about which not very much is known, but what is known, and as the writer hints what is conjectured, was well worth the effort to bring it together. It is written in a popular style, and is as full of information as it well could be."—*The Wolverhampton Chronicle*, March 12, 1890.

FINIS.

N.B.—*Homer's pedigree is stated incorrectly on p.* 1, *pp.* 124–5, *and pp.* 128–9. *His correct pedigree is on pp.* 204–208, *and his correct age at death on p.* 466.

ADDENDUM 1, *page* 245, *after line* 10.—*And can not we fancy him amongst the ruins of the ancient capitol of Mœonia, and by the Salt Pool where the gorgeous gardens of Tantalus once bloomed—they are only twelve miles from Smyrna—storing up the materials for those two striking myths with which every classical reader is familiar?* *

ADDENDUM 2, *page* 323, *after line* 19.—*The Chaldæans took celestial calculations* 2234 B.C. *An eclipse of the sun was recorded* 2169 B.C. *Abraham read lectures on Astronomy in Egypt* 1923 B.C. *The Greeks subdivided the heavens into constellations* 1500 B.C. *The Chaldæans formed astronomical tables* 1253 B.C. *Lastly, Tchang, king of Loyang, China, determined the obliquity of the ecliptic as* 23° 54′ 2″. *Now, was all this possible without writing, and an immense amount of writing too?*

ADDENDUM 3, *page* 331, *after line* 17.—*The Arcadians, indeed, are said to have introduced writing into Italy not long after its appearance in Greece,*† *and to have kept historical records on the sacred tablets from ages the most remote.*‡

ADDENDUM 4.—*On page* 416, *line* 10, *after* "*purse.*" *This Scindapsus seems to have invented the four-stringed lute, and given his name to it, from whence it appears yet more clearly how superior he was to poor Bucco,—as superior, indeed, as St. Luke was to Tychicus; and also how many generations Homer the Elder, with his primeval three-stringed cithar, must have preceded Terpander II., with his seven-stringed lyre.*

On p. 84, *l.* 22, *for* "*prophet*" *read* "*poet*"; *and on p.* 197, *l.* 25, *for* "*Smyrna*" *read* "*Cyme,*" *and strike out next sentence.*

* *Pliny, N. H. V.* 29. † *Dion. Halic., I.* 32, § 4. ‡ *Ib., I.* 73, § 1.